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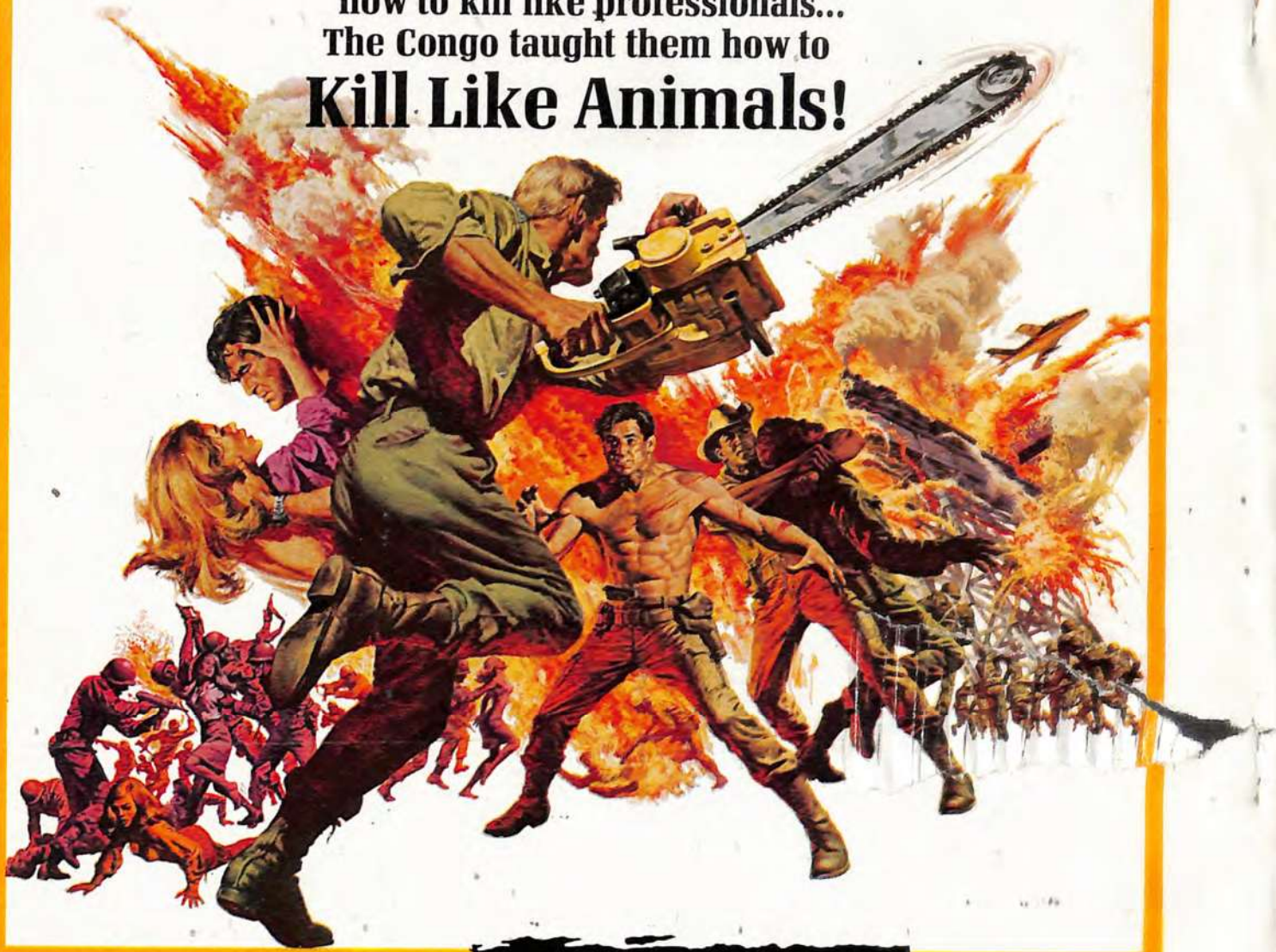

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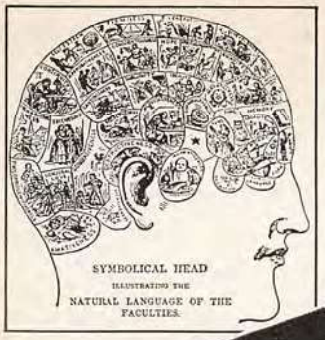

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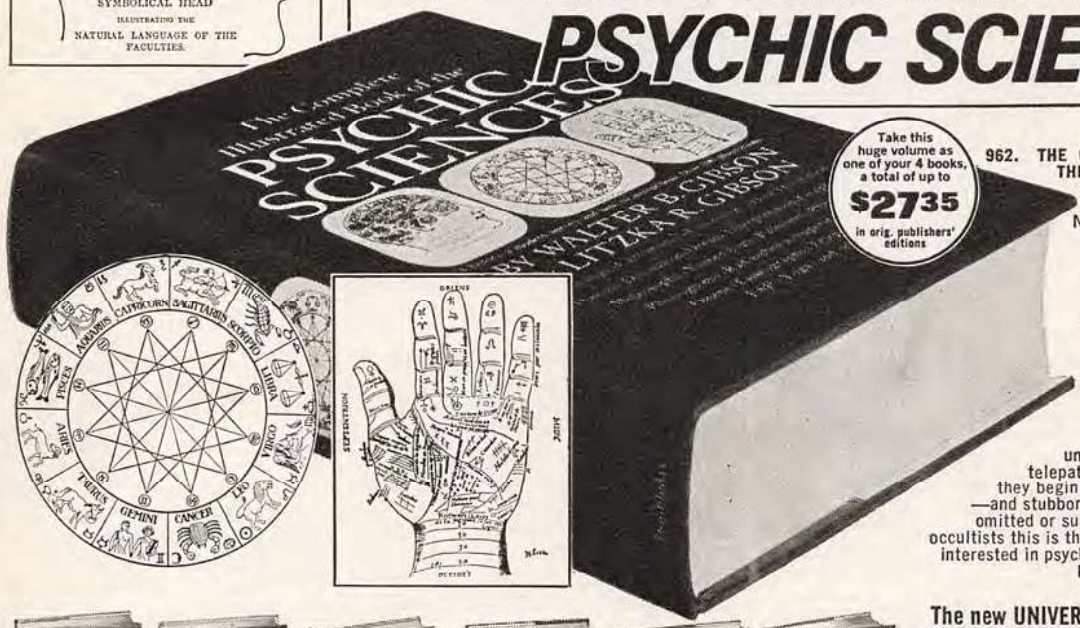
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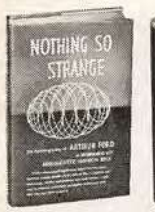

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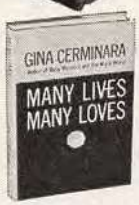

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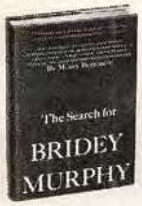

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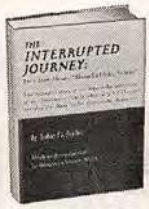

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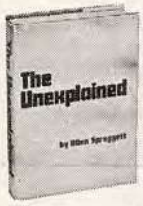

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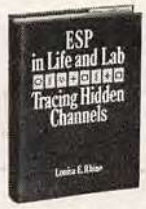

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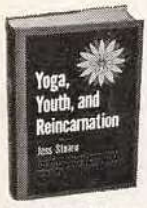

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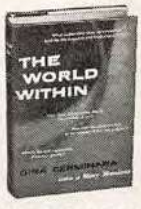

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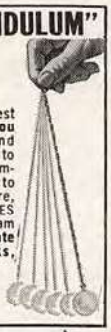

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In This (Whose) Corner

Regarding the satirical, derogatory article on the D.A.R. in the April issue, John Keats is following the footsteps and ways of all communists, which is to sneer, deride and ridicule idealism and all manner of decency. They do not approve of patriotism nor the higher standards of character. As a result of this lack of honor for country, parents and the sterling qualities of good characters, the moral and intellectual line of thinking among many young people has been corrupted. Thus they riot, become hippies and resort to the use of LSD, etc., and then fall into a sordid sexual life and way of living.

—Mrs. Gordon Churchill
Proctorsville, Vt.

My belated thanks to John Keats for *The D.A.R. Must Be Kidding*. He can even be forgiven for his misspelling of "genealogies" in the last paragraph, or was the typesetter to blame?

Just because some guy fought in the Revolution doesn't make him sacrosanct nor does it assure that those he sired are something apart from us ordinary mortals.

—Carl D. Rickard
Trenton, N. J.

Misspellings or no, Keats—like Churchill and Rickard, above—has the right to state his opinions.

Big Boom

In your April issue article entitled *Two Big Barrels Loaded With Boom*, author Darga compares 14 drams to "almost an ounce" of black powder. Unless the gunsmith's weights are in great variance with the pharmacist's, this would be almost two ounces, since eight drams equal one ounce.

—Don Cooke
Alamogordo, N. M.

That's 14 drams on the avoirdupois scale. If Mr. Cooke measures powder on his apothecaries' scale, he's in for a deadly *double* boom. Are you still there, Mr. Cooke?

Ghost To Ghosts

This is late, but the article by David Maxwell on hitchhiking tickled me so and stirred such great memories.

You can tell Mr. Maxwell that he's right about an old graveyard being a great place to sleep. It's the quietest place in the world after dark! I can still fascinate an audience by telling about the poor guy who came tooling into a graveyard with water to pour on a grave and found a girl in pajamas bedding down in the access lane. He couldn't believe his eyes. It took him five minutes to convince himself that he wasn't seeing things.

—Joanne M. Bock
Sandy, Utah

Shame! Haven't you heard all those stories about girls fooling around in graveyards?

Pride And Prejudice

Kudos to True, to Al Stump, most of all to Harry Edwards. *The Man Who'd Like to Wreck Our Olympic Team* was a most powerful story, presented factually to show what a giant of a man Professor Edwards is, morally and spiritually, as well as physically.

Hopefully, the article should go a long way toward showing the foot-dragging black athletes that their salvation is in joining this movement and making it a 100-percent show of unity in boycotting the forthcoming 1968 Olympics. . . .

—Robert W. Marshall, Jr.
San Francisco, Calif.

I keep reading and hearing of the threatened boycott of the Olympics by the Negro.

One thought occurs to me. If this threat should become fact, what is to prevent a boycott of all events in which Negroes are participants by non-Negroes. This would include professional and nonprofessional athletic events, theater, movies, nightclubs, etc.

—J. Scott
New Berlin, N.Y.

Bug Bonus

. . . the part of your article about killing termites by bacteria (May) is especially interesting, and I am sure it will be interesting to many others who have a chronically ill person in the household.

I have an asthmatic daughter who can't tolerate the chemicals, which is a problem. You never mentioned what a wonderful discovery this new termite treatment would be to the health of those for whom chemicals create a near fatal condition.

—Mrs. F. Leurs
New York, N.Y.

Girl Talk

What a colossal bunch of frauds you are. Talk about credibility—you are so phony you ought to be in government.

I recently received my April edition of True, the so-called man's magazine, and after my wife and daughter had finished reading it, I sneaked out to the garage to have a little toddy and read some of the truly "hairy" men's articles. Well, when I got to page six, lightning struck. Listed there under the titles of editors, appearing in clear print for all to see, are the names: Patricia, Eleanor, Christine and Dorothy. . . .

My faith is shattered. How could you?

—James R. McClain
Bakersfield, Calif.

They figured they couldn't beat us, so they joined us.

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Shelley J. Barton, New York Manager; 101 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611; Edward Shervey, Chicago Manager; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; John F. Harrigan, Detroit Manager; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; Carroll J. Loos, West Coast Manager; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; William D. Grafton, San Francisco Manager; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; Richard Schmitter, Atlanta Manager; 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla. 33458; James B. Boynton, Florida Representative. Research Director: Sidney Layefsky. Promotion Manager: Donald Jackson.

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OUR DOCTORS . . .

This is a place where we shall from now on be giving you a look inside TRUE—think of this page as one of those holes cut in a fence around a construction site so sidewalk superintendents can peer in at what's going on. Indulge us briefly each month—we'll do a little bragging here, a little name dropping and a little informing about how this magazine is made.

Like, who is that beautiful Oriental doll on our cover this month? She's Tokyo-born Katsko Suzuki, a model by profession (32-20-32) and a charmer by instinct. If you have a legitimate reason and enough money (a very expensive gal, is Katsko) you can rent her by the hour to bring class to your product. When we told her that she was the first girl to appear on TRUE's cover in several decades, she replied with true Oriental courtesy that, indeed, ours was the first magazine cover she'd ever been on. "I'm glad it didn't have to be topless," she added. On this note, our scented hour with Katsko came, alas, all too soon, to an end.

All was not dalliance around here this month, however. The Coast Guard sent Lt. James R. Ward up from Washington to present us with an elegant Certificate of Appreciation for author Roy Bongartz' piece on the USCG icebreaker *Edisto* (December, 1967). Our thanks to Admiral Willard Smith; we'll hang the plaque.

A few days later we had the pleasure to present our old friend Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker with an original illustration of the great World War I ace himself in his Spad. And to round out the military affairs department, we sent Articles Editor Norman Lewis Smith out for a brief cruise on the battleship *New Jersey*. Norman, too young to remember wars in which ships like the *Big Jay* spoke in anger, got an earful of 16-inch salvos and is now writing about it.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a new column titled *Man and His Health*. In this undertaking we are pleased to have the blessing and assistance of the American College of Physicians—an outfit composed of 14,000 doctors and widely respected for telling-it-like-it-is about medicine. We are comforted by their presence. It's like having Paul Dudley White, Jonas Salk, Benjamin Spock, Christiaan Barnard (no kin) and Raquel Welch standing by, ready to make a house call.

Our lead story this month deals with one of the most nagging mysteries of the Cold War. Arthur D. Morse, an award-winning former CBS newsman, came across the case of Raoul Wallenberg during the course of two years' research on his powerful new book, *While Six Million Died*. Curiously, if Morse had been reading TRUE in July, 1947, he would have discovered the Wallenberg story when it first appeared in this magazine. Twenty-one years later, the mystery is still alive, but much deeper.

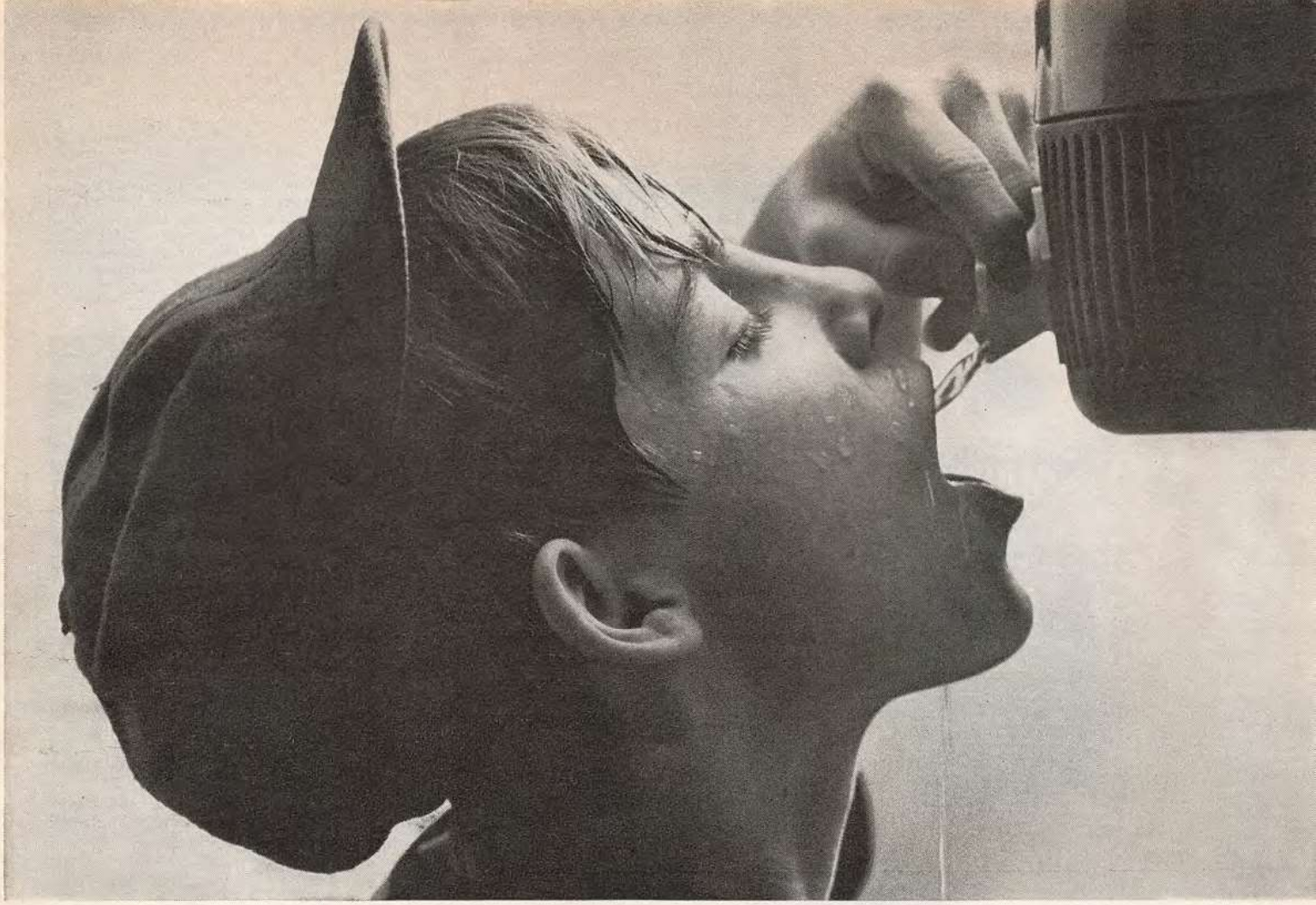
We'd like especially to commend to your attention David Nevin's story about the Texas Ranger on page 52. Not a typical TRUE story at all, we were told. We agree. But who needs typical? Nevin is an associate editor at *LIFE*, has been a contributor here since 1957.

William Bradford Huie joins us again this month. He is busy dismantling Presidential candidate George Wallace these days. We thought he was being outrageously opinionated about Mr. Wallace—so we have labeled the piece "opinion" (*In This Corner*, page 16) and leave it up to you to be outraged or happy.

Latest word from TRUE's four trans-Arctic explorers (whose preliminary story was told in our March issue) is that they are now safely embarked on solid ice 500 miles north of Point Barrow, Alaska, and headed for the Pole. Their story will continue exclusively in TRUE in coming months.

So, we move on to next month when we'll have the book-length story of the greatest spy of our age, Kim Philby. We'll also be talking about marijuana problems in Viet Nam—and contraception problems at home. Until August then, we will be 23 busy people making many scenes in search of what's true. . . .

Charles N. Barnard



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3—Left, Jay F. Good; rt., Brian St. Pierre
48-49—Wide World
50—Gamma-Pix

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE JULY 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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it's a man's world

and here's a man's way of looking at it

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

A New York burlesque house tried to keep up with the times recently by staging a "psychedelic" strip show, with wildly flashing lights and earsplitting rock 'n' roll music. Though there were some choice young hippie girls romping about in a sort of adumbrated rite of spring, most of the routines were wearyingly familiar, and one patron who stomped out early in the proceedings summed up the consensus: "It's the same old stuff—it's just harder to see." Undaunted, producer Art Steuer took to the air; on station WBAI, he presented radio's first topless program. The publicity didn't help—the psychedelic strip show folded. Now, the same old patrons watch the same old routines, well lit, and everybody's happy but Art.

PUT IT IN WRITING

Why do people write on walls? Since no one has ever been observed doing it, or will admit to doing it, the phenomenon of graffiti remains something of a puzzler. Great thinkers, from Freud to Toots Shor, have come up with theories, but the best one we've seen comes from Norton Mockridge, the syndicated columnist. In his new book, *The Scrawl of the Wild,* he advances the Newton Law. It seems there was once a lady named Mrs. Euphrosyne Newton, of Brooklyn, whose husband kept in top physical condition by punching her around. He said it was because she talked too much, and in the middle of a bout she finally proclaimed Newton's Law: "You can't stop me from thinking!" Which is a good explanation for such gems of graffiti as those which appear below:

Reagan only wants to use the White House as a stepping stone

Xerox never comes up with anything original

Stamp out Bert Parks

God is a 6,000-foot tall, red jellybean

King Kong—he died for our sins

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—the Lord is an Indian Giver

God ain't dead, he's just playing possum

Will you feel safer with George Hamilton in the Army?

J. Edgar Hoover sleeps with a night-light

Actively unsupport Bobby Kennedy

John Lindsay was a test-tube baby

The rule even applies to exchanges, like the classic: "**My mother made me a homosexual,**" answered by "**If I get her the wool, will she make me one, too?**"

SUB HOC SIGNO VINCES

We have been called a nation of do-it-yourselfers, a charge good and true. Now a man has come along and taken the principle to what may be its ultimate application. Jerry Bianco has built, almost single-handedly, an 87-ton submarine. We visited him in Brooklyn, just a block from Coney Island, to find out how and why he did it.

Jerry is a short, wiry guy who looks grimly serious except when he talks about the sub, then he beams with satisfaction. The object of his pride was enclosed in a tar-paper shack to hold off the weather, looking for all the world like a chicken coop with a conning tower sticking up out of the roof. It's 40 feet long, with a nine-foot beam, propelled by two engines, holds a six-man crew, can dive to over 250 feet, and is painted bright yellow. "It just happens to be the best corrosive-resistant paint around," he chuckled, "but I thought of it ahead of the Beatles, anyway."

He raised the $200,000 it cost by going into hock and borrowing from friends, and they have to be good, trusting people. (He is, after all, a high-school dropout who never built a sub before.) In his 46 years, he's been a blacksmith, shipfitter and demolitions man, and, after working in marine salvage a while, he decided something new in the way of techniques was needed, so he came up with a few, beautifully simple, which we can't reveal just yet. But a sub was needed.

"I went to a few big companies with my ideas," he said disgustedly, "but they're so tangled up in red tape that it takes them forever to decide something." So he hit the New York Public Library, where he taught himself the principles of flotation and marine engineering. Then he visited a U.S. Navy sub moored nearby as a sight-seeing attraction and took measurements and asked questions until they made him leave, thinking he might be a spy. Engineering students helped him solve problems in the library, and steel companies answered his questions about materials, and pretty soon he went to work, assisted by his son and some part-time welders. Now he's almost done—he hopes to launch the sub this fall. The initial targets are as many of the 4,000 vessels off New England he can profitably raise, including two German subs and the *Andrea Doria*, if no one beats him to it. Anyway, as more than a million vessels have sunk off coastal waters all over the world since 1500 A.D., he intends to be pretty busy.

Before we reluctantly left this spry, spunky guy, he showed us pictures and plans for half a dozen nuclear engines now available commercially. "For the next one," he said with a gleam in his eye. "Aren't they pretty?"

—THE EDITORS

Is Lombardi lucky?

It's a lucky thing for Lombardi that there are rough, tough clubs like the Colts, the Cowboys and the Bears around the league.

Without them, his Packers wouldn't be the great club they are.

Greatness, after all, is the rarest commodity on the market.

It isn't something you're born and raised with. It's something you rise to—against the stiffest kind of competition.

A simple fact of life, you say. True in sports, or school, or business, or industry.

Funny thing, though . . . there are people around today who just don't buy that point of view when it comes to business.

They think there's *too much competition in the marketplace*. Too many brands in the sporting goods store, for instance. Too many manufacturers fighting each other to sell you something.

They'd like the government to take steps that would eventually lead to fewer brands in the stores, and therefore, less competition.

But, they forget that restricting competition is not the way this country got great.

It is competition that produces the endless innovations in our marketplace . . . that creates whole new industries . . . more jobs . . . that makes the Packers the greatest.

Say . . . can you imagine Lombardi's reaction when somebody tells him the referee is going to call his plays for him?

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man and his

YOUR ONE AND ONLY HEART

No matter how many human hearts may be transplanted in Cape Town or Brooklyn or points west, the chance that you will ever have your heart cut out and replaced with one from a dumb blonde who has just driven her car into a telephone pole is negligible. And that will be a good thing for you, if medical researchers make as much progress as they hope to in the next quarter century.

Although heart transplants are brilliant feats of surgical virtuosity, they are not likely to become common. Aside from moral and ethical arguments, there are three current objections to transplants: (1) in the present state of knowledge about the body's rejection reaction or "immune mechanism," there is no assurance that a transplanted heart will survive more than a few weeks or months; (2) the procedure is so drastic that a patient with many organs damaged by long-standing heart disease is likely to die of other causes even if his new heart works; (3) there can never be as many donor hearts as there are patients dying of incurable heart disease.

A man who is only in his 30's would be well advised not to rely on a pie-in-the-sky replacement to solve any heart problem he may develop in later years. Instead he should concentrate on what medicine already knows about the care of the heart and the prevention—or at least the postponement—of crippling heart disease. A man in his 40's or 50's has a still more urgent need to consider his heart. If you are in your 30's, the chance that you will have a heart attack this year is only about one in 300. As you get older, the risk increases rapidly, until it becomes about an even-money bet that you will have an attack before you are 65. If you do, the chance that it will kill you within 24 hours is almost one in five.

These figures are not really as deadly as they sound. Everyone knows about men, including two Presidents of the United States, who have lived long and apparently healthy lives after heart attacks.

There are many measures, a few surgical and more medical, that can ease, postpone or even prevent the crippling that so often follows heart attacks. The surgical measures are controversial. The few heart surgeons who have specialized in efforts to counteract the effects of heart-artery disease accuse the heart physicians (cardiologists) of being too conservative and ignoring opportunities for surgical correction. The physicians charge the surgeons with accepting a "good result" that cannot be proved, and depends upon what the patient says about how he feels.

New X-ray techniques make it possible for the cardiologist to see what actually happens to the blood flow inside a patient's heart. So the bold surgeons who try to repair hearts, usually by implanting blood vessels from elsewhere in the body, will now have a chance to prove their case. None of the procedures they use provokes the rejection reaction, as transplants do.

Comparable surgery, usually involving grafts of synthetic tubing to replace closed stretches of artery, has been pioneered by Dr. Michael E. DeBakey of Houston. This technique is used for victims of strokes (in those cases where an arterial shutdown has occurred in the neck) and for "intermittent claudication," in which the blood supply to one or both legs is virtually cut off.

Medical measures designed to head off heart attacks with drugs that alter the blood chemistry are still unproved and are as controversial as surgery.

It would be better, say the cardiologists, to make surgery or drugs unnecessary by preventing arterial crises. As yet there is no certain way of doing this. In fact two of the most distinguished preventive cardiologists have suffered heart attacks themselves. Dr. Irvine H. Page, a former president of the American Heart Association, had an attack while he was getting ready for bed after a couple of unusually strenuous days. Dr. William Likoff of Philadelphia had his when he started playing competitive tennis after a winter of physical inactivity. Neither had fully practiced what he preached about heart care.

Although these cases show that preventive measures are not yet foolproof, they indicate the lines along which progress can be made. Researchers do not know the precise causes of the processes

health

by which arteries harden and become closed by clots. What they do know is that certain types of men, living in certain ways, are far more likely than others to suffer from these processes early in life.

In the first place, heart and blood-vessel (cardiovascular) disease is at least three times as common in men as in women up to the age of about 80. And a susceptibility to it runs in families. You may say, "It's too late for me to pick my ancestors." True, but there is still something you can do to try to outwit heredity. If your father or any of his brothers, or any of your own brothers, has suffered heart or artery disease, you should take extra precautions.

These, in turn, come out of certain facts. In Western societies, the men most likely to get premature heart disease are those who do not exercise (or who exercise seldom, but then immoderately), who have gained considerable weight since their early 20's, who chain-smoke cigarettes, who eat rich foods and who drive themselves to the limit of endurance. Of course, if you have high blood pressure, you should already be under a doctor's care.

Exercise, it is now believed, should be maintained at a fairly constant level throughout life. Former football players who let themselves get fat and play only weekend golf run an above-average rate of heart attacks. Any man who gains more than about 10 percent of his early 30's weight adds to his risk. As we grow older and need fewer calories, just to maintain a steady weight becomes a problem. But recent tests show that even businessmen who must eat out a lot can help keep their waistlines by some simple, inconspicuous choices at the table. Countless men who would never admit that they are "on a diet" have actually adopted the "prudent diet" prescribed by New York City's Anti-Coronary Club, or something very close to it. They have eliminated butter, except for one pat a day. They no longer drink milk and cream, and eat cheese sparingly. They allow themselves at most one egg a day. They have stopped eating rich desserts—ice cream, pie a la mode, and anything topped with whipped cream—in favor of fresh fruit. They have cut out rich gravies, most fried foods and potatoes smothered in sour cream. Instead they eat more fish and chicken and only the leaner cuts of meat; when they do indulge in a steak or lamb chops, they are careful to trim off all visible fat. Generally, they are also sparing in their sugar consumption.

The rationale behind this change in eating habits is that the average Western (and especially American) diet nowadays contains far more hard or "saturated" fats and refined carbohydrates (table sugar and some other starches) than man has ever before been exposed to. Presumably as a result, most Americans have high blood levels of fats—not only cholesterol, which gets all the bad publicity, but several other types of fats, and some compounds that the body makes mainly from sugar. So, the argument goes, cut down on these, and you should cut down your risk. At the same time, some physicians believe that unsaturated fats (found mostly in fish and vegetables oils) neutralize hard fats and thus reduce blood cholesterol. Unsaturated margarines and cooking oils are now sold widely for use in home cooking.

While cigarette smokers definitely have more premature heart disease than non-smokers, it is too early to say whether the condition exists because they smoke, or because the personality that makes a man a candidate for a heart attack also makes him want to smoke. Personality is undoubtedly an important factor in heart disease. You may not be able to change yours, but you can change some details of the way in which you live so as to make your driving, ambitious personality less damaging to your arteries.

If you have this type of personality, you probably tend to do every job the hard way, immediately and alone. Don't. Learn to delegate more tasks, even though they will not be done as you would do them. If you are as good as you think you are, people will pile more jobs on you, both in the office and in the community.

You must learn to say "No" to some of the people who ask you to run a fund or membership drive. Try not to leave a desk piled high with things to be done, even if this means clearing it hastily at the end of the day and passing the buck to others. Try not to take work home. If you must have business lunches, don't have business dinners.

You may live a long time after a heart attack, but you'll live better if you don't have one. ■

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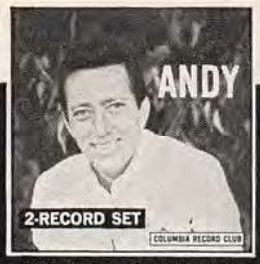
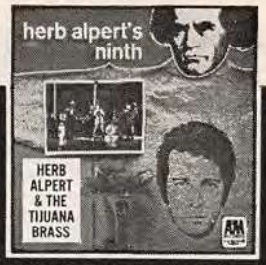
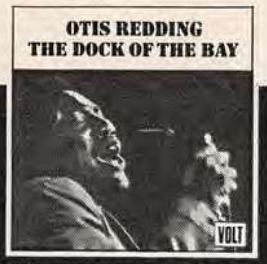


6389. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection). I Wish You Love, Are You Sincere, I Believe, etc.



6066. The Happening, The Trolley Song, Flea Bag, Carmen, The Love Nest, 11 in all



6405. Otis also sings I'm Coming Home, Tramp, The Huckleback, Ole Man Trouble, etc.

6343. Johnny also sings, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, The Look Of Love, Take Me, Yesterday, etc.

6408. Aretha sings Chain Of Fools, Come Back Baby, People Get Ready, Groovin', etc.

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6120. Also: Don't Make Promises, To Love Someone, etc.

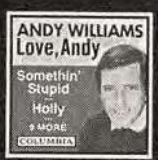
5588. Also: Learn How To Fly, Poor Side Of Town, etc.

6433. Also: Side By Side, Mellow Yellow, Ask Me Nice, etc.

6407. Also: Silly Girl, My World, I'm Gonna Love You, etc.

5577. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection) What Now My Love; I Got You, Babe; Plastic Man; Just You; etc.

5962. Plus: Dream, The Girl That I Marry, 11 in all

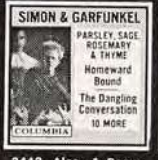


5787. Plus: What Now My Love, The Look Of Love, etc.

6340. Also: Like A Lover, The Look Of Love, Roda, etc.

5894. Plus: Can't Take My Eyes Off You, Alfie, etc.

2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc. *

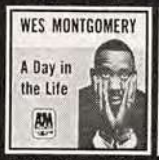


3442. Also: A Poem on the Underground Wall, Cloudy, etc.

6005. Plus: Sunny, Sealed With A Kiss, Yesterday, etc.

3685. Also: Big Girls Don't Cry, Opus 17, Marlena, Stay, etc.

6225. Also: Ask Me If I Care, Through With You, 11 in all



5788. Plus: Windy, Eleanor Rigby, The Joker, 10 in all

6108. Plus: A Man And A Woman, Release Me, etc.

2639. "The best musical score of '65." —Am. Record Guide

6312. Plus: Rock Me Baby, Second Time Around, etc.

5515. This album includes Lulu singing the hit title song

6007. Plus: Reason To Believe, Don't Make Promises, etc.

6226. Also: The Letter, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, etc.

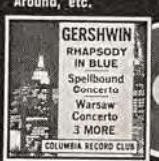
3858. Plus: Rainy Day Women, Like A Rolling Stone, etc.

6139. Also: Alone Again Or, The Red Telephone, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

6143. Includes: This Is My Country, Holy Art Thou, Dixie, etc.

6157. Also: Mama, Somethin' Stupid, 10 in all



4302. Here is a bargain for classical music lovers . . . this special two record set counts as one selection only

6155. Also: Blowin' In The Wind, This Land Is Your Land, etc.

6008. Plus: If I Were A Carpenter, Georgy Girl, etc.

5971. Plus: The Masterpiece, You And Tennessee, etc.

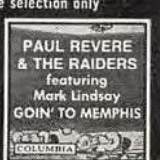
6360. Also: When The Saints Go Marching In, I Believe, etc.

1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem

6009. Also: Who's Sorry Now, My Song Of Love, etc.

1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



6228. Plus: Cry On My Shoulder, No Sad Songs, etc.

6072. And I Love Her, Fly Me To The Moon, Today, Daydream, etc.

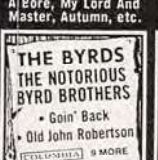
2340. Also: Angie, Kathy's Song, I Am a Rock, etc.

6083. Also: Ticket To Ride, Paper Cup, Orange Air, etc.

6140. Plus: Albatross, Sisters Of Mercy, Sky Fell, etc.

2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

5584. Plus: Apache, The Lonely Bull, Wipe-Out, 12 in all



6147. Plus: Space Odyssey, Changes Now, Moog Raga, etc.

5963. Plus: Pride, A Thing Called Sadness, Night Life, etc.

2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all

6110. Also: The Mail, C'mon Home, We Just Know, etc.

6341. Plus: No Sun Today, Lazy Day, Never My Love, etc.

5302. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection). Plus: Don't Make Me Over, Shall I Tell Her, 23 in all

1210. Also: Granada, Moonlight Gambler, I Believe, etc. *

5287. Plus: Where Have All The Flowers Gone, Abi Yoyo, etc.

5937. Includes: Raga Bhimpalasi, Tabla Solo in Ektal, etc.

3094. Plus: Tell Me, Time Is On My Side, Play With Fire, etc.

5555. Plus: Saigon Bride, Turquoise, Annabel Lee, etc.

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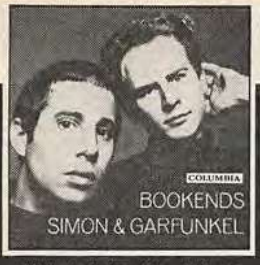
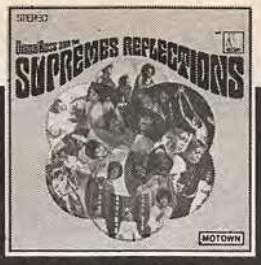
*Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo effect.

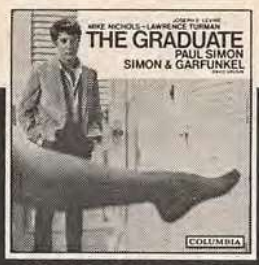


6366. Includes Mrs. Robinson from "The Graduate," Fakin' It, At The Zoo, Old Friends, etc.

5236. Espana, Waltz Of The Flowers, Ritual Fire Dance, On The Trail, Zamba Overture, others.



6449. Also: Forever Came Today; Up, Up And Away; Ode To Billie Joe; Then; 12 in all



6313. The Original Soundtrack Album—composed and performed by Simon and Garfunkel

6479. Cabaret; Monday, Monday; Slick; Talk To The Animals; Panama; 11 in all

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6096. Plus: Days Of Love, Out Of This World, etc.

6119. Plus: There's A Kind Of Hush, Ebb Tide, Eternally, etc.

6412. Contains a medley of past and present song hits

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6165. Also: Never My Love, It Must Be Him, Sunny, etc.

5896. Stout-Hearted Men, When Sunny Gets Blue, Lover Man, etc.

5883. A sensitive and illuminating performance.

5905. Sing For Your Supper, Look At Me, Behind The Door, etc.

6326. Stars also include Louis Prima and George Sanders

5944. Plus: The End, Soul Kitchen, Back Door Man, etc.

5472. Plus: Reno, Upon Your Leaving, Wanting You, etc.

6153. Also: Ace In The Hole, Rude Old Man, Chicago, etc.

6410. Also: World, And The Sun Will Shine, 12 in all

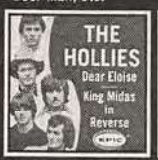
5737. Plus: Is It Any Wonder; It Ain't Me, Babe; etc.

1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.

6289. Plus: Half Of Me Is Gone, When Love Was Green, etc.

5897. Also: Let's Pretend, Day Tripper, 11 in all

5095. Plus: Orange Blossom Special; It Ain't Me, Babe; etc.



6078. Would You Believe, Leave Me, Step Inside, 11 in all

2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

6420. Also: Happy Talk, Falling In Love Again, Holiday, etc.

6380. Plus: Easy Rider, You Don't Realize, Wine, etc.

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FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO MUSIC MAGAZINE. You'll have no problem in selecting a record a month during your membership, because the Club offers up to 300 different records each month to choose from ... all described in the Club's entertaining magazine, which you receive free each month.

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RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT. Upon enrollment, the Club will open a charge account in your name... you pay for your records only after you have received them—played them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $4.98 (Classical, occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

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MAIL THE CARD TODAY! Just write in the numbers of your 12 records, for which you will be billed only $3.98, plus postage and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested. Send no money now—just the postpaid card to take advantage of this special offer!

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6381. Plus: Coming Down, The American Way Of Love, etc.

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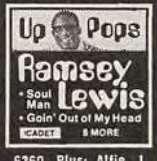
6382. Plus: Sally Go 'Round The Roses, Arbitration, etc.

6073. Plus, Who Am I, Magoo, Colors For Susan, etc.

6367. Also: Distant Drums, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, etc.

6342. Also: Follow The Rain, I Almost Lost My Mind, etc.

4690. Includes: I Had The Craziest Dream, Cherry, etc.



6260. Plus: Alfie, I Was Made To Love Her, Respect, etc.

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THE U.S. MUST SAY NO TO GEORGE WALLACE

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

Perhaps 15 million Americans like George Corley Wallace. If the polls are correct, 10 million may vote for him for President.

Here in Alabama, where I live, about a third of the white people support Wallace with emotion. They call him great and good and wise. His most emotional supporters, the Ku Klux Klansmen, call him "the Great Leader of the White Man's Cause." Other white Alabamians, perhaps another third, support Wallace because they are making money with him, or they prefer to be in his favor, or they think it's safer to be for him. The Negroes, about 30 percent of the state's population, are solidly against him.

I'm against him. I'm among the whites who, with the Negroes, hope to remove him from power as soon as we can. A quick reason for my opposing him is that not once in a hundred years have my folks supported a politician backed by the Klan, and I don't intend to break the rule.

Another reason is that I am an alumnus of the University of Alabama. I'm proud of the growth of the university under its president, Dr. Frank A. Rose. I'm proud that distinguished educators have joined its faculty. Yet Wallace and his gang are trying to drive off Doctor Rose.

To explain in more detail why I dislike Wallace, I'll go back a few years.

In Alabama accomplished men rarely seek public office. Politics attracts only the ambitious poor as a way to wealth. In 1948 Wallace was nearly 30 years old and hungry. He had a law degree and a longing for power. He got himself elected to the legislature from his rural Black Belt county. The governor then was James E. "Big Jim" Folsom, the Poor Man's Friend against what he called the Gotrocks. Folsom was enormously popular, so Wallace attached himself to Folsom and became a loud Poor Man's Friend. Perhaps the longest and loudest speech on record in the Alabama legislature is Wallace's attack on the sales tax, weeping over how it takes bread from the poor and favors the rich.

The Alabama constitution provides that the legislature must be reapportioned every 10 years, but in 1948 it had not been reapportioned for 47 years. The big industries and the rural legislators didn't want it reapportioned; they maintained an alliance against Alabama's growing cities and the workingmen in them. This alliance made sales taxes the principal support of city, county and state government, instead of property and income taxes. It regularly defeated efforts to improve the workman's compensation law and to pass a state minimum wage law.

Wallace stood loudly for reapportionment. He was for "constitutional government" in that he wanted to revamp the legislature. He was for the urban workingman, for labor unions, against the sales tax, against the big industry-rural legislator alliance.

By 1962 Wallace was 43 and still hungry. His maximum annual income had been $8,000 (while he was a rural circuit judge). From his law practice in Montgomery he couldn't make a living. In 1958 he had been defeated for governor, after a four-year campaign; so 1962 had to be his last desperate grab for power and money.

On the stump Wallace has none of the warmth of Huey Long or Jim Folsom or old Gene Talmadge. He doesn't even seem friendly. An ex-pugilist, he looks hateful, irritated, belligerent. In repose he appears to be sniffing a sewer. Because he can't relax himself, he can't relax an audience. He can't make people chuckle; he can only make them snicker or hoot. He can't encourage; his only hope is to inflame.

Had he continued to be a pretended leader of poor men against rich men, Wallace would have died hungry. In the situation of Jim Folsom or Gene Talmadge or Huey Long, Wallace could never have won a governorship. But in 1962 he was in a different position. In 1962 Negroes in Alabama were not allowed to vote. There was no public school where a Negro could be educated as a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer or a business administrator. The state spent three times as much on the education of a white child as on the education of a Negro child. So the United States was imposing racial change.

In that situation Wallace, the desperate office seeker, quit his previous political stance and became the public defender of both poor and propertied white men against Negroes.

As the Wallaceites like to explain: "Old George just got up there and looked mean and started yelling and shaking his fists, taking the white man's part against the nigger, and a-bein' goddam loud and bitter while he was a-doin' it."

I attended a Wallace performance. I studied his hate-contorted face and observed his listeners while he screamed defiance. I remember a Baptist preacher, standing next to me, saying, "That man is sick with hate and lust for power. He scares me."

I thought Wallace would fail. I didn't believe a majority of Alabama's voters, virtually all white in 1962, would vote for him. He was too obvious. The oldest and cruelest political trick in the South is to inflame the poor white man against the poor Negro and then exploit them both. Alabama now has some educated white workingmen. I thought they could foresee how Wallace would use them.

Wallace's principal opponent was a young and colorless state legislator from Tuscaloosa named Ryan de Graffenreid. A lawyer, de Graffenreid had many handicaps: his name was hard to pronounce, he bore the burden of an appeal to moderation, he tried to discuss complex problems like taxation and education, this was his first statewide race, and Wallace had much more money behind him. Still, I thought Wallace would scare enough Baptist preachers to lose.

Then I noticed that fear was working for Wallace, not against him. When Wallace bumper stickers appeared on my neighbor's car, she explained, "Yesterday about dusk when I stopped at a traffic light, two men came up and waved the Wallace stickers. I was afraid not to let them put them on. They might take my number and knock out my windshield or slash my tires. I feel safer with Wallace stickers on my car."

Perhaps this is what I most resent about Wallace. He and his supporters spread fear in Alabama. White people think it's dangerous to be against Wallace.

Young de Graffenreid forced Wallace into a runoff, but in the runoff Wallace

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WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE WAS BORN IN HARTSELLE, ALABAMA, AND STILL LIVES THERE. HE IS THE AUTHOR OF SEVERAL BOOKS ABOUT THE SOUTH, INCLUDING "THE KLANSMAN" AND "THREE LIVES FOR MISSISSIPPI."

got 59 percent of the votes. Forty-one percent of us took the risks of voting for de Graffenreid. The irony is that had Congress passed the Voting Rights Act in 1961 instead of 1965, so that as many Alabama Negroes could have voted in 1962 as voted in 1966, Wallace's 59 percent of the white vote would not have been enough. He'd still be hungry.

In 1963, when Wallace became governor and began eating regularly, did he reward the poor whites who had fought, hated and voted for him? No, he punished them, along with the poor Negroes. He took bread from their hungry mouths. He rewarded the rich.

As governor, Wallace raised the sales tax on food to six percent (four percent state, one percent county, one percent city). He further punished his poor whites, as well as poor Negroes, by boosting the beer tax and the tobacco tax, by doubling the cost of driver's licenses and tripling the cost of auto tags. He prevented any increase in property or personal income taxes. He rammed through a law which provides that corporate income taxes in Alabama can be raised only by constitutional amendment. He killed all proposals for a minimum wage law, preserved the state's rigid right-to-work (antiunion) law, and made sure that Alabama's workman's compensation law remains the most unfavorable to labor in the United States.

Alabama now has the highest sales tax and the lowest property tax of any state. Nowhere else is the tax structure so rigged against the low and middle-income man and in favor of the man with property and a substantial income.

It is this side of Wallace which he seems to have hidden most successfully outside Alabama. He arrives in a new state insisting that he represents "a people's movement: the cabdriver, the truck driver, the steelworker, the barber, the beautician," and reporters conclude that he is attractive only to such people, as well as to "small homeowners and ethnic groups from East Europe."

Newsmen have called Wallace a Populist, "another Huey Long." They seem to be saying that George Wallace's third-party effort is somewhat like past third-party efforts of Theodore Roosevelt and Wisconsin's Robert LaFollette.

This is a horrible mistake. Populism and previous third-party efforts were economic protests. They were attempts to improve the economic lot of the workingman. Huey Long promised to make Every Man (including Creoles and Negroes) a king. George Wallace makes no economic commitments of this kind. He doesn't call for better jobs, better homes, higher prices for crops. What he promises is protection and vengeance—protection against Negroes and vengeance against whites who favor equal rights for Negroes. Economically, Wallace strives to please the well-off, not the poor.

In 1964 Wallace made his first national move by entering the Wisconsin primary. His first emissary to the state was an Alabama banker who called on industrialists and told them Wallace knew how to handle taxation and labor unions.

Wallace got 230,000 votes in Wisconsin. They derived from an alliance new in American politics: the poor and the affluent. Half his votes were from poor Polish-Americans who feared Negro competition and proximity; half came from Anglo-Americans living in $30,000 homes who said they were for Wallace because they were for God and against the United Nations and the income tax. The money for the campaign came from Wisconsin men who liked the way Wallace handles "niggers, taxes and unions."

Early in 1968 Wallace was "wildly cheered" and received "standing ovations" at rich men's clubs in Pittsburgh, Chicago and San Francisco. Did they cheer him for his Populism? Did they cheer him because they fear Negro competition and proximity? Or did they cheer him because they think he knows how to get the votes of poor white men and then rig tax structures against them?

In 1966 Wallace used his 1964 Wisconsin showing to get himself reelected in Alabama in the guise of his wife. He barely made it; he got only 52 percent of the vote, but he retained power. He told the people of Alabama that they should, in effect, reelect him because the people of Wisconsin had made him a national "force."

Those of us in Alabama who fight Wallace naturally don't like what people in other states have done to enhance him and thereby make him harder for us to defeat. We can forgive the poor Polish-Americans in Wisconsin who voted for Wallace. But we'll never forgive those well-heeled Anglo-Americans who gave him their money and votes.

Nor will we ever forgive Harvard University.

Except on all-Negro campuses in my state, the place where Wallace has the least support is at the University of Alabama. The students resent his having shamed the university before the world with his stand-in-the-door against integration. They knew what most Americans have overlooked: that their own trustees had voted to admit the Negro students, and that Wallace, under Alabama law, had no right to try keeping the Negroes out. When Wallace stood in the door, he violated the constitution of Alabama which he had sworn to uphold.

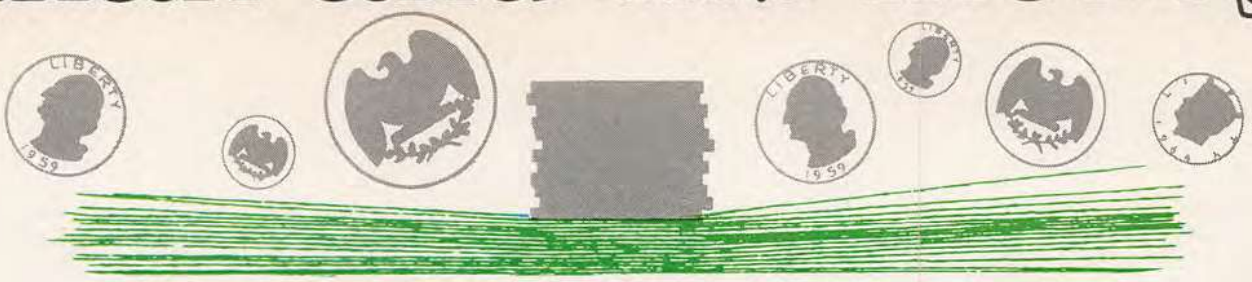
One night in 1963 Wallace appeared on the campus at a football pep rally which was being broadcast over the state. He got a few polite cheers—the crowd had come to cheer everybody. He got more cheers by predicting a lopsided gridiron victory. Then he said what was really on his mind: "I want y'all to be the first to know that yo' guv-nor has been invited by Harvard University to come up there and tell 'em how we do things heah in Alabama! Yessiree! This means that up there at Harvard they recognize that us folks down heah in Alabama are just as smart and just as refined as folks anywhere! And they've invited me, as yo' guv'nor, to come up there and explain just how we feel and how we do things. So this is a great night for Alabama!" Many students were embarrassed and puzzled. Why did Harvard want to listen to Wallace?

Wallace spoke at Harvard about a week before John Kennedy was murdered. His attacks on Kennedy apparently pleased his audience because the reporter for The Birmingham *News* wrote of "repeated applause" and said the visit was a "triumph." The *News* ran this banner in red on page one: WALLACE WINS HARVARD!

Wallace then made a speech at Dartmouth, where some sophomore wrote a favorable editorial about him in the student paper. So Wallace "won" Dartmouth as well as Harvard. On a later trip a professor at the University of Oregon, being polite to a guest, called Wallace "dynamic and sincere, a governor who speaks for his state with great earnestness." Wallace, of course, preserved that gem on film, and has shown it 50 times on television in Alabama.

Consider this irony: for five years Alabama educators, led by Frank Rose, have fought to save this state's schools from Wallace. And while they have been fighting, they have had to listen to his boasts about how highly he is regarded at Harvard, Dartmouth and the University of Oregon. In defiance of Wallace the University of [*Continued on page* 68]

man and his money



BY MAX GUNTHER

THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE IN MONEY

■ Hidden away in dark little stores on obscure back streets, rare-coin dealers have seldom attracted much attention. But recently they were thrust blinking into the sunlight when an international monetary crisis made many speculators anticipate a rise in the price of gold.

Stack's, a New York coin outfit that calls itself the nation's biggest, normally considers it a good day when 100 customers drop in. During the spring gold rush, the company had more than 2,000 phone calls and visits a day.

For years the price of a common U.S. $20 gold piece had hovered around $50. Suddenly it shot up to over $80. Stack's, fearing that it was contributing to illegal gold hoarding, stopped all gold coin sales for several days in March. The gold rush has now subsided and the price of gold coins is gradually dropping off, according to a Stack's spokesman. The price of a $20 gold coin is now $75 and Stack's expects it will get down to $70 or less. The actual gold in such a coin is worth about $35.

Last spring's spurt of activity in gold coins has stimulated new interest in the hobby of general coin collecting, called "numismatics." It is one of the many hobbies that are advertised as "profitable." Dealers' ads in the back pages of magazines seek to persuade the reader that he can have fun in the hobby and make a bundle at the same time.

What are the facts? There's no doubt that if you've assembled a good coin collection, it can bring you a lot of money if you decide to sell. The value of rare coins was illustrated in a bizarre way on the night of October 5, 1967. Five masked bandits broke into the home of Willis H. duPont in Miami. They took $4,000 in cash and $50,000 worth of jewelry, but their main target was duPont's coins. They lifted a collection of Russian coins and medals valued at about $1 million, a U.S. coin collection valued at half a million, and sundry other coins worth about $50,000.

How reasonable is it to expect the "profit" touted in dealers' ads? Not all dealers think a beginner should harbor such a hope. "If you go into numismatics or any hobby, you should do it for enjoyment," counsels Norman Stack. "A hobby is supposed to be for relaxation. If you get tangled up with worries about making money out of it, you destroy its purpose. It isn't a hobby any more, it's a job. You're moonlighting."

But there are other dealers who talk about numismatics as a form of investment. One of these is Richard Muniz of Miami, Florida. "There's no reason why you can't have fun and make money too," he says. "Numismatics can be like investing in the stock market if you play it right." Muniz, in fact, counsels many wealthy coin buyers exactly as a stockbroker would: gives them his best guesses about which coins will move up in price, suggests coins for various kinds of investment aims such as short-term speculation or safer, long-term gains.

His customers get a quick lesson in the economics of rare coins. The more rare a coin is, the more it's coveted by collectors and the higher its price goes. That's obvious. "What isn't so obvious," Muniz points out, "is the basic reasons why coins grow rarer as they grow older." Only a certain number of any type of coin is minted in one year. That number remains fixed thereafter. But population grows. What's more, personal incomes have increased for two centuries and, barring some unforeseen catastrophe, seem likely to keep rising. Thus there are ever more people in the world with more money and more leisure time in which to spend it. "So," says Richard Muniz, "you have a situation in which a steadily growing number of people are trying to buy a fixed number of X coins minted in X year. Where can the price go but—in the long run—up?"

If Muniz' economics lesson is accurate, then coin prices should have gone up in recent years. Have they?

Yes, almost without exception. Stack's catalogs show some beautiful multiply-your-money situations. For example, the 1940 catalog listed an "uncirculated" (brand-new condition) 1877 Indian-head at $9. The 1968 catalog lists the same coin at $850. Or take an 1856 Flying Eagle cent from a "proof" set (specially minted by the government and sold at a premium to collectors). The 1940 price was $65; the 1968 price is $3,000.

Muniz likes to talk about buying coins in quantity—rolls of 40 or 50. He is particularly fascinated by coins of recent years, which you could once have bought from any bank at face value. In 1960 the Philadelphia Mint stamped out a run of pennies with the date in unusually small type. You could have walked into a bank back then and picked up a roll of 50 at their face value: 50 cents. Today that roll is worth more than $160 in uncirculated condition. Similarly, certain 1949 dimes, uncirculated, are now worth over $400 per roll of 50 (face value: $5).

As on Wall Street, not all numismatic buys are notably profitable. Some 1878 silver dollars are still worth only $2 or $3 today—a doubling or tripling of value in 90 years. You can do much better than that by putting your money in a savings account.

The secret seems to be that you must enjoy coin collecting enough to be willing to study it. Otherwise you'll get weary and make bad buys. That conclusion goes back to what Norman Stack says about entering the hobby basically for fun.

Men who have the required love of coins and collecting have grown rich in the hobby. Richard Muniz is an example. Muniz, now 32, began collecting coins as a kid. He lost interest as a teen-ager. Then, when he was about 20, he looked over his childhood collection and was surprised to find it had grow healthily in value. Intrigued, he became a collector again—and also, by gradual extension, a trader and speculator.

He found the hobby more than fascinating. In his non-numismatic time he was assistant manager of a retail chain, with an excellent salary. "Suddenly, one day, I was making more money out of my hobby than out of my job. So I quit the job." ■

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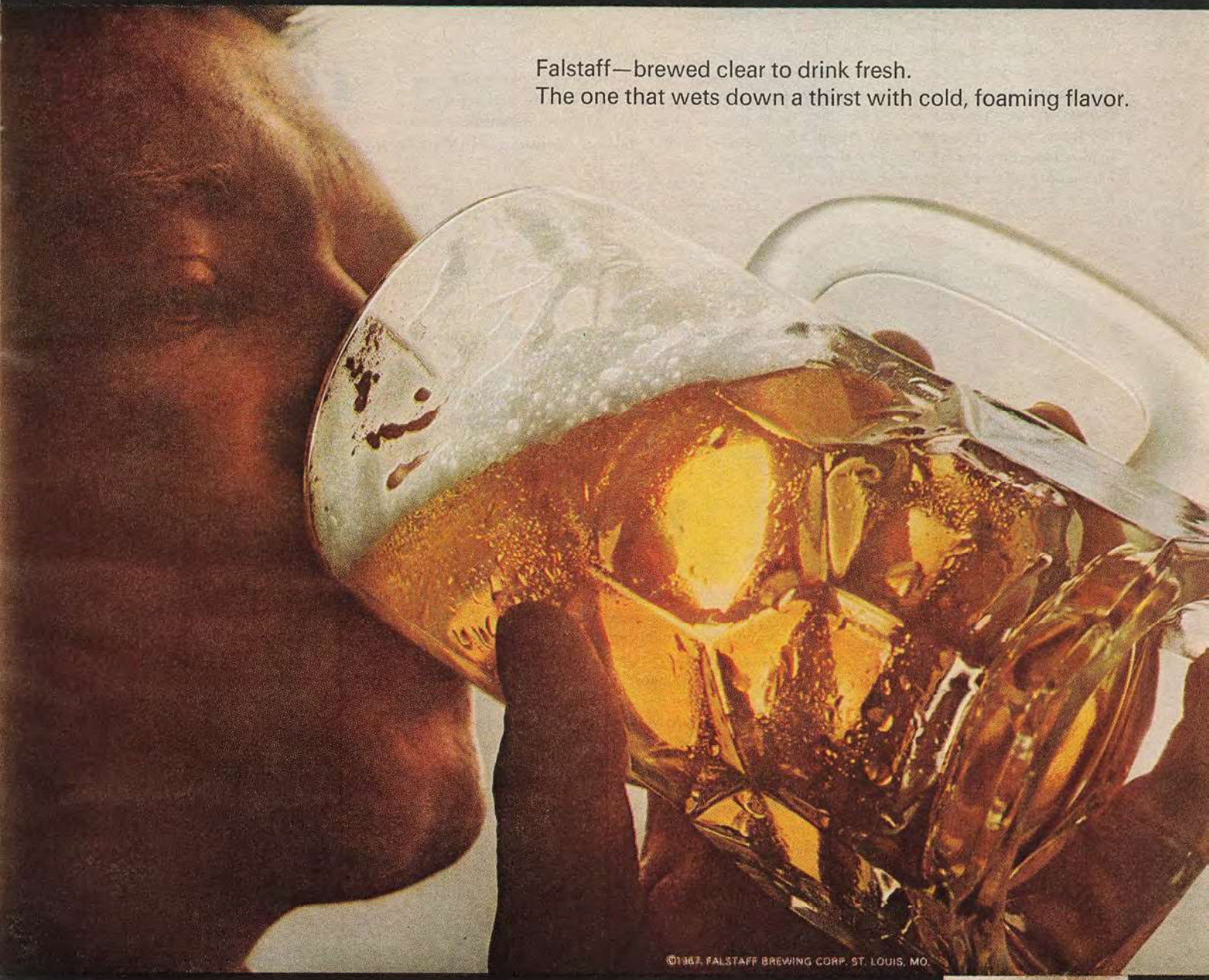

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trueviews: movies books records

movies

HOUR OF THE WOLF. That is the time "when most people die . . . when nightmares are most palpable." Swedish director Ingmar Bergman sets his nightmare on an island off Sweden where a painter who is slowly going mad takes his pregnant wife. The other inhabitants are a rich, superficial crowd who lionize him, then thrust him over the brink of insanity. A rich metaphor, a haunting horror story. Max von Sydow stars.

Julie: Has a kookie affair.

PETULIA. A doctor on the brink of divorce meets a beautiful kook at a party. Even though she's married, she promptly propositions him and draws him into an hilarious affair that sideslips into tragedy. It's a sharply satirical comedy, sometimes gruesome and bitter, but superbly done. George C. Scott and Julie Christie are the lovers, Shirley Knight his wife.

I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT'S'ISNAME. Another savage satire, this one from England, focusing on advertising. Oliver Reed plays a chap who chops up his desk with an ax, quits his job, dumps his mistresses and wife, sets out to find simple happiness and fails. A well-done, bittersweet parable.

THE ODD COUPLE. They couldn't be odder—Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. When Jack's wife throws him out, sloppy, divorced Walter takes him in. Pretty soon, Matthau is driven just as crazy by Lemmon's hypochondria and fussiness, and throws him out, too. Hilarious throughout, with superb clowning by both.

DARK OF THE SUN. Rod Taylor and former footballer Jim Brown play a couple of Congo mercenaries in this brutal, action-packed drama. Congolese politics are fudged a bit, but it works well as intelligent adventure.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. Stanley Kubrick has fashioned a magnificent, epic adventure of space exploration in the future. It is at once a brilliantly realistic preview of outer space, a satire on modern man and his machines and a warning that we may not yet be wise enough to unlock the secrets of our universe—if indeed it is ours. The blending of fiction and fact is perfectly resolved (Arthur C. Clarke coauthored with Kubrick), and the visual effects are stunningly beautiful in Cinerama. Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood and a computer are the principals.

books

THE DISNEY VERSION by Richard Schickel. Walt Disney was a paradoxical man. He made millions laugh, but could hurt subordinates; he cleaned up grim fairy tales, but loved bathroom jokes; he created famous cartoon characters he was himself unable to draw. This objective, unauthorized biography tells it all well. *Simon & Schuster; $6.50.*

THE MULBERRY TREE by John Frasca. A few years ago there was a small crime wave in Mulberry, Florida—burglaries and armed robberies. Eventually a man was arrested and jailed. The town relaxed, but the author, a reporter, didn't. He dug deeper, eventually solved one of the most bizarre cases imaginable and got a Pulitzer Prize for his efforts. Fine journalism. *Prentice-Hall; $4.95.*

IBERIA: SPANISH TRAVELS AND REFLECTIONS by James Michener. This is an informal but extremely thorough biography of a country by a fine writer who has known the place for 35 years. It's big (818 pages), with hundreds of photos by Robert Vavra, and though leisurely, it's eminently readable. *Random House; $10.*

COUPLES by John Updike. This novel explores the interreactions of 10 suburban couples, staving off middle age and boredom with sex and gossip. It is frank and sexy, but full of fine prose and incisive insights too. Clearly a major novel; don't miss it. *Knopf; $6.95.*

records

IN THE MORNING. The new singing trio (two men and a girl) on this record is called The Status Cymbal, but their performing is far superior to their humor. They swing gently through a dozen modish, original songs in hip and happy style. *RCA Victor.*

HEY, LITTLE ONE. Country singer Glen Campbell comes on a little differently here. He has added passion to his poignant style, with excellent results. Especially good are "Elusive Butterfly," "It's Over" and "Woman, Woman," but the rest are fine, too. *Capitol.*

TO RUSSELL, MY BROTHER, WHOM I SLEPT WITH. Bill Cosby strikes again, as funny as ever. As usual, he explores the province of childhood with warmth and hilarity—sandlot baseball, little girls and his kid brother, with whom he had some funny fights. *WB-7 Arts.*

NANCY & LEE. That's Sinatra and Hazelwood, an interesting musical combination. She is smooth, he is rough and deep; that and the rock-western style they use make them compelling listening, even with uneven material. Featured: "Some Velvet Morning." *Reprise.*

VERY WARM. Rod McKuen is a young singer-poet-songwriter who seems to be very good at everything he does. His voice is husky, his songs and style are artless and simple. His subject is usually love, as in "Lost Love" and "Till My Ship Comes In." *Decca.*

THE MASON WILLIAMS PHONOGRAPH ALBUM. Mason Williams has created something terrific here. He sings a dozen songs he wrote, backed by a big band. The songs are unique—and he sings them better than anyone else could. Some are rock 'n' roll, some country, some folk, but they're all good. *WB-7 Arts.*

NAT KING COLE: DELUXE SET. This three-record album contains some of the late balladeer's best work. The 32 songs in it are mostly in the lush love song and pop-country vein Cole settled into later in his career. Many classics, "You're Mine, You" and "Funny" among them. *Capitol.*

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The next time some guy tells you a used car is "just like new" ask for the guarantee.

When all the smooth talk is done, a guarantee is about the only thing this kind of guy is guaranteed not to give you.

Which might explain why so many people find it rough going with a used car they got from a smooth-talking salesman.

Volkswagen used car dealers aren't smooth talkers.

In fact, they aren't talkers at all.

Their guarantee says it all.

A VW dealer will repair or replace any of the major working parts of his guaranteed used cars, for 30 days or 1000 miles, whichever comes first, free.

The engine, transmission, front axle assemblies, rear axle, electrical system, brake system are all covered.

He can cover them because he fixes what needs fixing beforehand. When he inspects his trade-ins.

If they don't pass inspection, of course, they don't get the guarantee.

But if they do, anything he has to say about them he says in writing.

It's all the conversation you need.

you can't take the "country" out of Salem.

Wherever, whenever you light up—Salem gently air-softens every puff for a taste that's country soft, country fresh. Take a puff... it's springtime!

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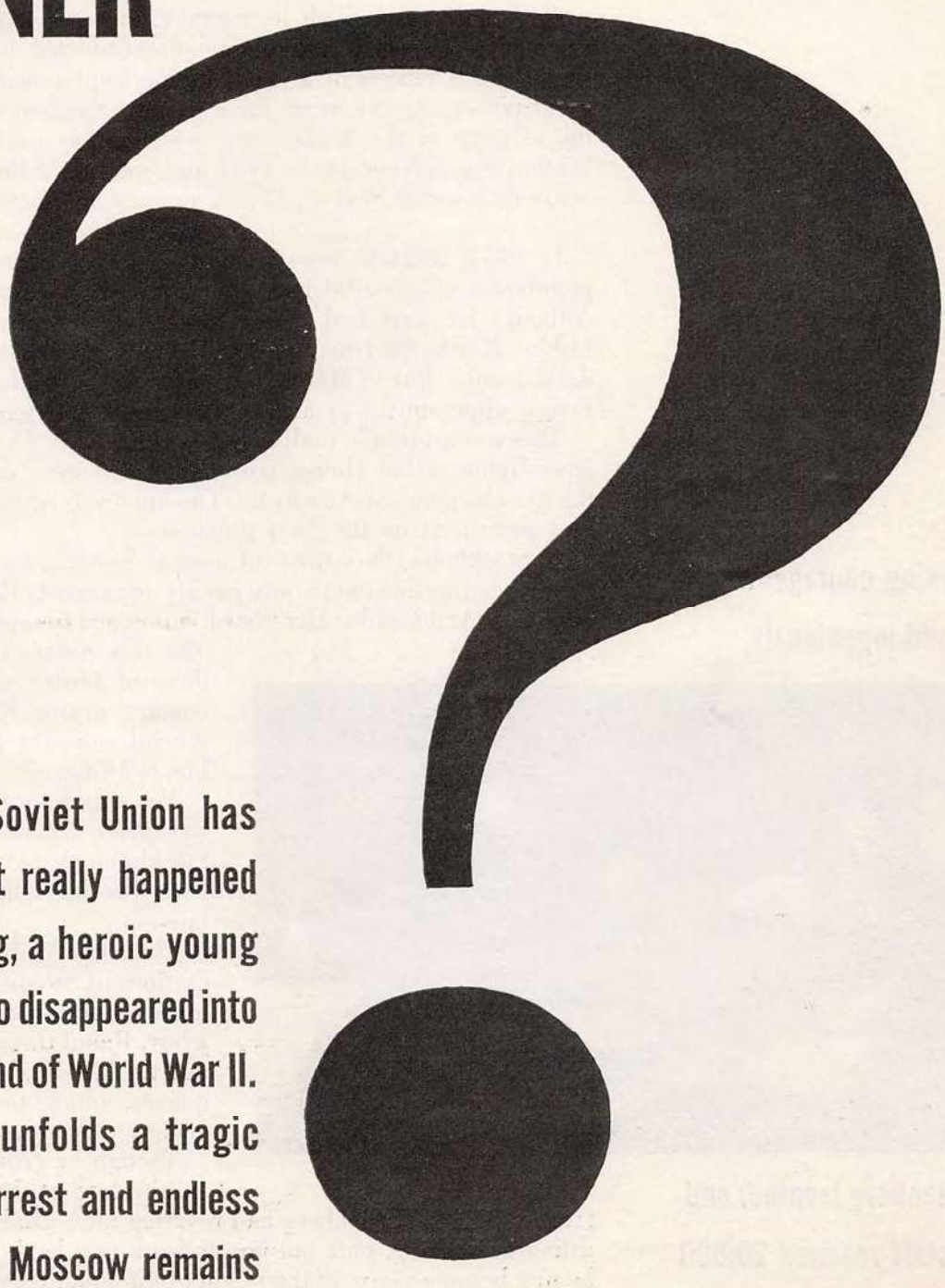
IS RUSSIA'S MYSTERY PRISONER STILL ALIVE



For 23 years the Soviet Union has refused to say what really happened to Raoul Wallenberg, a heroic young Swedish diplomat who disappeared into Red custody at the end of World War II. Now, investigation unfolds a tragic story of mistaken arrest and endless imprisonment. While Moscow remains mute, Sweden labels the case: "Open"

BY ARTHUR D. MORSE

■ On February 6, 1957, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko handed a note to the Swedish ambassador in Moscow. It stated that Raoul Wallenberg, a young Swede who had rescued thousands of Jews in Hungary from the Nazis near the end of World War II, had died of a heart attack in a Soviet prison in 1947.

Wallenberg had disappeared in the company of Russian soldiers on January 17, 1945, following the Soviet conquest of Budapest. Repeated Swedish inquiries about his fate had brought only Russian denials of his imprisonment. Now the Soviet note, attempting to bridge a decade of silence, sought to close the fantastic case which had plagued Russia's postwar relations with Sweden.

It did not accomplish its purpose. Instead, it spurred the Swedish government to intensify a manhunt unprecedented in diplomatic history—the search for a citizen of a small nation imprisoned within the vastness of a great power. As the years have passed, Sweden, relentlessly closing in on the solution to the Wallenberg mystery, has proved beyond question that Wallenberg did *not* die in 1947 and has raised the possibility that after 23 years as a secret Soviet prisoner he may still be alive.

? ? ?

In 1944, 800,000 Jews huddled in fear in Hungary. The prewar Jewish population of 400,000 had been doubled by refugees fleeing from Hitler. Although Hungary had allied herself with Germany, the regime of Admiral Miklos Horthy had managed to delay the deportation of Jews to the Nazi death camps. But in March, the Germans, infuriated by Hungarian inaction, forced appointment of a more militantly anti-Semitic government.

This was a prelude to disaster. Between May 15 and July 7 some 437,000 Jews living in the Hungarian countryside were deported to their death in the gas chambers of Auschwitz. The hundreds of thousands of Jews in Budapest were next on the Nazi timetable.

In Stockholm, the capital of neutral Sweden, a rescue program to prevent the impending massacre was hastily organized. Prominent in the planning were U.S. Ambassador Herschel Johnson and his special assistant, Iver Olsen. The two Americans added their voices to those of Jewish and Swedish groups in the country urging King Gustav to appoint a special emissary for the purpose and send him to Hungary.

Working courageously and ingeniously,

Wallenberg (seated) and his staff rescued 20,000 Jews from the Nazis.

The search for the Swedish representative was brief. There was quick agreement in Stockholm that 32-year-old Raoul Wallenberg was the right man for this unorthodox mission.

The name Wallenberg has identified generations of Swedish statesmen, bishops, diplomats, military and financial leaders. As a boy, Raoul traveled extensively in Europe and the Middle East. He was skilled in languages, quick to retain information and acutely perceptive of the needs of others.

Though he crossed the Atlantic to study architecture at the University of Michigan from 1931-34, Wallenberg had reverted after graduation to his family's tradition in banking. Fate put him to work at a bank in Haifa, Palestine. Here he first became aware of the plight of the Jews. Except for one of his mother's grandparents, there were no Jews among his forebears, but he was a compassionate young man and it was in Haifa in the late 1930's that he first glimpsed Jews in flight from Hitler. Business trips to German-occupied Europe and to Budapest in 1942 and 1943 evoked further impressions of Nazi barbarism. Even before the Swedish relief action, Wallenberg had volun-

teered to visit Budapest to help the family of a friend and business associate who was a Hungarian Jew.

Although Wallenberg was untrained in diplomacy, he was given full diplomatic status, and on July 6, 1944, he left Stockholm to establish a rescue operation within the Swedish legation in Budapest. The new arrival was a handsome young bachelor of medium build, thinning hair—and infinite courage and imagination.

For the first of his many ingenious schemes he printed a new, elaborately designed protective passport for Jews. The document was unknown in international law, but was complete with official seals and the triple-crown insignia of Sweden. It stated that the bearer awaited emigration to Sweden and enjoyed the protection of its government. Wallenberg convinced the Hungarian government authorities to respect 5,000 of these "passports."

Then Wallenberg borrowed or rented 32 apartment houses to which he removed the 5,000 holders of his unique document. There they remained, protected only by the flag of Sweden and the courage of Wallenberg and his colleagues. Anti-Semitic marauders were met by Wallenberg and his friends from the Swedish legation who barred the way with their bodies and threatened international retaliation.

Wallenberg soon dropped the requirement that Jews have some direct connection with Sweden and distributed an additional 5,000 protective passports. Eventually he shielded 20,000 Jews, 13,000 in the so-called Swedish houses. More than 400 of his Jewish proteges were integrated into his organization to operate hospitals, nurseries and soup kitchens. One of his most valued helpers was a red-headed Hungarian Jewish engineer, Vilmos Langfelder, who served as his chauffeur. One day Langfelder would share his Swedish friend's fate.

Raoul Wallenberg as he looked in December, 1944.

A month later he was under Russian arrest, destined for an unknown final fate.

On October 15, 1944, as the Russian armies smashed through Rumania toward Hungary, a new and more dangerous crisis enveloped Budapest. The fanatically anti-Semitic Arrow Cross extremists, led by Ferenc Szalasi, overthrew the Hungarian regime. Szalasi became prime minister and immediately revoked the Jews' international protection. Surprisingly, Wallenberg persuaded him to retract that order, but could not prevent Szalasi's yielding to a new Nazi demand.

The Germans began rounding up Jews for forced labor in the underground armaments factories of Austria. Whipped on by guards, 40,000 men, women and children were started on a march of 144 miles to the Austrian border in bitter cold, without food or medical attention. One-fifth died en route.

Wallenberg and his chauffeur Langfelder rode the highway daily. Official records show that the young Swede snatched to safety 2,000 Jews who he claimed were entitled to Swedish protection. Flashing his diplomatic papers and invoking imagined powers, he also forced the return of thousands of Jews already working in the factories. In addition Wallenberg and his Swedish colleagues freed at least 2,000 condemned beings from deportation trains scheduled for Auschwitz. Wallenberg accomplished the rescues by bluff, raw nerve and an apparent willingness to go to his death in defense of the Jews.

On December 8, 1944, the Russians began the siege of Budapest. Soviet artillery added to the chaos on the streets as the [*Continued on page* 76]

In the never-ending war on crime, police are using a new tactic—

HUMAN DECOYS

BY NORMAN SKLAREWITZ
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JAMES PICKERELL

■ The aftermidnight scene outside a Gaslight Square cocktail lounge was a familiar one to St. Louis pub crawlers. A bar patron looking well oiled lurched out into the warm spring night. He propped himself for a moment against the club's canopy pole, took a deep breath and wheezed contentedly. Then, fumbling obviously, he shifted his wallet from hip pocket to inside jacket pocket, and shuffled off down Olive Street, a dark and forbidding lane at night.

If this looked like a perfect setup for trouble, it was no accident. The hope was that some predatory unseen observer would figure the drunk for an easy roll. The "drunk" was Sgt. Murray Beech, boss of the city's toughest bunch of policemen—the decoy squad.

Sergeant Beech and his crew have only one job. They get out where the drug addicts, rapists and strong-arm robbers prowl. Then they offer themselves as bait, deliberately risking their lives in order to catch criminals in the act. If a decoy is lucky when he gets hit, the maneuver goes smoothly, without physical damage, and he puts a felon behind bars. If he isn't so lucky, he lands in a hospital.

On this particular night Sergeant Beech's grim game didn't go completely according to script, although it started out well enough. By the time he had gone a block or so, a lanky, well-built young fellow was falling into step beside him.

The decoy cop threw the new companion a bleary look and kept on his unsure way. "Hey, buddy," the stranger said finally. "You shouldn't wander out here alone. You're liable to get hurt. All sorts of bad eggs around this neighborhood."

Beech stopped, almost tripped off the curb, and gave his self-appointed guardian a boozy grin. "Say, you're right, ol' buddy—thanks for the tip." He started to shuffle on, but the stranger, sure now he had a pigeon, steered Beech into an alley.

The sergeant let himself be guided, but he was tense, trying to anticipate the next move. Beech knew that so far there was no evidence that would stick 10 seconds in court. He had to wait until he was actually hit. The attack came quicker than he expected.

Still holding Beech's arm in a tight grip, the hood suddenly shoved him against a brick wall and whipped out a beer-can opener. He held the strange weapon in front of the policeman's face, the sharpened point just inches from his eyes.

"Okay, friend," he said. "Let's have it. Give me your dough." Beech realized he was backed up tight, his maneuvering room gone. He hesitated. In that second, the assailant let go his arm, grabbed his throat and smashed the police officer's head against the wall.

Beech went down, dazed by the stunning blow. The attacker grabbed the wallet from the coat pocket and began to run. The officer heaved up on one knee, still a bit wobbly and unsteady, but clearheaded enough to pull out his snub-nosed .38 Colt.

"Stop," Beech yelled. "I'm the law!" He squeezed off a shot into the air to make his point clear.

But the mugger kept on running. At the head of the alley now, he was caught for an instant in the glare of a streetlight. Beech had just that moment to act or his quarry would be gone, free to prey another night on a victim much less able to take care of himself.

Down came the .38, and a single shot roared out, to bring the attacker down. He was dead on arrival at the hospital's emergency ward. His finger-

Decoy policewoman waits alone at bus stop in Mission District of San Francisco. If she draws an attacker, cover men will move in.

prints identified him as James Light, a 23-year-old ex-convict with a long record of arrests for armed robbery.

The next night the decoy squad was back on the street. Every one of the 10 men in the outfit has been injured in the line of duty. But the squad's record is a good one: they've put dozens of strong-arm prowlers behind bars, killed three attackers and wounded 11 more.

St. Louis isn't the only American town that's gone in for a decoy detail. New York City employs the technique in its Tactical Patrol Force. Philadelphia has set up what it calls its Special Operations unit. In Chicago the decoys are called Tactical Teams. San Francisco has its fast-moving S (for "Selective") Squad.

All these outfits vary in size and organization as well as in name. But each uses basically the same concept: substitute a lawman for a citizen in some situation where an attack upon his person or property is likely.

The assailant gets in the first crack. He's free to strike, at a time and a place of his choosing. But in more and more cases these days, what he hits is not a hapless civilian. Instead, his target is an armed law officer, ready to strike back.

Two factors are behind the growing use of decoy squads across the country:

The first is the sharp increase in urban crime. The Federal Bureau of Investigation reports the number of serious crimes in 1966 jumped more than 11 percent above that of the year before. From 1960 through last year, these crimes (primarily rape, armed robbery, aggravated assault) climbed a frightening 62 percent.

In some states and cities, the story is even more ominous. Robberies in San Francisco increased by more than 50 percent in the first six months of 1967 over the same period the year before. In all California, the felony rate rose more than 18 percent in the first quarter of 1967, with robberies jumping by nearly 34 percent over the year before.

The second reason leading lawmen feel they must devise new techniques for the counterattack on street crime is that recent legal restrictions have limited the effectiveness of older methods. Most of these restrictions stem from a series of controversial Supreme Court decisions handed down during the last two years. The decisions have redefined various aspects of the rights of accused criminals.

There's not much legal question, however, if a hoodlum is caught in the act of slugging a policeman disguised as a drunk, or of attempting to rape a policewoman as she walks a dark street. With captures made under these circumstances, police don't have to worry about doubtful confessions or inadmissible evidence.

San Francisco's deputy chief of police, Alfred J. Nelder, sums the situation up: "New techniques must be developed and pursued to obtain evidence that will stick under these new high-court rulings."

In some respects a decoy detail is an extension of the traditional narcotics or vice squad. Its members wear civilian clothes—like detectives. A policeman may pose as a drug user or a gambler to gain information or access to an illegal transaction.

But today's decoy detail is something more than the old undercover squad. A member is not only an investigator or an observer. By his own choosing a decoy police officer becomes the victim of a crime—except that he has the ability to fight back.

Performing such a role, the decoy adds a new [*Continued on page* 92]

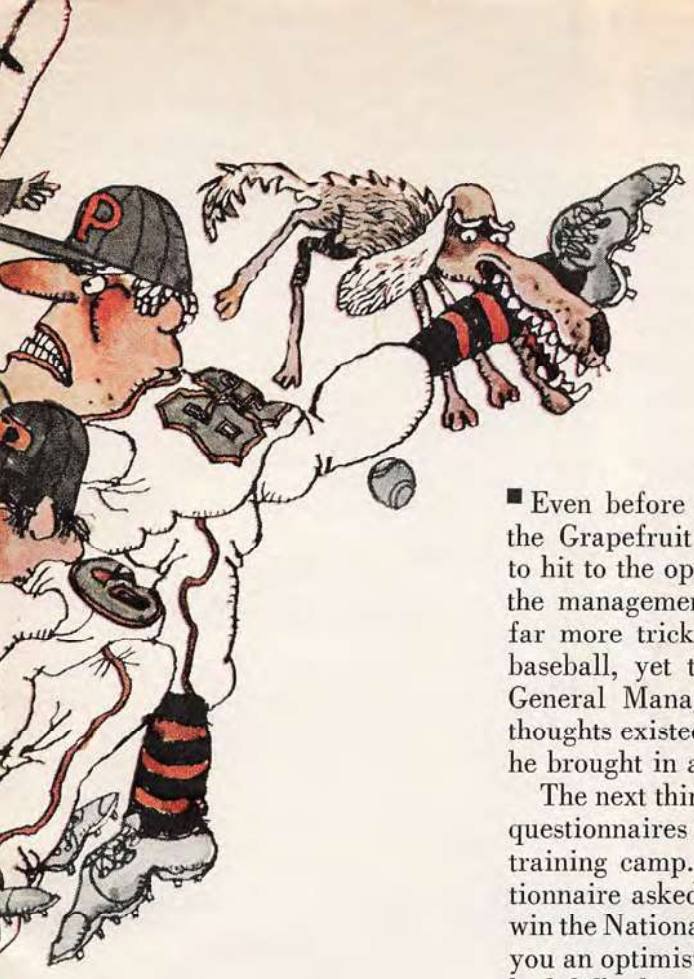
From vantage point in foreground, officer watches parked car used to lure thief. With walkie-talkie he calls in two concealed partners to make the arrest.

WHAT MAKES PITTSBURGH PLOP

How come the Pirates, with all their heavy hitters, can't win the pennant? Only their psychologist knows for sure. Will he tell their new manager?

BY MYRON COPE

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER



■ Even before the current baseball season got under way, when the Grapefruit Circuit was still concentrating on getting batters to hit to the opposite field and pitchers to execute clever pick-offs, the management of the Pittsburgh Pirates was grappling with a far more tricky variable. The Pirates could outhit any club in baseball, yet they were second-division failures. Consequently General Manager Joe Brown decided to find out what murky thoughts existed inside his ballplayers' heads and, toward that end, he brought in a psychologist.

The next thing the players knew, they were bent over personality questionnaires instead of ground balls, in the Fort Myers, Florida, training camp. "Do you tend to leave things undone?" the questionnaire asked the team that had been an eight to five favorite to win the National League pennant last year—but finished sixth. "Are you an optimist?" the Bucs were asked. Brown himself might have had difficulty giving an affirmative answer, for on the day the team broke camp, he scheduled yet another strange assembly—perhaps as a result of the head expert's secret report.

In a meeting that lasted 40 minutes, the Pirates were briefed on travel plans for the upcoming season. The idea was that if the itinerary—a source of annoyance to the players in 1967—struck any one as unnecessarily punishing, he should speak up. "It was a good meeting," announced player representative Maury Wills, "and everybody is happy." If only they would stay happy, the Pirates might fulfill their potential. With management holding its breath, the team plunged into the 1968 season, equipped not only with an improved disposition but with a new field manager.

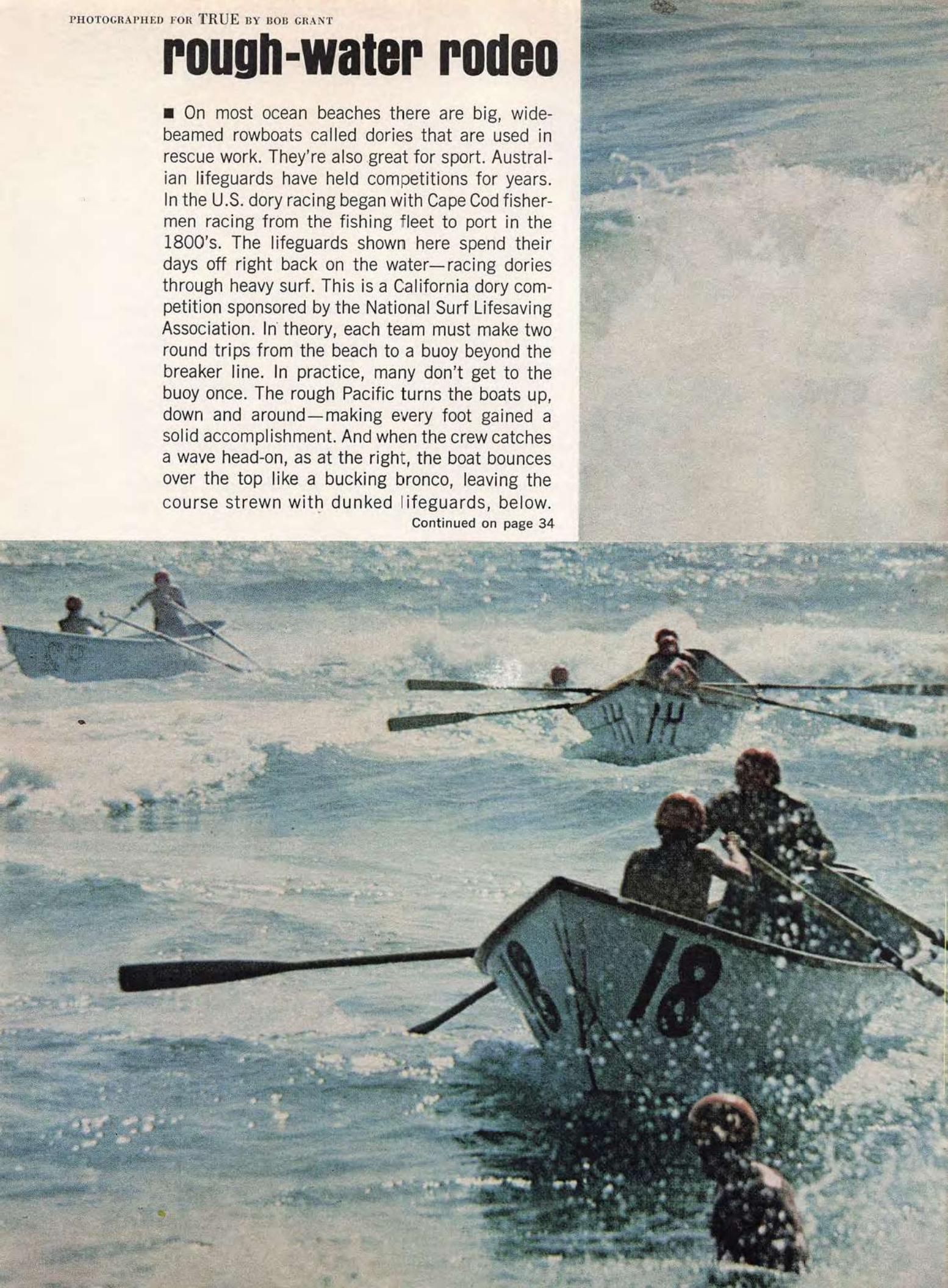
Larry Shepard, a graying man of 49 [*Continued on page* 73]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT

rough-water rodeo

■ On most ocean beaches there are big, wide-beamed rowboats called dories that are used in rescue work. They're also great for sport. Australian lifeguards have held competitions for years. In the U.S. dory racing began with Cape Cod fishermen racing from the fishing fleet to port in the 1800's. The lifeguards shown here spend their days off right back on the water—racing dories through heavy surf. This is a California dory competition sponsored by the National Surf Lifesaving Association. In theory, each team must make two round trips from the beach to a buoy beyond the breaker line. In practice, many don't get to the buoy once. The rough Pacific turns the boats up, down and around—making every foot gained a solid accomplishment. And when the crew catches a wave head-on, as at the right, the boat bounces over the top like a bucking bronco, leaving the course strewn with dunked lifeguards, below.

Continued on page 34



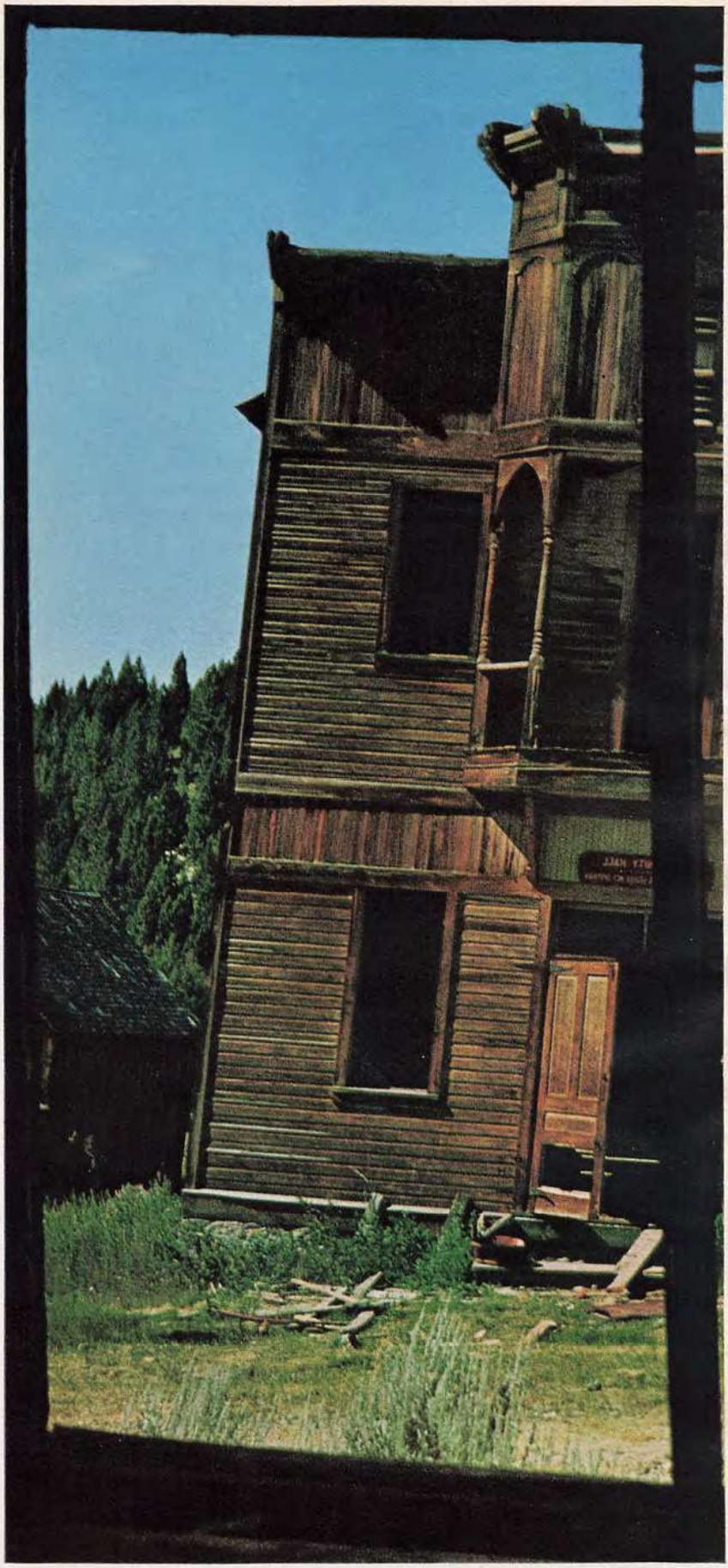
The lives they save may be their own

Collisions are common, left, because of strong currents and the fact oarsmen can't see where they're rowing. The 20-foot long, seven-foot wide dories are rugged boats that are rarely damaged. But injuries to crewmen are frequent, usually from an oar flying or a boat flipping when a wave breaks at the wrong time, as in the picture below. It takes plenty of muscle to row a dory through foaming brine, but the lifeguards must enjoy it; they spend up to three hours a day practicing for the rough-and-tumble races. **Norman Lewis Smith**

GHOST TOWN TREASURE HUNT

Western sightseers have become site-searchers, combing abandoned settlements for everything from branding irons to buffalo rifles

Mine tailings conceal relics. These searchers sift rubble below shaft entrance at Elkhorn, Montana.



Around the 1870's the mine at Elkhorn yielded over $20 million in gold and produced a booming community. Now only a ghost

town remains, its buildings tottering like the saloon shown here. The town is one of hundreds that attract relic prospectors.

Buffalo skull was found in Wyoming, Navy Colt in Colorado. Skulls bring $70, guns up to $200.

Even commonest implements are prizes. Meat cleaver from frontier butcher shop is still sharp.

■ The forty-niners of the gold-rush years would have guffawed at the new breed of prospectors crisscrossing the western states these days. For today's adventurers are digging out what the miner, the cowboy, the settler, the badman left behind on the junk heap.

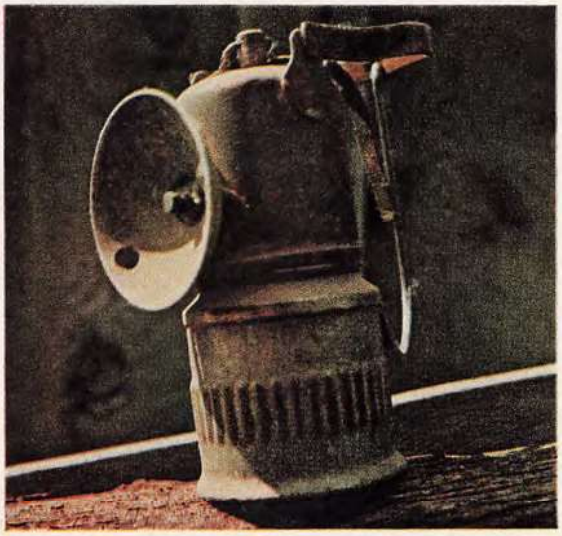
The romance of the frontier West has turned trash into valuable relics. A rusty iron pot from the ruins of a bunkhouse is a prized find. What's more, the pot is worth cash — $25 and up. A single whisky bottle in a New Yorker's collection brought an offer of $150.

As a result, more and more vacationers are making treasure hunts out of their travels. Collecting country is everywhere west of the Missouri. The prime sites are ramshackle ghost towns, abandoned mining camps, deserted farms and ranches.

TURN PAGE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY PETE CZURA

Assayer used the iron pestle to break up raw ore, testing the refined gold in smaller clay crucibles.

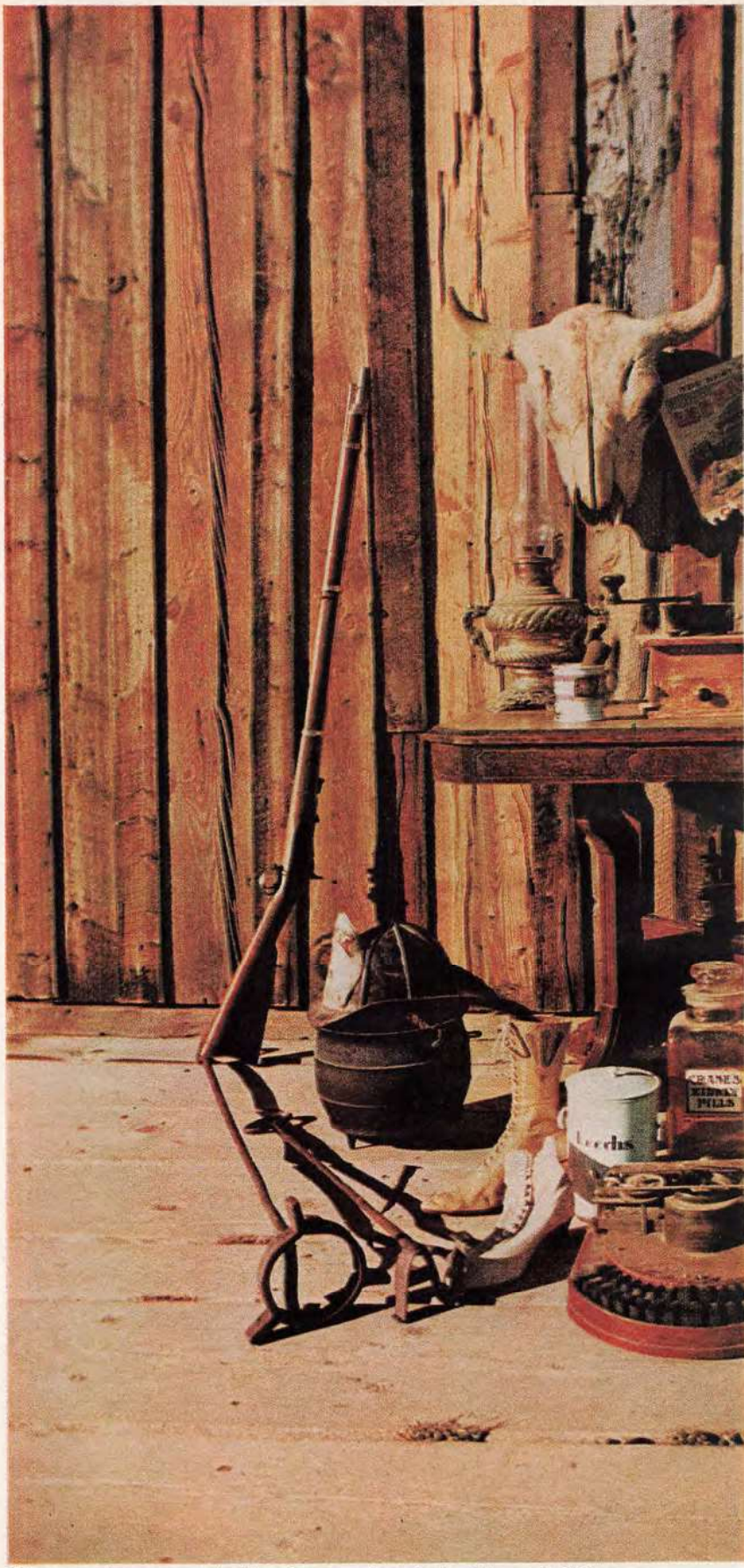


Carbide lamp was picked up in a deserted mining camp in the mountains south of Phoenix, Arizona.

The opening of the West began when gold was discovered in California in 1849. For the next five decades pioneers were constantly on the move. Everywhere they went they left behind the odds and ends of their lives.

Retracing these frontier trails, curio hunters recapture some of the lore and adventure of the Old West. For most collectors the search is more for history than dollar profit.

History itself is the relic collector's best friend. Old maps and records in local libraries show you where to start looking. State tourist bureaus offer free brochures that list ghost towns and give collecting clues. Back in the hills there are sites that have gone untouched for a century. Find one, and you find a new kind of bonanza.—**Norbert R. Darga**



These curios are a selection from restored ghost-town buildings at Virginia City, Montana. Market values vary. Buffalo rifles,

Frontier curios bring cash that can help pay vacation expenses

for example, average $90; carriage lanterns, $35 to $50; old bottles, $5 to $150; branding irons, $20; iron pots, $25 and up.

Silver and gold ingot molds turn up around abandoned assay offices. These are from Pony, Montana.

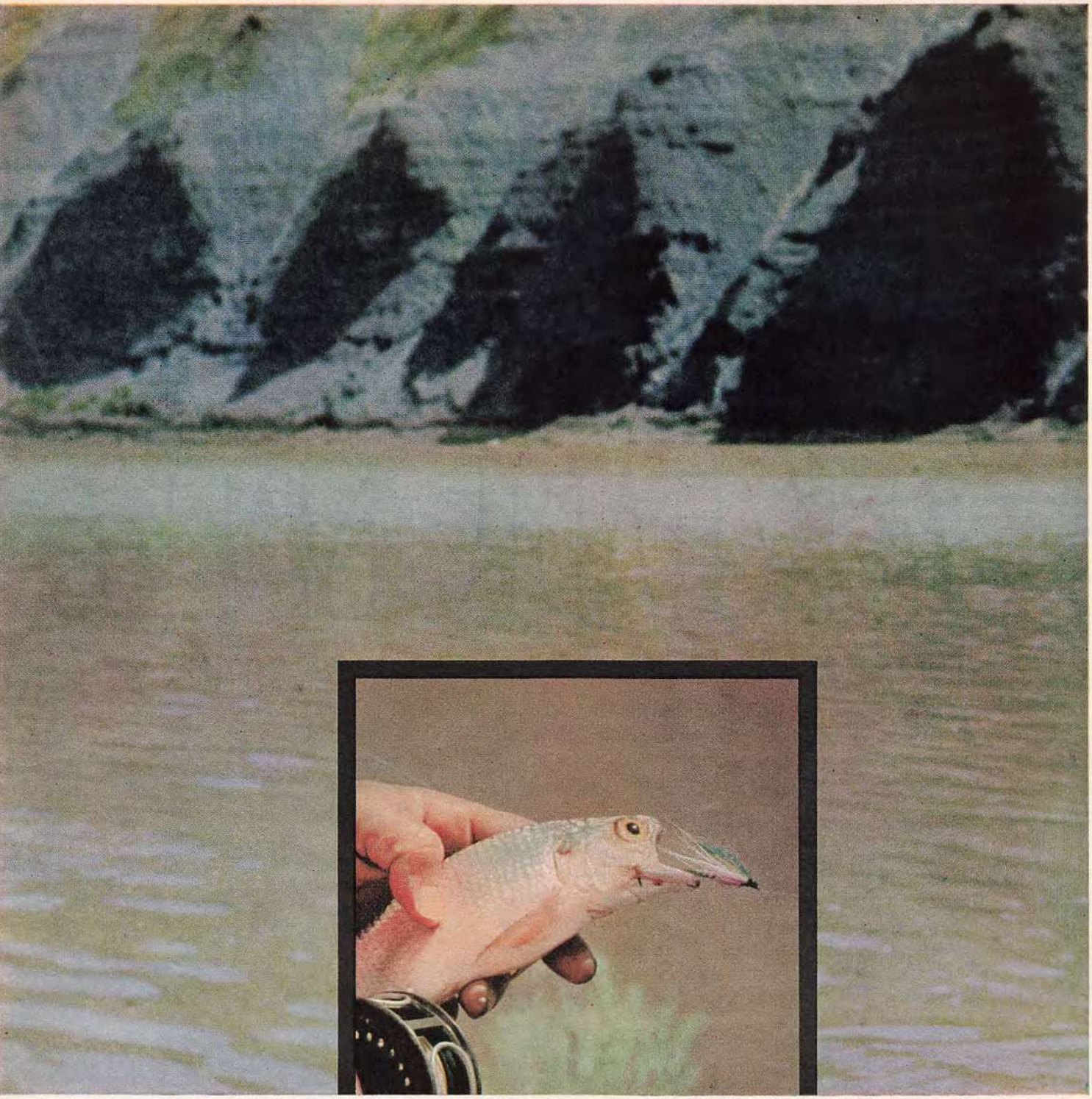
Well preserved even after decades, oxen yokes are made of oak. They have market value of $35.

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

Getting skunked? Try the goldeye. It fights like a trout, jumps like a tarpon and it's found practically everywhere

■ Fort Benton, Montana, is a pleasant Missouri River village of some 2,000 people. In pioneer times it was the ripsnortin' end of the line for riverboats plying out of faraway St. Louis. Nowadays it lies sleepily beside the gentle-flowing old river, out in the wheat-country plains. Just possibly it is the least likely place on earth for an angler to recover from a vacation made miserable by days of unsuccessful trout fishing.

My two boys and I had stopped in Fort Benton overnight. Our camper was huddled beneath tall cottonwoods in the clean, little village park. I sat on a bench that summer evening glumly wishing the night would pass swiftly so we could get going again. We'd been in the mountains after trout, and now we



the insurance fish

were on our way homeward, troutless, disconsolate.

An overalled wheat farmer strolled up and sat down. "Been west, fishin'?" he asked.

"Yep."

"Poor summer for fishin'."

I hated the idea of having to talk. But I said, "What's in the river here?"

Totally unaware, I was on the brink of a riot of fishing fun—with a species of fish hardly anyone knows.

"About all you'd likely catch is goldeyes," the wheat farmer said. He spoke the name as if spitting it.

My ears flipped straight up. "Goldeyes?"

I had never caught a [*Continued on page* 70]

A young bachelor discovers that a co-ed Japanese bath can lead to even more exciting discoveries about the

SENSUOUS ORIENT AND ITS SCRUTABLE DOLLS

BY ROGER SAINT MARTIN O'TOOLE

■ Outside the window of my room in the Okura Hotel, Tokyo floated in a shawl of winter smog. "A sinful city," said my guidebook, "replacing Shanghai as the most wicket [*sic*] capital in all Asia if not in the world."

Perusing the classified ads of the Mainichi *Daily News*, I learned that Tokyo business firms were looking for "highly absorptive" female secretaries; that Doctor Yamanaka featured "women's plastic surgery for well-shaped breasts uplift and enlarge on one-shot injection nonsurgical method" (Who but the Japanese could invent nonsurgical surgery?); and that S. Komuro M.D.'s Sexology Clinic offered vasectomies at reasonable rates.

There were many advertisements for *Toruko buros*, Turkish baths. "It's a Talk of the Town," said one. "De luxe mood at modest charge," said another. "Romantic bath and charming masseuses will heal your fatigue. You'll be satisfied with Miss Toruko and our cozy atmosphere."

Romance, coziness, charm, satisfaction, and a de luxe mood. What more could a weary traveler want?

One ad—for the Ginza Turkish Bath—was especially arresting. It boasted "the most modern facilities supported by the homelike service of 50 beautiful masseuses who have been trained to develop the highest technique."

Not only that, but "the bathing hour is 75 minutes

"Under the sparkling cloak of a Tokyo night, every taste is thoughtfully provided for."

Excerpted from *A Stag At Large* by Roger Saint Martin O'Toole, to be published by the Macmillan Company. Copyright © 1968 by Roger Saint Martin O'Toole.

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

"The scrubbing began with a shampoo and continued down to the coccyx with many a playful tweak and nip."

longer than other baths, and yet the charge is the same: 1,500 yen. For your health and good looks," the ad concluded, "please take advantage of our facilities where charming girls await your pleasure."

The appeal to health and good looks was almost irresistible. So was that note about homelike services, for I am a boy who has always loved his home. In addition to all these attractions, I had been suffering from the nagging feeling that my bachelor investigation of Tokyo's Turkish baths, hitherto confined to the Japanese Spa of the Okura Hotel, left something to be desired. My research was incomplete, and I felt duty-bound to pursue scholarship to the limit.

With this high aim, I phoned an old Tokyo hand we'll call Nils Yamoto, who works for Pan American World Airways.

"What do you know about the Ginza Turkish Baths?" I asked.

"Very good," Nils replied. "One of the best."

"Is it clean?" The all-American question.

"You could eat off the floors," said Nils.

"That's not what I had in mind."

"Ask for Akiko," Nils continued. "Or Teruko, or Fumiko. . . ."

The voice of experience—he sounded like a pasha.

"You'll enjoy it," Nils said. "Sex is holy," he added, and rang off.

Now what did he mean by that? The road to research is a lonely road. I would have to find out for myself. So I telephoned the Ginza Toruko (the number is 561-7898), asked for an appointment with Akiko, and was told to come at 2 o'clock.

I found the place three short blocks north of the Ginza behind the Queen Bee Cabaret in one of those fascinating Tokyo neighborhoods full of blind alleys, tiny restaurants and coffeehouses, laundries and other small business enterprises, each one having its own abstract signpost in a forest of calligraphic trees. My destination was labeled in plain English, however: Ginza Turkish Bath.

The waiting room, chaste as the YMCA, was equipped with a television set and a soft-drink bar. There were a couple of self-conscious-looking Englishmen there, affecting deep interest in ancient copies of *Life*. There were a few Japanese clients. Their attention was riveted on the *terebision*, on whose tiny screen familiar figures were emoting in an unfamiliar language. They turned out to be Clark Gable and Loretta Young, swathed in furs and crossing Arctic wastes in a dogsled. *The Call of the Wild!*

I paid 1,700 yen (not 1,500 as advertised) at the desk, was issued a dated receipt and a number—72—, and was asked to wait until called.

I sat down next to a figure who was hiding behind a tattered copy of *Paris Match*. He peered out from this shield with one big frog eye, and I saw it was Gaston, a henpecked French tourist I had met on the airplane that brought me over the ocean to Tokyo.

"*Bon jour, monsieur*," he whispered.

He placed his index finger on his lips, smiled a conspiratorial smile, and relapsed into silence.

I looked at the TV screen. One of the Eskimo dogs was sick. The sled had stopped. Loretta was freezing to death and Clark was doing his best to warm her up in fluent Japanese.

"Seventy-two prease."

Transported from the frozen tundra to the Toruko boru, I looked up into the smiling almond eyes of a girl in her 20's. She wore a *happi* coat of blue and white striped cotton, so short that it stopped just this side of revelation. Her legs were rather stocky; her oval face was delicate and smooth, the color of pale sherry, and her luxuriant black hair hung freely below the middle of her back.

"I am Akiko," she said, bowing. "Prease forrow me."

To the ends of the earth, I thought, but it was just a short walk down the corridor to room 20. There was a small cubicle with a massage table and refrigerator, and a larger room which contained a steam cabinet and a sunken tub. White tile, white towels, everything immaculate; the general effect was antiseptic and impersonal, like an examining room in a well-run clinic.

Akiko's attitude, however, was anything but impersonal. She seemed intent on exemplifying the ancient Nipponese tradition of female subservience, that devoted and smiling submissiveness still practiced by most Japanese women despite the emancipatory clauses of a democratic constitution.

It was clear from the opening moment of the 75-minute hour that Akiko was to be my willing slave. I was not to tire myself. I was to remain passive and permit myself to be catered to. If this is homelike service, no wonder Japanese men are opposed to the Westernization of their women. They should never have bombed Pearl Harbor; they never had it so good as before that misguided maneuver.

Having shed her happi coat, thus revealing more of her appetizing person in a brief two-piece playsuit of white sharkskin, Akiko turned her undivided attention to me. She untied my tie and unbuttoned my shirt, then with a supple gesture as natural as breathing, dropped to her knees and unlaced my shoes. By dint of considerable effort I managed to step out of them myself, but slowly so as to prolong the bird's-eye view of a perfectly charming bosom, pretty as peaches in champagne.

I permitted myself to be divested of everything else, and stood there naked, but certainly not unaccommodated. My clothes were hung by the massage table with care, except for shorts, socks, and shoes, which were stashed in a plastic basket under the table —ah, homey atmosphere—and I was then ensconced

"My hostess changed to a kimono, then tenderly undressed me and helped me into a similar garment. I was ready for bed; she decided to serve tea."

in the sit-down steam cabinet with only my head protruding.

Having imprisoned me in this hot box and turned up the steam, Akiko put her curly head very close to mine and gave me a promising and provocative look to assure me that I was the most superb example of the male sex she had ever laid eyes on. To punctuate this tender unspoken sentiment, she gently tweaked my nose.

This appendage, which is rather prominent, especially by Japanese standards, afforded her no end of wonder and delight. She ran her index finger over its contours like blind Autolycus tracing the features of returned Ulysses.

The delicate-featured Japanese seem to have a fixation on this organ. Judging from frequent references to it in Japanese novels, it would seem to be an index of virility. In Mishima's *Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, for example, a young man is described thus: "He was attractively sunburned and a powerful nose emerged from beneath his uniform cap, which he wore pulled down over his eyes to emphasize its size; from top to toe he was the perfect young hero."

From top to toe I was now very hot. Akiko busied herself with various valves and spigots, and bustled about like a housewife who has the lobster in the pot and must now tidy up the apartment. She filled the sunken tub with water, set out buckets, brushes, sponges, took clean towels from a closet, arranged them neatly on the massage table, then returned to my nose, which she caressed again as though to reaffirm that it was real.

"Is hot enough?" she said.

I nodded, about to expire. She turned a valve. The hissing of the steam subsided. Let simmer till done.

Another tactile exploration of my proboscis, a tweak, and then a nip with her little red lips. She was nibbling my nose like a carrot!

Akiko! Silly girl!

She opened the cabinet, led me to the tub, and seated me on a low stool at the water's edge.

The scrubbing began with a vigorous shampoo, continued down the spinal column to the coccyx, then extended to the fingertips of both hands, all with many a playful tweak and nip. I winced a couple of times, whereupon she giggled.

"You tickrish, yes?"

When it came to the zone of inferior, Akiko's intentions became all too clear. What an aggressive minx! I should have put a stop to it, but thought that would be unfriendly if not downright discourteous. I tried to concentrate on other things, the annual Sunday School Anniversary Day Parade in Brooklyn, for example; how we marched! Just as they were about to serve the brick ice cream on the church lawn, Akiko's assault progressed to points farther south. You got the thigh bone, the knee bone, the shin bone, and the ankle bone. Then there are those 10 little toes —let him who has more remain silent. Each one had to be assiduously scrubbed and rinsed.

As Akiko accomplished this on her knees, I was not exactly calmed by the view of her jet curls against the ivory nape of her neck or by glimpses of her breasts straining against the sharkskin bra.

"Why don't you take that off?" I suggested.

It was hot. I thought she'd be more comfortable without it.

"No no," she replied. "Not arowed."

Having announced this rule of the house, she doused me with several bucketfuls of hot water, but I was still in a lather as she eased me into the tub.

"Rerax," she said.

Easier said than done, for as I lay there soaking, she knelt like a naiad at the side of the pool, dipped her hands into the water, and gave me as many wanton submarine caresses as Leander got from Neptune.

"Ready for massage?" she said.

I was ready for anything, and I must confess that the first massage, during which Akiko's astonishing manual skill was concentrated on undermining the very foundations of society, was over quite soon, whereupon I was treated to another localized scrubbing, another dousing, and put back into the tub to soak.

As I lay in the hot bath, cooling off, Akiko cast a critical eye at my feet, which were protruding from the tub. She then seized a pair of clippers and clipped my toe nails with great dispatch. As an encore she gave me a rapid manicure. As I lay marveling at her general all-around efficiency, she opened the refrigerator and handed me a small bottle of dark orange liquid.

"Drink prease," said Akiko.

She thrust out her bosom and flexed her biceps.

"Make very strong," she said.

An aphrodisiac! Just what I didn't need most. Nevertheless I drained the bottle. Ice cold with a bitter orange flavor. God and the Japanese know what was in it. I thought I detected just a *soupcon* of powdered unicorn's horn and maybe a smidgen of musk. I would like to report some marvelous rejuvenation, some instantaneous revival of flagging spirits. But the plain truth is that they hadn't flagged enough to need reviving.

"Now," said Akiko, "I give you real massage."

She hauled me out of the tub.

"Lie on berry prease."

I lay down on my stomach, putty in her hands. And what hands! Bones cracked. My thorax heaved like the hull of a beleagured ship. Lungs threatened to collapse. My spinal column creaked as Akiko did a cakewalk up and down [*Continued on page* 95]

Who is this man who fired the

shot that outraged the world?

TO MEET THE KILLER...**TURN PAGE**

He's Gen. Ky's own executioner

AS CHIEF OF THE NATIONAL POLICE, NGUYEN NGOC LOAN'S SINISTER POWER MAKES HIM THE MOST FEARED MAN IN SOUTH VIET NAM

■ The soldiers led the bewildered Viet Cong prisoner through the street to a tall Vietnamese general waiting under a shade tree.

The general was in an ugly mood. For several days the Viet Cong had been fighting savage battles throughout Saigon as part of their *Tet* offensive. Only weeks before, the general had claimed it was no longer possible for terrorists to enter the city. Now the American Embassy had been attacked and the entire city was in turmoil as hundreds of guerrillas unleashed their most devastating operation of the war.

Vietnamese Rangers had just "interrogated" the prisoner, and his face was swollen and bleeding. Suspected of being a VC officer, he wore only black shorts and a faded sports shirt with a patch identifying his unit. With hands tied behind his back, he was thrust before the general, who waved the soldiers aside and drew his pistol.

The general did not hesitate. He pointed the gun at the prisoner's head and pulled the trigger. The man's face tensed with the shock of the bullet. Then he sagged to the street as blood rushed from the hole in his head. Calmly, the general replaced his pistol and spoke to several television men who had photographed the event for subsequent showing in the United States.

"He has killed many Americans and many of my people. Buddha will understand—do you?"

Maj. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, 37, director general of Viet Nam's National Police, is not really a man inclined towards the ways of Buddha. Tough, efficient and without a trace of mercy toward his enemies, General Loan is the most feared man in South Viet Nam. The sight of his thin, almost chinless face and narrow eyes terrifies even the highest government officials.

Clearly delighted with his reputation as Viet Nam's strong man, he wears miniature gold handcuffs for a tie clip, appears at parties in exotic uniforms and dons a bulletproof vest for work, and enjoys grisly practical jokes.

Several days after the killing of the Viet Cong officer, another prisoner was brought to the general during a battle in Saigon. As reporters watched, Loan took out a pistol and asked: "How many weapons did you carry into Saigon?"

"Two," the prisoner replied.

"If you're lying, I'm going to shoot you. Now, how many weapons did you bring to Saigon?"

As photographers poised their cameras for a replay of the execution scene, Loan stepped behind the prisoner, slipped his gun back into its holster and pulled out a water pistol.

"Only two weapons," the prisoner repeated.

Loan squeezed the trigger and squirted the prisoner with water.

An American officer in Saigon who heard of the joke later declared, "Maybe Loan thinks it's funny, but I don't. The truth is that Loan represents the kind of corrupt, no-good officials we support in Viet Nam."

Because our representatives object to his methods and his violations of the Geneva agreements concerning the treatment of war prisoners, Loan is distrustful of Americans. Perhaps as a result of his position, he is also distrustful of many of his countrymen, but he is fiercely loyal to his friend and patron, Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky. As probably the most complex and colorful figure in his country, Loan is both hated by thousands and admired by those who respect his intelligence and his courage in battle.

Ky came to Loan's defense following the well-publicized execution.

"I have given orders to all police and military men not to commit such brutal actions," he said. "But when you see your friends dying, how can you control your emotions? Why worry about one damned VC terrorist when they are killing thousands of Vietnamese officers, men, women and children?"

Although this is obviously his own attitude as well, General Loan has become keenly sensitive toward press reactions to his deeds. He has boasted that no one can write a truthful biography of him. "If anyone does, I'll have him shot," he warns. Recently he told a television reporter, in turning him down for an interview, "My mother once told me to keep my mouth shut if I want to live a long life."

Yet Nguyen Ngoc Loan's exploits are too far-reaching and too conspicuous to remain secret. Even though his staff members are afraid to discuss the "Director" in front of reporters, there are reliable Viet- [*Continued on page* 90]

BY KARL H. PURNELL

BY DAVID NEVIN

Excerpted from *The Texans: What They Are and Why* by David Nevin, to be published by William Morrow and Company, Inc. Copyright © 1968 by David Nevin.

In his new book The Texans, *author David Nevin, himself a Texan, says, "There is a propensity for violence that runs like a bloody thread through Texas and her people. It is in their history and it touches their daily lives and does not shame them."*

It is in this environment that the famed Texas Rangers have acquired their repute.

"The Ranger," Nevin explains, "is courageous, physically oriented, capable of great violence. But more than that, he has presence. He has a capacity not just to command but to dominate other people. Certain men have that capacity and it really has nothing to do with size or toughness or strength, and these are the truly dangerous men.

"Actually, Rangers are often pleasant company. They usually are polite and sometimes affable until crossed. They have the dignity that comes with great confidence . . . they are incorruptible.

"They are," says Nevin, "a tiny force of 62 men, with near impossible traditions of bravery and action, that is elite by its nature, quite without parallel in America, and its members must perform as such. The Ranger is thrust automatically into the most dangerous situations, and because there are so few of him, he often goes alone."

This is the story of one such man.

THE RANGER

■ It was spring in East Texas and there had been a rain and grass was growing green and new along the highway in Rusk County. The trees were tall and strong, and between them shafts of sunlight struck the crimson clover so that it flamed deep red. Verbena and daisies and little dots of white clover flowers marked the grass on the side of the road and the air was soft and clear. Ranger Jim Ray was driving the car slowly, the windows down, enjoying the day and the job. We were going down to the Angelina River bottoms so he could look again at the scene, nose about and talk and watch

He had come to solve a murder. He might not do it today or tomorrow, but he would do it. The force of his presence guaranteed it

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ALLEN

sharp-eyed and yet casual for anything that was new, anything that would suggest who had murdered old man Thompson.

H. J. Thompson had been 68, divorced, eccentric, better known than he was liked. He lived in Laneville and ran 75 head of cattle on 600 acres south of town, and one day, just before Christmas of 1965, someone waited in the pasture where he came every day and shot him and took the thousand-odd dollars he carried in his pocket. There was a particular brutality to the way it was done, a coldness and a cruelty that frightened people, and they got together in Laneville and asked the governor to send in the Rangers. Now the case was old, the murderer yet uncaught, but Ray, confident, patient, still spent many hours poking, ruminating, waiting for something to turn up.

Jim Ray is a tall, slender man in his early 50's. He has big hands and gives an immediate impression of calm strength. He wears bifocals with clip-on sunshades and a khaki-colored western suit with black boots and a businesslike snub-nosed .38 revolver. He is a pleasant, quiet, good-humored man, capable of savagery and somewhat disturbed by that fact, but on the whole satisfied with himself and the terms of his life. He spent years on the Texas Highway Patrol, but finally the horrid matter of lifting shattered people from wrecked cars became overpowering—"You learn to dread the sound of the phone and to hate traffic offenders until you can hardly look at them." He joined the Rangers in 1957 and works long but not unpleasant hours. His wife, who has never fully reconciled herself to the lawman's life, teaches school in Tyler, where they live.

"Old man Thompson was killed on a Wednesday," Ray explained. "His boy came home from the Army on Friday and couldn't find his daddy. He finally went down to the pasture and found the old man half in, half out of his car. Shotgun had blown his head all apart. It had rained the day before. Washed out tracks and all and killed the scent for the hounds. And then the first people on the scene tramped all around. I reckon if there was any sign, they tramped it down.

"Thompson'd been divorced and there was some money trouble with his wife. That may have been why he carried so much around, kept it in cash instead of the bank. We established beyond question he had a good thousand dollars on him the day he was killed. He used to flash it all around. Likely that's what got him killed. There's folks in Rusk County who would do plenty for $50, let alone a thousand."

Ray was still driving slowly, both hands on the wheel, ruminating over the ground he had covered so many times.

"This is rough down here. The people in this country are ignorant and backwoodsy. They believe in revenge. Most of the men run coons and drink bust-head whisky and live by their own law. And if they're in trouble, they're not likely to go to the sheriff—they'll try to settle it themselves.

"Hell, there's lots of suspects. His wife's family, they're a tough bunch. I ran them through on the poly-

"I believe the man who killed him lives right around here," the Ranger said. "And he's watching us, jumpy as hell..."

graph, the lie detector, and they came out clean. There's another old man keeps bobbing up as a suspect, but every time I trace the rumor down, it always goes back to his son and daughter-in-law. He's got a little piece of land and they'd like to see him put away, in the penitentiary or the asylum, so they could get the land. Then there's still another old boy. I think he's had some brain damage. He's a bad one. He whips his mama and his poppa and his brothers. He whips his wife and he runs them all off. He bootlegs around here, stays drunk all the time, wants to whip everybody. He's just a typical character for this part of the country.

"I remember a trial one time down in the Big Thicket country to the south of here, when one of the Harrises, some relation to the boxer, Roy Harris, was on the stand. The opposing attorney wanted to discredit him. He says, 'Mr. Harris, what do you do for a living?' and Harris says, 'I run a few hogs and I steal a few.' Attorney says, 'Well, what else do you do?' Harris says, 'I drink a little whisky.' The attorney asks, 'Do you ever break the law?' Harris says, 'Yes, I do. I make some whisky and I shoot deers when I feel like it.' That was enough for the jury. They believed every word of his testimony. They knew he was solid."

We drove into Laneville, a tiny town on a secondary road, and stopped at the victim's house. There are only a couple of filling stations here, a couple of stores, a few houses. When a stranger stops, everybody watches. They recognized the Ranger's car, but no one approached. The house was closed and forlorn, but it obviously had lacked the grace of a woman's touch for years. Thompson's dented 1958 Ford sedan was in the driveway, the blood on its front seat now a great rusty stain.

"Thompson was a talker," Ray said. "Few days before he was killed, he was in the general store. He was telling people, 'Well, I'm going to have to kill me a nigger who's been down there hunting on my land. I reckon I'll just kill the sonofabitch.' But no one thought much about it because the old man had been talking that way for years and hadn't killed anyone yet. Used to be a young fellow, about five years ago, who operated a hog farm for an owner who lived in Houston. The farm was beyond Thompson's and this fellow had right-of-way over Thompson's land to reach his place. He and Thompson got to jawing at each other, and one day Thompson put up a fence across the road and said he wouldn't let his neighbor through. When the fellow drove up and saw the fence across the road and Thompson sitting there in his car, he jumped out of his pickup with a .410 shotgun. Man, he was ready, he didn't give a damn, he wasn't calling no sheriff—and Thompson started up his car and drove like the devil. He went home and called the law, and when they wanted him to go back out and see this fellow, he wasn't about to.

" 'Course, it could have been a hunter who killed Thompson, but I don't think so. I think he was killed for his money. Whoever it was knew him, I'm sure of that. A stranger never [*Continued on page* 81]

BY ROBERT TRAVERS
ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR MAYS

The Yankee warship was faster, more heavily armed and patrolled a harbor only six miles across. Yet the Rebel skipper gambled his ship, his cause and his career to

ESCAPE FROM ST. PIERRE

■ Commander Raphael Semmes, straight-backed and stiff-shouldered, came up the ladder to the quarterdeck at 7 a.m. He was in full uniform. Gray trousers, a gray coat with silver buttons and three gold stripes on the sleeves, and a visored cap. Striding past four of his officers, he went to the pilot's square alongside the binnacle. As he stepped onto the raised platform, he said: "How do you go?"

"Nor' by west, a half west, sir!" the quartermaster said.

Semmes looked forward over the Caribbean, and then turned toward the wooded coast sliding past the starboard rail. It was close-by—a line of sandy shore rising steeply to dome-shaped hills. This was Martinique, a French island midway in the curving stretch of the West Indies. For more than an hour, through an open port in his lower-deck chart room, Semmes had been watching it. The vessel must stay safely away and, at the same time, close enough to save distance—and time. At each course change, he checked with the chart and estimated the distance off. But he let his officers take (or think they were taking) the ship to its landfall. Then at exactly the proper moment—the dramatic moment—he had come up to the quarterdeck.

Glancing aft, Semmes could see the rise of the cape—14 miles astern—which shelters Fort de France, Martinique's capital city. After heaving anchor at dawn, he had come north from Fort de France. Now he was preparing to take his ship in to St. Pierre, the island's coaling port.

To his chief lieutenant, [*Continued on page* 84]

"Hold your fire," Semmes ordered, as the Iroquois *bore down on them at full speed.*

VIET NAM COMES TO THE BIJOU

John Wayne's new movie about the Green Berets puts the hell into war

BY BRIAN ST. PIERRE

■ No one would deny that war is hell, but few people realize that putting a war on film can be a hellishly dangerous, exacting task. Some who do are the men shown here. They were blown up, burned, stunned and generally knocked around during the filming of *The Green Berets* at Fort Benning, Georgia, recently.

As the first major film on the war in Viet Nam, it was bound to raise some controversy, but even director-star John Wayne was unprepared for the fuss kicked up when he began the filming. While he claimed he was only telling it like it was, others accused Wayne of expounding right-wing "superhawk" ideology. He finally admitted the picture was made "naturally,

A stunt man earns his pay the hard way at left, as he steps on a simulated mine. It's actually a black-powder charge with a light load of phosphorous, but it packs enough of a wallop to toss him in the air. Top right, in the same battle, VC charge through a flaming village, then blow up a watchtower. John Wayne is in the tower (center), as it comes down a little harder and faster than he had intended when a built-in hydraulic device fails. Bottom picture shows VC penetrating the perimeter of Special Forces camp. Running through explosions became almost routine for the actors. Almost.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAVID SUTTON

A human torch—and a murderous barrage

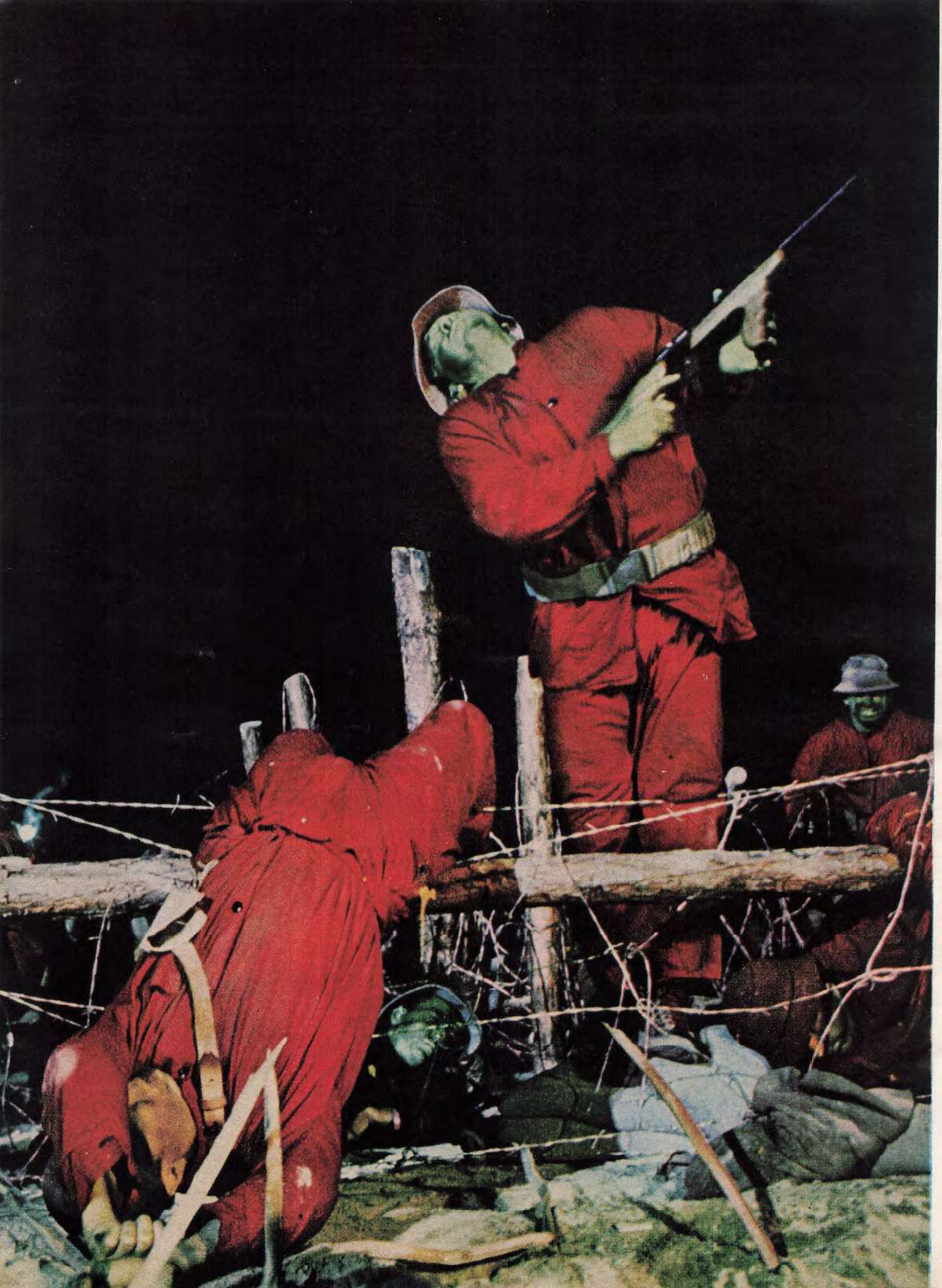
from the hawk's point of view," but he added, "it is still entertainment."

The story of the movie details the efforts of a Special Forces unit, in concert with South Vietnamese army troops and Montagnard tribesmen, to pacify an area in the boondocks riddled with Viet Cong. Most of the current military aspects of the war are thus viewed in microcosm.

Wayne didn't spare anyone, least of all himself, in making the $8-million Warner Bros.-Seven Arts-Batjac production into one of the most action-packed, realistic war movies ever. He was himself in much of the action, and he was caught in several near-serious episodes.

And he certainly passed the ammunition: 1,500 black-powder bombs (five times the average number for a war movie), 60,000 rounds of small-arms ammo, a ton of dynamite and hundreds of pounds of napalm and phosphorous were expended in a series of carefully, colorfully orches-

For the helicopter-crash scene at left, a stunt man is rigged up with flame-resistant mask and clothing. When the helicopter was shot down (actually dropped by a giant crane, but it still came down with a bang), this man was supposedly burned alive. Illusion almost became reality when flames obscured his distress signals. Above right, mortar barrage is simulated with phosphorous bombs; below, the aftermath. Several actors were actually trapped behind walls of flame, losing their eyebrows for the cause.



trated nightmares by special effects man Sass Bedig.

Sass looks like a bank clerk, but he loves to blow things up. On the front line, shielded from the camera by oil drums, with a row of brass switches lined up like a keyboard before him, he ignited phosphorous, napalm and black-powder bombs as the VC charged right by him, screaming. Another tap on his keyboard and a gasoline-soaked village in the background caught fire. Oblivious to the dirt that rained down, Bedig grinned with satisfaction, teeth shining through the dusty mask of his face: "Purty, ain't it?"

To the two-dozen actors, 18 stunt men and 600 extras, it was all just something to be gotten through, as tobacco-chewing Wayne watched new bombs prepared, and made ready to send his fighting cast through once more. It's a hell of a way to make a living, but few complained. "We're creating the illusion of reality," said Wayne, "and we can't screw around or we won't get it." ■

By the rocket's red glare: The VC charge at left was almost too realistic for comfort as the extras (mostly U.S. soldiers on leave) threw themselves into it, cheered on by Wayne. Note punji stakes in foreground; they're rubber, but a wire stiffener inside makes them a hazard. At right, Wayne and makeup men set up atrocity scene in Montagnard village. His goal of illusionary realism achieved, Wayne checks ultra-realism below—actor Luke Askew knocked out a few teeth in his violent death scene a minute before this shot.

this funny life

When the Seventh Fleet commander made an inspection tour of Okinawa some years back, an experienced, locally-assigned Marine sergeant was detailed as his driver. In the course of the tour, the driver pointed out the new power plant, the golf course, the airfield and some of the local nightclubs and bars.

"What's the VD rate here on the island, sergeant?" the admiral inquired.

"I don't know what it is for officers, sir," the sergeant replied. "For enlisted men it's 50 cents!"

Capt. A. H. Vito
New York, New York

In the maternity ward of the hospital, my husband and I were looking at our new son. The couple next to us had wanted a boy but had been blessed with their fifth girl.

Trying to make conversation, I asked the woman what she planned to call the baby. She solemnly replied, "Quits!"

Mary Williams
Suisun, Calif.

Last week while driving home from work, I got a traffic ticket for not quite coming to a complete halt at a boulevard stop sign.

While the police officer was making out the ticket, I asked him, somewhat sarcastically, "Does your department give you some kind of quota to fill?"

He really made me laugh when he answered very politely, "No sir, they let me write as many as I want."

Name withheld at writer's request
Fountain Valley, Calif.

The neighborhood kids held a backyard carnival recently. For one booth the children pinned wild animal cutouts to a sheet and sold chances to shoot the beasts with a popgun for a penny a shot. Even though the sheet went through several washings, a faint print of their advertising remained. When unexpected company arrived for an overnight visit, mother hurriedly changed a bed and accidentally put on the carnival sheet.

As they left the next morning the couple seemed to be in high spirits. They grinned broadly as they made several remarks about the unusual hospitality.

Mom was puzzled until she went upstairs and discovered the sheet which read: BIG GAME HUNTING HERE—TRY YOUR LUCK. 1¢.

On each pillow lay a bright, shiny penny.

L. A. Mathinson
Traverse City, Mich.

During a recent safe-driving campaign at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, a most poignant sign was posted: DRIVE CAREFULLY—THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR REPLACEMENT IN VIET NAM.

Richard Keller
Fayetteville, N. C.

The night clerk at a local motel received a telephone call from the obviously newlywed young couple he had just checked in.

"Please call us at 6:00 a.m.," the nervous husband requested.

"Sure thing," my friend replied, assuming that the couple wanted to get an early start on their journey.

After several seconds pause, the young husband added, "And at 9 a.m., too."

Glenn House
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Two young newly-commissioned second lieutenants were having an argument over which branch of the Army was the better. The infantry lieutenant insisted that since the infantry was known as the "Queen of Battle," it was the better of the branches. But the armor lieutenant insisted that the armor was the "King of Battle."

At the height of the argument, a colonel arrived and both lieutenants decided to let the senior officer decide which of them was correct.

The colonel agreed that the armor was the "King of Battle" and the "Queen of Battle" was the infantry. But, he added, the artillery was the "Mother-in-Law of Battle," and must also be considered highly.

One of the lieutenants finally asked what he meant by the "Mother-in-Law of Battle."

The colonel replied, "Well, it's like this—she comes in for a while, raises holy hell and then leaves."

SSG Bobby Williams
APO, N.Y., N.Y.

During my last visit to our family doctor, he asked me to fill out some insurance papers that had to be forwarded with his statement for services rendered. As usual, he was in the midst of his office hours' confusion when he gave me the forms, plus a rectal thermometer with which, he said, I should fill them out.

I held up the thermometer. "Haven't you made a mistake?" I asked.

"O Lord," he said. "I thought I was taking Mrs. Phelps' temperature in the next room."

K. P. Easton, Sr.
Syracuse, N. Y.

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Menswear

PRODUCED BY RICHARD HUBBARD

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BOLD NEW TOPS FOR TOPLESS WATCHERS

While beach garb for the girls gets skimpier and skimpier (Olé!), swimwear cover-ups for men are turning up with more dash and color than ever before. Available in a wide variety of quick-drying fabrics and handsome styles, they provide afterswim warmth and protection from too much sun—and also draw admiring glances. But the first guy who offers his top to that miss in the monokini is going to make a lot of enemies! The men here are wearing, from left: Tab Jac double-knit jacket, $7, over Grubb swim trunks, $6, both by Robert Bruce; McGregor's one-piece Nyltwill suit, $25; Taj Mahal terry top by Silton of California, $25, over Aura Sea stretch nylon trunks by Puritan, $5.

IN THIS CORNER

[*Continued from page* 17]

Alabama is now the "most Negro" previously white university in the United States. It has more Negroes than the University of Texas or the University of Wisconsin, and comparatively more than the University of California. In 1967, when Wallace sent his late wife to the university on Governor's Day, she was received courteously, but no one flew the Confederate flag or played "Dixie." The omission so infuriated Wallace that he had his legislature appropriate money for a new flagpole at the university on which it must fly the Confederate flag. The legislature also resolved that college and high-school bands play "Dixie" at athletic contests immediately after they play "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The New York police, like Harvard, enhanced Wallace. In 1963 he appeared on a television program broadcast from the RCA Building. Pickets were gathered at all street-level entrances so Wallace left through the lower level. There, in reserve and hidden from the crowd, were about 40 of New York's finest. As Wallace approached, some of them cheered and applauded.

That was music to Wallace's ears. He has talked about it for five years. He expects to get more votes from police in New York than he will get from police in Alabama.

In his own opinion, nothing has helped Wallace so much as his appearances on *Meet the Press* and similar television programs. He regards himself as a master of the medium, and he boasts of how easily he can "take over" such programs. This is true. These programs pretend to be inquisitions, but they must be respectful. The interviewer can't argue. He asks a question, then a guest like Wallace takes over the camera and makes a speech. Wallace never directly responds to the question, which the viewer forgets.

Why would any self-respecting reporter appear on such a program with Wallace? In Alabama newspapers like The Huntsville *Times* no longer allow their reporters to question Wallace at any "public or filmed or televised so-called press conference."

Ironically again, Wallace, who boasts he is a conservative, has been shown up for what he is only by the conservative reporters. He was helpless with William F. Buckley Jr., witty editor of *The National Review*. James J. Kilpatrick, a conservative Virginian, interviewed Wallace and found him "no more qualified to be President than Zsa Zsa Gabor."

Innumerable reporters, both television and press, have come into the state and written about Wallace and his movement. They have described him accurately enough: The nervous bantam who does all the talking. Who, while speaking, is constantly jumping up and down, striding about the room, waving his arms, jamming chewing gum or a cigar into his mouth and spitting into the wastebasket 52 times an hour. Whose one real distinction is that he is the only man ever to run for President of the United States while drawing mental disability compensation. If he becomes President, he will be commander-in-chief of the armed services while drawing that compensation from the Veterans Administration.

(In the summer of 1945, while he was a 26-year-old Air Force sergeant, Wallace spent about four weeks in the Pacific when the war was nearly over. After his discharge he claimed disability compensation for nervousness, and was adjudged to be 10 percent mentally disabled. About 1956 VA doctors reexamined him and found that he still deserved the compensation. Now that he is seeking the Presidency, it has been suggested that he ask VA psychiatrists to examine him once more and determine whether he deserves more or less compensation.)

Where the reporters have been unfair to Alabama is in exaggerating Wallace's popularity in the state. They have taken his word about his "overwhelming" support and reported that Alabama is hopeless "Wallace country." They have even failed to expose Wallace's claim that "thousands of Alabama Negroes" voted for Wallace in the last election.

In the decisive race in Alabama in 1966, the Democratic primary, every Negro voter voted against Wallace, as did 35 percent of the whites. His 65 percent of the white votes gave him 52 percent of the total and the Democratic nomination for governor (in his wife's name). In the general election which followed, Negroes had no more reason to vote for Wallace's Republican opponent than they had for him, but thousands of them did vote to save U.S. Senator John Sparkman from defeat by a Republican backed by the Wallaceites. To vote for Sparkman, the Negroes were instructed to vote the straight Democratic ticket. Most of the Negroes were voting for the first time; they didn't know how to split tickets. Because they did not know how to void the automatic votes for Wallace, the votes were counted for him.

But these Negroes did not *support* Wallace. He knows their votes were not cast *for* him. He is deceiving his supporters in other states every time he implies otherwise, and reporters and TV interviewers have lacked the information to expose him. What reporter can *believe* that George Wallace has Negro support in Alabama?

In overlooking Wallace's opposition, newsmen have overlooked a far more dramatic story than Wallace himself. He has the terrorists on his side. Motorcades of Ku Klux Klansmen roam Alabama's highways, escorted by state troopers. Alabama does not have a secret ballot. In our lonely rural areas, an hour after the polls close the sheriff knows how everybody voted. So in every county there are inspiring stories of human courage: of modest people, white and black, risking their barns, their cattle, their jobs, even their lives, to go to the polls and vote against Wallace.

Why hasn't this story attracted even one reporter? Or one TV producer?

Now that Wallace is running for President, the reporters are saying he may poll 20 percent of the national vote in 1968. They suggest that warfare in the streets could make him President.

To those of us who have fought him, this seems unbelievable. Are there *that* many Americans who want to deliver our schools to a George Wallace? Are there *that* many Americans who want a White Supremacist like Wallace to be able to prevent a striving young Negro citizen, no matter how well qualified, from entering a university?

If George Wallace can win the vote of every fifth white citizen in 1968; or if there is any disastrous development which could make him President, then God help the United States!

—William Bradford Huie

TRUE

"The way it was explained to me: compare it to a row of dominoes falling one-by-one. If we don't stop them in the Holy Land, all southeastern Europe will fall, then Rome, Spain, France and—all of a sudden, they'll be on *our own doorstep!*"

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THE INSURANCE FISH

[*Continued from page* 41]

goldeye. But I did know a bit about them. This is no rare fish—it's simply obscure for lack of attention. Goldeyes range over a vast area of the United States and Canada, from the Ohio River region far southwest into portions of Oklahoma. They sweep clear across the Midwest, and are found prominently in the whole Missouri River system up to Great Falls, Montana. They're even abundant northward over much of the prairie provinces of Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

Although I'd had no experience with them, one time in Tennessee I had discovered a close relative, the mooneye, and I had had a ball. The mooneye is just as obscure, yet it, too, is far from rare. It holds forth all the way from Canada's Hudson Bay drainage basin south into the Great Lakes and down the whole Mississippi system at least to Arkansas.

"How would I catch some goldeyes?"

"Lord," the wheat farmer said, "you couldn't hardly help catchin' 'em by the bushel, no matter how. But who wants them things?"

Next morning, dawn had just cleared the brooding black bluffs upstream from the village when I was making my first cast. I knew only that goldeyes feed predominantly on minnows; so with a light, whippy spinning rod I shot out a slender 1½-inch metal spoon, silver with a dash of red, that ought to dart and flash like a small fish.

From the look of the current, I was sure there must be a gravel bar well out toward the center of the broad river. Along the edge of the bar or just below it was where predatory fish like the goldeye would lie in wait. I aimed the cast, and as the small lure plunked down, I began reeling. Suddenly the lure stopped, and the rod tip bent. I set the hook.

During the next few seconds I learned fast about goldeyes. A flash of platinum caught the glint of the early sun as the foot-long fish shot from the water. There was nothing graceful about the leap, as there had been none with the mooneyes I had caught in Tennessee. The fish literally hurled itself into the air, end over end. When it alighted, it cartwheeled and kept on crazily wallowing, leaping and flashing. As swiftly as the action had started, it subsided. The fish was gone.

My boys were still setting up tackle. "Gad!" I shouted. "Did you see *that!*"

I started reeling once more. But again the spoon, still far from shore, moved only a few feet and the same thing happened. This second fish shot higher, skittered across the surface, flipped end over end, crazy wild, and it, too, was gone.

"Why don't you land one so we can look at it?" Mike said.

Mike is six feet two and knows how to needle his old man. "Anything but a smart kid!" I growled. "*You* catch one!"

I was thrilled to find this furious flurry after such a dull time with the trout. But—reel, reel, reel—the action couldn't last. Then, within 20 feet of the willows along the shore, another struck and jumped. I wasted no time fiddling with this chump. With a heave-ho I jerked the fish from the water and hurled it ashore.

There was a mad scramble as we fell on it. I held it up by the lure and laid it flopping weakly across my two palms. "Now there," I said, "may be a fish that nobody wants. But isn't it a beautiful thing! The hell with trout."

The fish was roughly 14 inches long. Perhaps it would weigh a pound. It was a blindingly iridescent creature, the back a pale greenish-olive with silver intermingled. Forward along the sides the sheen was lightly golden. The head was bare of scales, the snout extremely blunt, so that with the mouth open it appeared to have almost no upper jaw. The teeth were tiny, and the lower jaw seemed weak for a predator species. The fins were without spines, the tail forked. As it lay across my hands quivering, the body was so deeply compressed and sharply keeled along the belly that it seemed, below, no thicker than a knife blade.

All these details, however, were but quickly scanned. It was the *eye* that caught and instantly held attention. Compared to the size of the fish and its head, the eye was enormous. The pupil was dark, but the broad, surrounding iris, curved so that it appeared almost to protrude from the side of the head, was a stunning yellow-gold.

The boys joined me in casting, and within seconds we were all hooked up. For an instant three fish were in the air at once. Almost as quickly all three were gone. That made no difference. Soon we were hooking others and watching them leap and go free one after another, in a heady round of excitement.

When caught with the metal lures we were using, which gave them something to shake as they jumped, those goldeyes were as adept at throwing the hook as tarpon. In fact, they reminded me of tarpon—tarpon in miniature. As everyone knows, the tarpon is a classic jumper, almost impossible to keep on a hook. I've seen small ones hooked in the brackish bayous and canals of south Florida leap time after time without pause, greyhounding over the surface, hurling themselves end over end with such wild abandon that the lure would go viciously flying many yards to hang in the mangroves. The goldeyes, though much smaller, practiced precisely the same antics. I paused only to string a few for eating later.

That first session sold me on the goldeye as a sport fish. It sold me, too, on the idea that this easily-caught high jumper, as well as its relative, the mooneye, can save the day for game fishermen over a vast area when they are empty in the creel. Perhaps 75 percent of U.S. anglers live within casting distance of the goldeye or mooneye. All one need do is ferret them out. Their range is so broad, they are abundant in so many waters, and so willing to play, that they form a tremendous untapped resource of good cheer for dejected anglers.

The Missouri River is a good example. I had just come from its headwaters. There, in the vicinity of Three Forks, where those famed trout streams, Madison, Gallatin and Jefferson, join to form the Missouri, the big river itself is a top-notch trout water. Yet its trout had spurned me. Once the Missouri passes the Great Falls in Montana, which originally stymied the riverboats and made Fort Benton the jumping-off place for cargo, soldiers and mountain men going to and coming out of the mountains, it becomes a sluggard, heavy with silt, until it reaches vast Fort Peck Reservoir to the east and settles out clear and blue. It was the drab stretch and its unsung goldeyes that were restoring my soul.

I was so steamed up over this fishing discovery that I hated to leave the river bank even late in the day. In town that evening I bumped into Bill Browning, travel-promotion spark plug for the Montana State Chamber of Commerce, and an old fishing companion. He had a friend with him. I urged them to fish with me next morning. Bill, a trout enthusiast who had also been having a poor summer, sniffed but agreed. Before that morning was well along, he had pronounced his official blessing on the goldeye as a vacation saver.

It was a swinging go-round we were having. We started fishing about 9 a.m., and immediately the river surface was a flurry of roiling, skittering fish. By noon we had caught and released and lost so many we quit counting. We'd actually landed somewhere over a hundred.

"I'd like to eat a few for lunch," I said. The others laughed.

"There's some commercial fishing for them in Fort Peck Reservoir," Bill told me. "Mostly for cat food and meal and fertilizer. But local people sometimes smoke them."

Although I didn't get the others to try eating goldeye, broiled on sticks over a small fire, the boys and I had the day before. I confess the fish were not exactly great. They were strong and muddy—because I suspected, of the water. Some years ago commercially-netted goldeyes taken from the clear, cold waters of Lake of the Woods and Red Lake, Minnesota, were considered excellent either fresh or smoked. At one time, a feature in diners of the Canadian Pacific Railway was smoked goldeye netted in the big Canadian lakes. But eating fish or not, the species certainly has an important potential for sportsmen.

These sprightly fishes belong to the scientific family *Hiodontidae*, interesting because it contains only the two types, goldeye and mooneye, each in a genus

COMING . . .

A condensation of the most revealing book yet on the spy who shook the world

THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY

The full story of the British agent who betrayed both his own Secret Service and the CIA to the Reds

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"I can't type, file, take shorthand or tell the difference between right and wrong."

"What do you think he's doing now?"

by itself. Scientists used to believe there was a third, the southern mooneye, but it is now thought identical with the other.

I have heard both goldeye and mooneye called "river herring" and "river shad," as well as "river whitefish." The most common misnomer is "toothed herring." They have small teeth on both jaws and tongue, but true whitefish and the ciscoes known as lake herring do not. Furthermore all members of the whitefish family have an adipose fin, like the trouts, a fleshy appendage back near the tail. The goldeye and mooneye do not.

My next bout with the goldeye took place a year later, on the prairie end of one of the greatest of trout streams, the Yellowstone.

I was thinking as I drove of the fine trout fishing I'd had. But cutthroats seldom jump, and I recalled what fun it had been hooking up to the leaping, cartwheeling customers at Fort Benton. That thought jelled into an idea about the time I rolled into the small riverside town of Forsyth.

"Where," I asked a man at the gas station I pulled in to, "could I catch some goldeyes?"

"What the devil would you want with 'em?" he said. "Good grief, man, you're coming right out of wonderful *trout* country."

There it was again: nobody cared about goldeyes. "They jump better than trout," I replied.

He stared at the gas hose for a few moments. Then he shrugged and said, "I guess it takes all kinds. Just turn the corner and when you get to the river, start fishin'."

Sure enough, there they were. Again I used small metal spoons. I hooked four in a row that leaped high but flung the spoon on the first jump. Then I landed several, and practically every one was hooked in the weak lower jaw. The year before, the goldeyes at Fort Benton had taken the hook in this manner, too.

When I'd finally worn out my urge for these fighters, I went back to the village and asked a few questions. "How large," I asked a man who sold sporting goods, "do goldeyes get?"

"The largest I ever saw was maybe two pounds," he replied. This agreed with what I'd read. Two pounds and a 16-inch length are about maximum.

"Do local people use them for food?"

"A good many along the river here smoke them," he said. "They're delicious that way. All through this country goldeyes were originally a great resource for the Indians. They smoked them, too."

As I started off in the car I got to thinking about the mooneyes in Tennessee. I had caught them on flies—and made a mental note to try goldeyes the same way next time. The mooneye experience had been interesting. The fish averages a bit smaller than the goldeye and lacks the golden sheen and the bright-gold iris, but otherwise the two are similar. On that Tennessee occasion I had also been after trout, but with small success. Leaving the mountains in disgust, I wound up fishing big Kentucky Lake on the Tennessee River, not far from the town of Big Sandy.

Although wanting to use my fly rod, I had settled for panfish that evening. For a lure I was using a small, cork-bodied floating contraption with rubber legs called a "popping bug." Something kept pecking viciously at it. The fish acted much like a trout, an impossibility in this warm-water lake. Try as I might, I couldn't hook one.

For fun I changed to a regular feathered trout fly, small and wispy. The moment it wafted down, a fish took hard. I had never seen such wild action. The little fighter hurled itself all over the quiet lake surface and never quit until it was utterly exhausted.

I caught a number that evening, the first mooneyes I had come across. I've always remembered the time because I filled each evening of my stay after that with lively mooneye fishing. Since mooneyes range over much of the East and the Mid-South, trout and bass fishermen in those regions can save bad trips by going for this counterpart of the western goldeye.

The goldeye is just as good a fly-fishing subject as the mooneye. About a year ago we were back at Fort Benton again. This time, so impressed had I been with the goldeyes before, we stopped on the way *to* the trout fishing.

I had my big camper and we parked by the river, across from the bluffs, and started casting. Now, however, I could not catch a darned fish. I simply could not believe it. The morning was cold, the water was chilly. Could the temperature be holding them back? Our silvery spoons drew no attention whatever.

Out of curiosity, I put Terry, my younger son, at work looking for grasshoppers. They were few and small. I put one on a wire hook and pitched it out to soak. Presently there was the lightest, most tentative tug. I set the hook, and for a moment I thought I had touched off a bomb. The water boiled, a flash of gold shot out like a tongue of flame, and the fun was on. After I'd got rid of that first one, I tried the hoppers a bit more to see if they'd continue to work. They did.

Mike said as he watched, "Don't forget you were going to try them on flies."

I put together a fly rod, tied on a small sinking trout fly, and fished it very slowly. If the fish were sluggish because of water temperature, I reasoned, the small deep-sunk fly should come close to imitating the grasshoppers. Sure enough, there came that daintiest tug again. I was not at all certain a fish had taken, but I wasted no time. I jabbed it home.

The leader sawed water, the line snugged and the rod tip heeled over. The fish shot out, fell back, leaped again and again. Why, I wondered, hadn't I considered flies long ago? Fly-fishing had spinning beat. Talk about a substitute for trout!

As the morning warmed, the fish perked up. I switched to a small streamer fly that would simulate a minnow, one of about an inch, light colored to give it good visibility. I couldn't keep the fish off it. They literally whittled the feathers down to the bare hook. Now, for the first time, I saw somebody else fishing for goldeyes. A fellow came up the bank as I was changing flies. He had been casting a spoon and carried a burlap bag bulging with fish.

"We smoke 'em," he said.

I remarked that I'd sure like to try some smoked but couldn't keep any for the purpose since we were going on to the mountains after trout. The man left, but while we sat in the camper waiting for lunch to cook, there was a knock and here he was back.

"Try that," he said, and held out a small package.

It contained smoked goldeye. We picked tentatively at the flesh, then fell on it. As the last bits disappeared, I was thinking again of the millions of fishermen who crisscross the country annually seeking sport and are not even aware that the goldeye and the mooneye exist. What a waste. There must be a lot of smoke going to waste, too.

—Byron W. Dalrymple

WHAT MAKES PITTSBURGH PLOP?

[*Continued from page* 31]

unknown to big-league fans, had taken playing command. While he may have had no objection to Joe Brown's explorations of Pirate psyches, he seemed inclined to a crustier personal approach. "Hey, Skip," pitcher Bob Veale called out to him in the clubhouse one day during spring training, "I don't feel too good." A dark, six-foot-six giant, Veale had won 16 games in 1967, but had taken a pay cut. Apparently the front office decided that his 16 wins were the next thing to a mirage (he completed only six games in 31 starts). Veale's mood was not sunny. "When I don't feel good," he told Shepard, "I like to wear something dark. Can I wear a gray uniform?"

Nothing doing, snapped the manager. The other players had taken the field wearing white, and Shepard wanted every man in step. "If you look like a donkey," he told Veale, "then we all look like donkeys." Veale chuckled and disappeared. But for some reason—had the manager perceived a portent?—Shepard did not smile.

At that moment, it was difficult to envy Larry Shepard. He had taken charge of a club that possesses a murderous batting attack, that confronts enemy pitchers like bloodhounds cornering a fugitive. On paper, the Pirates are an awesome pennant contender. But their trouble Shepard knew, was that in the past they had not got off the paper.

Shepard arrived in spring training without an iota of big-league playing or managing experience. Though he smiled warmly, he seemed nondescript, except for a modest scar that ran from the corner of his nose to his mouth (a souvenir from chasing a fly ball into the back of a truck when he was 11). His baseball memories were laced with the seediness of bush-league life. At 22, for example, he had signed on as a pitcher with Three Rivers, a town northeast of Montreal. "We had our spring training right there," Shepard remembers. "The first day, we went out with brooms and swept snow off the field."

Now with the Pirates, Shepard was at the top of his profession, charged with straightening out a club that was all promise but no delivery. He had seen a good deal of the Pirates. In 1967 he was pitching coach of the Philadelphia Phillies, his only season in the majors, and had drawn a few conclusions about their periodic opponents. "One trouble with the Pirates was their pitching," Shepard says, "but there were other things I don't care to talk about."

The mysterious other things, presumably, were part of the sickness that Shepard had been hired to doctor. In the early going this season, he seemed to be succeeding; except for the fact that in late April Shepard fined two of his men for wandering off to the clubhouse during a game, the atmosphere was serene and the players appeared determined. Yet even if, by July 4, the Pirates should rest in first place, Pirate watchers will remain uneasy.

Not since the early 1950's—when the Brooklyn Dodgers fielded Campanella, Robinson, Hodges, Snider and Furillo—has the National League seen an army of hitting talent like Pittsburgh's. In the last two seasons outfielder Manny Mota hit .332 and .321 but was unable to break into the regular outfield, loaded with superstar Roberto Clemente (.317 and .357 those two years), Matty Alou (.342 and .338), and long-ball hitting Willie Stargell (.315 and—possibly as a result of shedding weight—.271). In the Pirate infield last year, the batting averages ranged from third baseman Wills' .302 to first baseman Donn Clendenon's .249, but normally Clendenon hits .300, and the Pirates' slick double-play men—shortstop Gene Alley and second baseman Bill Mazeroski—are skilled hitters who together knock in 150 runs. Alley came down with a sore throwing arm early this season, but assuming he's able to play somewhere near his past performance, the Pirate lineup is a humbling sight. Most of the defending American League champion Boston Red Sox would stand little chance to play daily in Pittsburgh's ranks. Carl Yastrzemski would, certainly. First baseman George Scott probably would, and the count would stop there.

COMING . . .

In the age of the pill, the loop and the New Morality, the big question is

CONTRACEPTION: HIS PROBLEM OR HERS?

A candid report with some conclusions that will surprise you

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Yet the Red Sox won a pennant last year while the Pirates seized sixth place in June and clung thereabout.

Why? Stop any Pittsburgher on the street, and he will recite from one to six reasons why the Pirates plopped: 1. Harry Walker, who managed the club until he was fired in mid-July last year, could not control his players. 2. *Nobody* could control the players. 3. The pitching was atrocious. 4. The players despised the front office for being tight-fisted. On the road they usually traveled coach, though this year they are going first-class wherever possible. 5. The front office spoiled the players by paying them excessive salaries. "Our payroll was probably the second-highest in baseball," says General Manager Joe Brown, who this year is believed to be dishing out $100,000-plus to Clemente, another $100,000 to Pitcher Jim Bunning, and $80,000 to Wills. 6. The squad split up into icy garrisons of American Negroes, Latins and whites. (Of the Pirates' eight daily starters, only Mazeroski, Alley, and catcher Jerry May are white.)

Surprisingly, one can throw out Suspicion number 6 completely. "There was no racial trouble at all," says pitcher Alvin O'Neal McBean, a black man from the Virgin Islands with a reputation for direct answers. Reporters traveling with the team witnessed no skirmishes across color or nationality lines, or even hints of any. The fact is that the Pirates were a model workshop in racial harmony.

Indeed, one struggles awkwardly to explain the Pittsburgh Pirates. Taken as a team, they seem to have fed on an attraction to turmoil, a weakness that exists among other teams but in a relatively dormant condition. Where the Pirates differ is that they spent two and a half years under Harry (The Talker) Walker who, though full of baseball expertise, seemed to set off a chemical reaction that turned latent bitchiness into outright tumult.

In fairness to Walker, however, it should be mentioned that entirely independent of Harry, the Pirates could work up a marathon sulk. In June last year, for example, they flew to Ohio for an exhibition game with their Columbus farm club. Upon landing, they were whisked off to Pirate club-owner John Galbreath's lush Darby Dan thorough bred farm for a luncheon of shrimp, fried chicken, ham and a variety of exotic fish. What bugged the Bucs was that when they had set out from Pittsburgh in the morning, they had been given only half of their customary $12-a-day meal allowance. Inasmuch as the players would lunch at Galbreath's and later, following the game, be served chicken dinners aboard busses carrying them on to Cincinnati, the front office had decided they could get by on $6 for breakfast. The players did not see things that way. They filed a grievance with Marvin Miller, the attorney for the Major League Players' Association, who badgered Joe Brown into coughing up the missing six bucks.

Again without any help from Harry Walker, the Bucs raced off to what is probably a major-league record for lawsuits. At last word, four Pirates had a total of roughly $4 million in suits pending against critics. The flood tide of litigation crested on a day last summer when a 24-year-old Pittsburgher named James P. O'Brien was hard at work on the next issue of *Pittsburgh Weekly Sports*, a tabloid he publishes on a shoestring that is constantly frayed. O'Brien was to be married in 18 days, and was wondering where to get up cash for a tuxedo. At that moment a wedding gift arrived from Willie Stargell.

Stargell was suing for $750,000 because of a *PWS* article alleging a clubhouse fist-fight between him and Roberto Clemente. Clemente, a trifle slower, was preparing a $1 million suit. "That settles it," O'Brien's fiancée snapped at him. "You will have to get a job."

Although Harry Walker played no part in these extracurricular excursions, his problem was not simply that he incessantly jabbered instructive criticism at a team made up largely of veterans, but that he compounded his woes by trying to be a good guy at the same time. For example, he invited players to dinner a second and third time after they'd turned him down. "Harry wanted to love everybody," says one Pirate. "He wanted to make everybody happy. But he didn't

know how to do it. He'd get on your nerves."

Larry Shepard, as he presses ahead trying to reform the Bucs, has demonstrated from the start that if he fails, it will not be because he tried to delight the help. In Walker's training camp, a player could drop out of practice for a cup of orange juice; in Shepard's nobody dared. Under Walker, a player could be found outside the clubhouse signing autographs with one hand while holding a can of beer in the other; Shepard is having none of that. (Significantly, he once fined a minor-leaguer $150 for directing an obscene gesture at fans.) Moreover, there is no sign that Shepard wants any part of the kind of psychology that Harry employed on the great right fielder, Roberto Clemente.

Clemente is a sensitive soul who for many years pouted because he had not received national acclaim. "If Mantle have the arm I have, you will put it in headlines 'cause he is an American," Roberto would rail at the press. Although he appears to be a superb physical specimen, Clemente has complained from time to time of loose disks in his back and neck, a curved spine, pulled muscles, bad feet, bone chips in his elbow, malaria, paratyphoid infection, tension headaches, and insomnia so acute that sleeping pills keep him awake. But he positively boils at any intimation that he might be a hypochondriac. Harry Walker approached the emotional Roberto with a pound of butter in each hand, singing his praises from coast to coast, and happy Clemente played every inning to the hilt. The trouble with Harry's psychology, however, was that it was too successful.

Roberto became one player who requited Harry's love. Thus, on an evening in June that found the Pirates languishing in fourth place while Harry's job grew progressively shaky, Clemente hit upon an idea to save the season and Harry in the bargain. He called a pregame squad meeting, a sort of pep rally, in the clubhouse. "No manager, no coaches," he said to Walker, requesting that Harry make himself scarce. Harry shuffled away. "Maybe they'll fire themselves up," he sighed.

So there sat Harry, alone in the long stretch of dugout, gazing upon an infield vacant of practice. A newspaper photographer snapped a picture. A columnist happened along and smelled a column. The result of Clemente's meeting was clear: it was a public-relations disaster for Walker, for now the public saw him less a boss than an outcast.

The lesson was not lost on Larry Shepard. As he set up his command this year, he said, "Except for discussions about pensions or other Players' Association matters, I don't want any meetings called by players." Then, perhaps seeing exile Harry drift across his mind's eye, he added with a shudder, "I don't even want to *talk* about it."

A study of the Pirates' record reveals that their worst days were so artistic in horror as to make Larry Shepard's task one of the great managerial challenges of the decade. One night last summer, the Bucs journeyed to New York to play the Mets. Prior to the game, a film company was standing by to shoot a scene of Roberto Clemente hitting into a triple play—staged, of course—for use in the movie version of the Broadway comedy *The Odd Couple*.

Clemente balked at the $100 fee budgeted for his part. "That is an insult," he declared. The director was in a panic. Finally Bill Mazeroski stepped forward and said oh, hell, gimme the bat. So the movie company got its film, and the Pirates-Mets game got under way, whereupon the Bucs premiered their own version of *The Odd Couple*. Gene Alley and utility infielder Jose Pagan, both quiet, good-natured men caught up in the Pirates' death wish, batted out of turn. They wiped two runs off the scoreboard, snuffing out a rally and bringing about the team's sixth loss to the dreadful Mets in eight meetings. Three weeks later, Harry Walker was told to pack.

At this point, with half the season remaining, baseball experts drew up for a closer look at the hardest-hitting team in the National League, curious to see if events would prove Walker to blame for the Pirates' sixth-place standing. Danny Murtaugh, a former Buc manager who for the sake of his health had retired to become executive assistant to Joe Brown, agreed to manage the team for the balance of the season. Did the atmosphere change?

"It was beautiful!" says Alvin McBean. He had ample reason to enjoy the managerial changeover. Murtaugh promoted McBean from the bullpen and in eight starts he finished and won five. Pittsburgh's pitching, until now puny, suddenly came into focus. At the top was Bob Veale, who is said to be capable of throwing a strawberry through a locomotive, but who, because of his 100-walk-a-year record, may soon start hearing the other half of that description: ". . . but he can't hit the locomotive." There was young Tommie Sisk, a 13-game winner with a wicked curve.

"I don't think our pitching staff is as bad as people say," Larry Shepard declared when he got the Pirate job, and that was before the club acquired 17-game winner Jim Bunning from Philadelphia.

On paper, the Pirates kept getting stronger. Working in Murtaugh's beautiful atmosphere, they were almost serene —but not quite. During a Friday night game at the Houston Astrodome, pitcher Juan Pizarro and substitute outfielder Manny Jiminez staged a fistfight, apparently because Pizarro thought Jiminez talked too much. Demonstrating the old Bucco touch, they chose to fight in the dugout, during a televised game. Pittsburghers cheered the resumption of TV's Friday Night Fights.

Not long ago Danny Murtaugh looked back on his brief regime and found only one complaint to dwell on. "Our ballplayers were playing the scoreboard," he said. "They were playing the first-place team all the time, and they were overtrying." The fact is that after having won 42 and lost 42 under Harry Walker, they won 39 and lost 39 under Murtaugh. Shepard does not think that one of the Pirates' crimes was overtrying. "From what I heard," he says, "the hitters weren't giving themselves up—they weren't moving runners over." Baseball's mightiest team managed to lose half its games while rolling to a collective batting average of .277, 14 points higher than that of the nearest rival, the champion St. Louis Cardinals.

Now the Pirates are Larry Shepard's project, and in addition to the responsibility for bringing them home a winner, Shepard carries the burden of restoring General Manager Joe Brown's faith.

"Our problem was psychological, emotional, a lack of rapport between players and management," Brown says carefully, fiddling with a pen on his desk. "When I say 'rapport' I mean understanding. There was equal culpability on both sides. Equal culpability." Brown avoids specifics, like the word "guilt," but then he gets closer to what's eating him. "As a result of the type of work ballplayers are in, they're selfish. You

TRUE

"Now, there's a protestor. He burned his draft *board!*"

have to believe you're something special to play in the major leagues."

What Brown really is thinking, perhaps, is that he had put together his masterpiece, but the masterpiece had been the cause of its own destruction. A genius at trades, he had gilded his creation by snatching Maury Wills from Los Angeles in exchange for a couple of surplus infielders. In 14 years as Pirate general manager, Brown has had only two salary holdouts among his regulars. Yet his '67 Pirates reduced him in the public eye to Nickel-Nurser of the Year, by complaining about plane seats and meal money.

Brown had to get a manager who could make life beautiful again, who could restore order and maybe even rapport. Three years ago, when he hired Harry Walker, Brown knew that Larry Shepard was a valuable talent going unexploited in the Pirate farm system. But as he told the man himself, " 'Larry Shepard' is not a name to sell tickets." This time around, Brown seems to be saying, damn the ticket sale. Another year like '67, and the Pirates might have to pay fans to come into the park.

The question remains, why put obscure Larry Shepard into a job that demands nothing less than the instant capture of the National League pennant? As a pitcher, he did not even come close to making the big leagues. From 1948-51, he won upwards of 20 games a season in the minors; but he was too old to have a future, for he had done a four-year Army hitch in World War II and was 27 when discharged. "Like a dumb nut," he explains, he signed into Branch Rickey's vast Brooklyn Dodger farm system, which was brimming with young bulls. Rickey himself acknowledged that under the circumstances Shepard could go nowhere as a player, so in 1948, when Shepard was 29, Rickey made him player-manager at a Class D club in Medford, Oregon. Now came the small indicators that Larry Shepard will not easily be eaten for lunch by the Pittsburgh Pirates.

One Sunday in Medford, after Shepard's team had lost both ends of a doubleheader by double-figure scores, he burst into the clubhouse, tore off his shirt, and challenged his entire team to a fight. "Thank the *Lord*, they didn't get up," he says. Nonetheless, Shepard did not elect to grow tolerant of defeat. Another time, after a particularly stinging loss, he stalked out onto a highway that led from the ball park to town, with his wife trailing dutifully behind, not daring to speak. On the dark highway, the club's business manager inched his car alongside, pleading, "Aw, come on, Larry. Get in." Shepard, head down, marched on through the night, briskly hiking the two miles to town.

"I was probably a little overbearing at the time," Shepard says.

It does seem true that Shepard brings an extraordinary insistence to the business of winning. Look at his record: of the 18 minor-league clubs that he managed, only three finished below .500.

Still, Shepard languished for 18 years as a minor-league manager, partly because he refused to politick for himself. In Lincoln, Nebraska, where Shepard managed a team, bought a home and settled down, a steel company president named J. Vaulx Risser grew chummy with him but could not persuade him to sprinkle a little snow on big-league executives. "After the season every year," says Risser, "other managers would go to the World Series or to the winter meetings and get close to the right people. But Larry would come home. Even when he went to a winter meeting, he'd never try to cozy up to the big shots. He expected to make it on his ability and his record."

"Don't forget—I get 'pick of the litter!' "

There, perhaps, lies Shepard's strongest armament. Having at last made the majors on his ability and record, he is not likely to permit his methods to be challenged. "I *know* I can do the job," he told Joe Brown. Sent for by a club in desperate trouble, Shepard is in a position to be his own man, and the ballplayer who thinks otherwise would do well to know about Shepard's season at Arecibo in the Puerto Rican Winter League two years ago.

His pitching staff thin, Shepard hired a lanky local boy of unknown quality, simply because he needed another body. Arriving at the park for a doubleheader one day, Shepard was told one of his starting pitchers was too ill to pitch. Consequently Shepard sent out his unheralded native to warm up for the second game. The president of the club, an excitable man, rushed to corner Shepard in the runway and demand that he use a front-line pitcher.

"Listen," Shepard told him. "I'm sick and tired of your butting in. *I* run this club. I want a board of directors' meeting tomorrow, and we'll find out whether I continue to run this club or pack up and leave."

The directors met. The president, Shepard observed, appeared contrite. "Gentlemen," Shepard began, "I only want to thank you for all your courtesies, for getting my wife and me a nice apartment. One other thing: our field is in rather poor condition; I'd appreciate it if you'd do something about that." Shepard knew he would have no more trouble from the president, for the unknown native pitcher had thrown the first no-hit, no-run, perfect game in the history of the Winter League.

The no-hitter, of course, was a gift out of the blue, but the ultimatum to the club president was pure Larry Shepard. It doesn't guarantee a pennant for Pittsburgh, but it suggests a start in the right direction. No doubt a number of Pirate players, having seen their abilities dissipated by the bickering around them, welcomed the appointment of a strong manager.

Last year, finally in the big league as a Philadelphia pitching coach, Shepard beheld a world he had not quite imagined. "The thing that surprised him," says Vaulx Risser, the steel executive, "was how pampered the big-leaguers are today—how after the game they have those buffets and cold drinks spread out for them in the clubhouse." There being no reason to think Shepard is not the same man he was at Arecibo, it seems clear that if any Pirate requests the new manager to do the Harry Walker Shuffle out of the clubhouse, he will wind up feeling as though he's had a leg of chicken, an antipasto salad and a pint bottle of mayonnaise rammed down his throat.

Maybe the Pirates will win the pennant, after all. —Myron Cope

IS RUSSIA'S MYSTERY PRISONER STILL ALIVE?

[*Continued from page 25*]

Hungarian Fascists made a last-ditch effort to murder all remaining Jews. Wallenberg and Langfelder moved away from the Swedish legation to the side of the river where the Jews lived. Aware that they were targets for assassination, the two shifted houses frequently.

Early in January Wallenberg obtained permission from the Swedish minister to contact the Russian authorities as soon as the quarter was liberated and to arrange for the resumption of normal life by the Jews he had succeeded in protecting. He had no premonition of danger at the hands of the Soviet authorities. Sweden was as friendly towards the Soviet Union as a neutral nation could be, and, in fact, represented Soviet interests in Hungary. The Swedes in Budapest unofficially regarded the advancing Russians as liberators and were eager for their arrival. But to the Soviet troops, the city they were entering was an enemy. They were suspicious of all its inhabitants, and their government had plans for the political future of Hungary.

On January 13, 1945, there was a knock on the door of the house occupied by Wallenberg and Langfelder. A Soviet sergeant and several soldiers entered politely. Wallenberg showed the sergeant his diplomatic credentials and requested a meeting with the Soviet commander. The Russians posted a guard and left with Wallenberg and Langfelder.

The two men were not seen again until January 17, when a Russian detail drove them to the headquarters of the Jewish relief organization. Wallenberg was not permitted to enter the building, but two of his assistants inside were summoned to the car, and they were permitted about 10 minutes' conversation. Wallenberg managed to reveal something of his life during the preceding four days. He had been treated well but was under constant guard, and slept in a different house each night. He told his assistants that he was being taken to the headquarters of the Soviet commander, adding, "I don't know whether I'm going as a prisoner or a guest."

Then he waved good-by, and the car began its 137-mile journey to the headquarters at Debrecen of the Soviet army commander, Gen. Rodion Y. Malinovsky, who was later to become Soviet Minister of Defense.

The ride was Raoul Wallenberg's farewell to the outside world. Except for a single Soviet slip, he might have been swallowed up forever.

On January 16, one day earlier, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Dekanosov had handed the Swedish minister to Moscow a note informing him that Wallenberg had been found in Budapest and had identified himself as a member of the Swedish legation. The note concluded: "The Russian military authorities have taken measures to protect Raoul Wallenberg and his belongings."

For the next 12 years this would remain the only written Soviet admission of Wallenberg's captivity.

Swedish confidence in Wallenberg's safety was reinforced in February when the Russian ambassador to Sweden informed Wallenberg's mother that her son was alive and well in the Soviet Union. By March, when he had not yet been returned, the Swedish foreign ministry asked Soviet officials when Wallenberg would arrive in Stockholm. The Russians replied that the matter was being investigated.

The war in Europe ended. On June 15, 1946, more than a year later, Stalin received the Swedish minister in Moscow and promised a full investigation of the Wallenberg case. Nothing happened.

Meanwhile in Sweden, Rudolph Philipp, an Austrian journalist who had taken up residence in Stockholm, published a book entitled *Raoul Wallenberg: Diplomat, Fighter, Samaritan.* For the first time the heroic Swede's accomplishments were brought into the open. By contacting Wallenberg's Jewish associates in Budapest, Philipp was able to reconstruct the man's last days before captivity. Suddenly, Swedish public attention was focused on the apparent Soviet arrest and the mysterious disappearance of a Swede supposedly enjoying diplomatic immunity. The book stirred the government as well as the public, and Swedish pressure on the Russians mounted.

Early in 1947, *Wallenberg Action,* a coalition of 30 national organizations representing 1,600,000 Swedes, petitioned the Soviet Union on behalf of the hero who had now been missing more than two years. The petition was never answered. Neither were repeated other Swedish inquiries.

But the Swedes held a trump card—the Dekanosov note which admitted Soviet contact with Wallenberg—and they brought it up in every communication. In August, 1947, Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Vyshinsky finally issued a statement. He conceded that the Soviet foreign ministry had received a short message "based on indirect statements by one of the commanders of a military force fighting in Budapest . . . that Raoul Wallenberg had been found in Benczur Street." However, Vyshinsky went on, it was impossible to verify the information. The Russian officer who gave the statement had never been found. A search of prisoner-of-war camps had not turned up the missing Swede, and Vyshinsky added emphatically that Wallenberg was not in the Soviet Union and was unknown to Soviet authorities.

Presumably this official disavowal of any knowledge of Wallenberg's fate applied as well to that of Wallenberg's chauffeur, Vilmos Langfelder, who had also disappeared without trace.

Until 1951 the Swedish government was unable to refute Vyshinsky's story. But late that year it began making inde-

"You both understand this is not a rehearsal?"

"Look, dear, if you want to buy a fur coat, go ahead and buy it. In other words, lady, you've got the wrong number!"

pendent inquiries and its persistence began to yield rewards. The war had been over more than six years, and the Russians were starting to release a trickle of prisoners. A special unit of the Swedish foreign ministry opened a meticulous search for eyewitnesses to the odyssey of Raoul Wallenberg. After Stalin's death in 1953, many more wartime captives were shipped home from Soviet prisons, to be sought out and questioned by Swedish investigators. Men were found who had seen Wallenberg in jail. The Russians were caught in a lie.

The Swedes established rigid procedures for their interviews. Each ex-prisoner was permitted to know nothing of the testimony of others. Only information derived from direct contact with Wallenberg was considered acceptable. Every statement from a former prisoner was certified by a qualified notary where he now resided. Each person interviewed agreed to confirm his statement under oath.

Here are the facts that emerged:

On January 31, 1945, Wallenberg entered cell 123 at the Ljubljanskaya Prison in Moscow. His cellmates were Gustav Richter, a former police attaché at the German legation in Bucharest, and an Austrian lieutenant named Scheuer. Richter said that during the month they were in confinement together, Wallenberg revealed that he and his chauffeur, Langfelder, had been arrested in Hungary and sent to Moscow by train via Rumania. Upon arrival at the prison, they had been placed in separate cells.

In early February, Wallenberg had addressed a letter to the director of the prison, protesting his captivity and calling attention to his Swedish citizenship and diplomatic status. He demanded the right to contact the Swedish legation in Moscow. There was no result.

During his stay in cell 123, Wallenberg was interrogated only once. According to Richter, Wallenberg quoted his questioner as saying, "You are well known to us. You belong to a great capitalist family in Sweden." During his 60- to 90-minute examination, Wallenberg was accused of espionage.

Meanwhile Vilmos Langfelder was placed in a cell occupied by two men. Willi Roedel had served as counselor of the German legation in Bucharest, Rumania. Jan Loyda, a Czech turned German, had worked as an interpreter. The new arrival reported to his cellmates that the Russians at least twice had accused Wallenberg of carrying on espionage for the United States and Great Britain (who were still allies of the Soviet Union at the time).

On March 18, 1945, Langfelder was transferred to Moscow's Lefortovskaya Prison. Wallenberg, remaining at Ljubljanskaya, was moved to Langfelder's former cell, joining Roedel and Loyda.

When Loyda was interrogated by the Swedes after he had gained his freedom, he supplied a possible new reason for Wallenberg's arrest. Loyda said that Wallenberg told his Russian inquisitors that as a member of the Swedish legation he had protected Soviet interests in Hungary. The Reds scoffed. Loyda remembered Wallenberg saying that one had sneeringly asked why a rich Swedish capitalist should help the Russians.

More information came from Langfelder's two new cellmates at Lefortovskaya Prison. Langfelder told them that he and Wallenberg had been turned over to a major of the NKVD (the Soviet secret police) three or four days after they had first been picked up in Budapest. Then they were put on a train to Moscow. Although they were told they were only under protective custody, they were guarded by an officer and four soldiers. In Moscow they were taken to Ljubljanskaya, where the fiction of protective custody ended.

In May, 1945, Wallenberg and Roedel were also transferred to Lefortovskaya Prison. By now Wallenberg knew the Russians had no intention of letting him go. Former inmates at Lefortovskaya, questioned by the Swedes after their release, revealed the growing horror of Wallenberg's endless prison sentence.

Wallenberg and Roedel were placed in cell 203 in the four-story, K-shaped brick prison, which was so arranged that prisoners could see only their cellmates. A guard on each floor of the building was stationed at a point where he could view the entrances to all cells. By a system of flag signals, he instructed other guards when to move prisoners unobserved by other inmates.

Cell 203, like the other cells, could be inspected through a peephole, and every few minutes a sentry peered in at Wallenberg and Roedel. The tiny room had a toilet, one small table and a small barred window through which food was passed in. Outside, the prison courtyard was divided into eight walled sections so prisoners would be isolated even during the 20 minutes of exercise permitted each day. The prison library contained only books written in Russian. Prisoners were not allowed writing implements, but once every two weeks they were given the materials for presenting a written message to the prison administration.

This was the narrow world of a Soviet political prisoner. This was the life in which Raoul Wallenberg found himself buried—Wallenberg, the brave, neutral diplomat who had committed no offense against the Soviet Union, the articulate, kindly man whose whole personality cried for contact with other humans.

Such contact at Lefortovskaya was limited to tapping on the wall and occasional conversation between cells by means of a common water pipe. Prisoners used any hard object—often a toothbrush—to rap out messages to adjacent cells in one of the two codes they had laboriously developed. Talk through the water pipes was limited to occupants of the prison's top floors, where, in the summer months, the pipes were often empty. Then prisoners could open the taps and talk through them. All communications between cells was forbidden, of course, but the inmates established techniques of secrecy. They had plenty of time to learn how.

The arrival of Wallenberg and Roedel at cell 203, located in European numbering fashion on the third floor of the prison, stimulated new interest and considerable knocking among the older inmates. The newcomers were soon communicating with 202 next door and with cells 149-152 on the second floor.

Willi Bergemann had occupied cell 202. In addition to knocking their messages, Bergemann and Wallenberg had spoken directly through the water pipes. The Swedes added Bergemann to the growing list of prisoners who heard Wallenberg's tragic, bewildered story. In Bergemann's words: "Raoul Wallenberg was a very eager knocker. He spoke and knocked fluent German. He called us by

knocking five times in a row. I learned that he had gone on January 13, 1945, to the Russian headquarters to negotiate with the Russians for better conditions for the Jewish people in Budapest. On this occasion Raoul Wallenberg was arrested and sent to Moscow suspected of espionage. While he was in cell 203, he asked repeatedly for information from the commissar about his fate."

According to several of his fellow prisoners, Wallenberg appealed frequently to prison officials for an opportunity to contact the Swedish Embassy. These efforts having failed, he decided in the summer of 1946 to petition the highest authority, Josef Stalin.

Ernst Wallenstein, in cell 150, a prisoner trained in the niceties of diplomatic phraseology, helped Wallenberg compose a letter to Stalin. It was handed to a guard who later said that it had been delivered to the Kremlin.

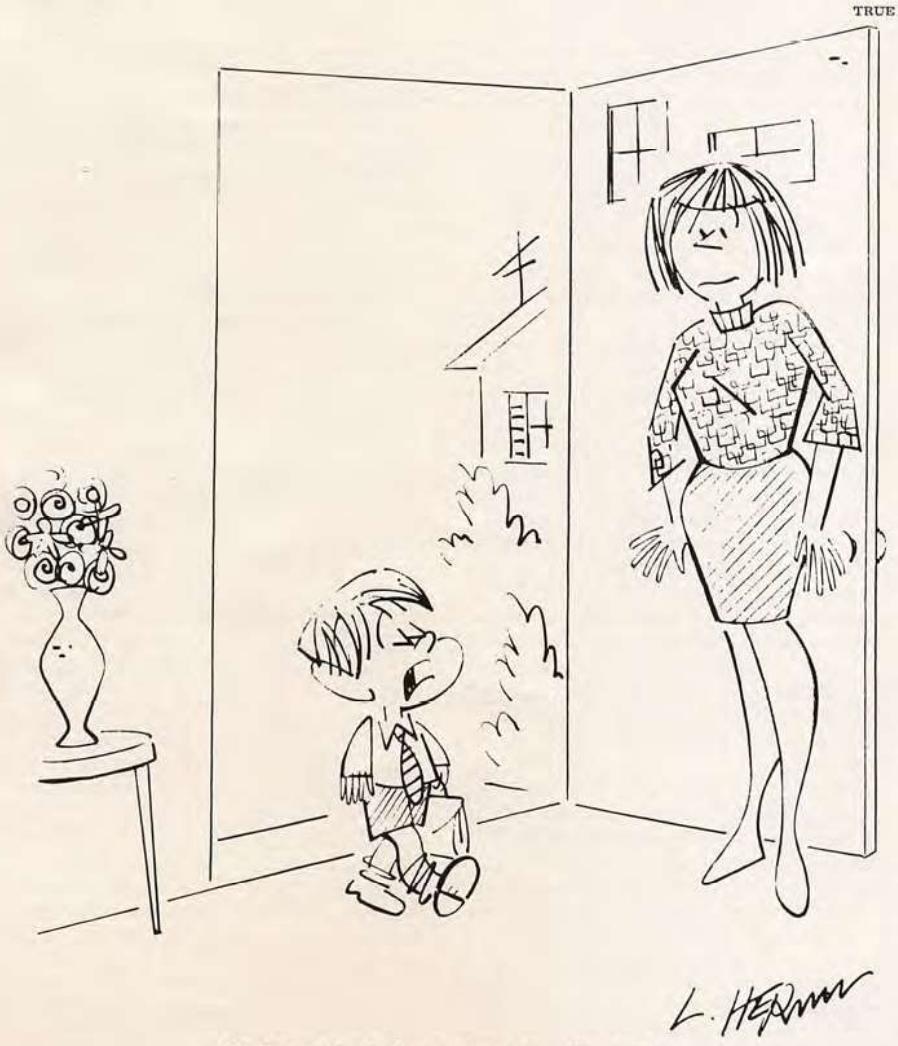
Some time after the dispatch of this letter, Wallenberg was summoned for further questioning by an inspector. He summarized the interrogation in a message knocked to a prisoner named Bernard Rensinghoff. As Rensinghoff recalled it: "The inspector had informed him that his case was quite clear, that his was a 'political case.' If he considered himself innocent, it was his responsibility to prove it. The best proof of his guilt was the fact that the Swedish Embassy in Moscow and the Swedish government had done nothing to help his case.

" 'Nobody cares about you,' said the inspector. 'If the Swedish government or its embassy had any interest in you, they would long ago have contacted you.' "

By this time Swedish authorities had contacted the Soviet government on at least 20 occasions for information about Wallenberg.

Rensinghoff learned from Wallenberg that he had once asked a Russian officer whether or not he would be tried and sentenced. The officer had replied, "For political reasons you will never be sentenced."

Wallenberg and Roedel were removed from cell 203 in February, 1947. Five months later, on July 27, 1947, extraordinary events occurred at both Ljubljanskaya and Lefortovskaya. Every prisoner who had shared a cell with either Wallenberg or Langfelder was summoned to a special interrogation by secret police officials. Gustav Richter was questioned at 10 p.m. by a NKVD colonel. He was asked to name prisoners with whom he had discussed Wallenberg, and was then ordered to disclose everything which Wallenberg had told him. After interrogation he was kept in solitary confinement for seven months. The same procedure was followed with other prisoners.



"We learned all about sex today. Big deal!"

As the Swedish investigators observed, "The treatment received by the questioned prisoners after the examinations shows that the Russian authorities wished as far as possible to prevent information about the Swedish diplomat from spreading."

The Swedish inquiries which revealed Wallenberg's story were conducted between 1951 and 1956. What is reported here is merely a sampling of the evidence. The Wallenberg dossier became the largest file in the Swedish foreign ministry. In September, 1954, Sweden flatly asserted that "complete evidence that Raoul Wallenberg was imprisoned in the Soviet Union following his disappearance in Budapest has been obtained." The Swedish memorandum, which was delivered to Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin, said it was now clear that the Russians had suspected Wallenberg of espionage for Germany and the United States.

"So the terrible tragedy occurred," concluded the Swedish memorandum, "that Raoul Wallenberg . . . who made a heroic personal contribution to save people, including non-Jewish socialists and communists from the Fascist terrorists, has been suspected of being a spy and has been arrested."

In late March, 1956, Swedish Prime Minister Tage Erlander visited Moscow and discussed the Wallenberg case personally with Russia's three top officials: Khrushchev, Bulganin and Molotov. They promised a new investigation and a report.

The report did not materialize.

For 11 more months Sweden continued to prod the Soviet giant, the language of its diplomatic notes becoming more blunt. Then in February, 1957, the Soviet Union loosed its thunderbolt. It reversed its position completely, admitting by implication 12 years of deception. Yes, the Soviets said, Wallenberg had been a prisoner in the Soviet Union, but he was now dead. According to Foreign Minister Gromyko, a new Soviet investigation had turned up a handwritten document in the archives of the medical department of Ljubljanskaya Prison. Dated July 17, 1947, and signed by Col. A. L. Smoltsov, who had headed the prison's medical services, the document was addressed to an anonymous official and read:

"I report that the prisoner Walenberg [sic], who is known to you, died suddenly in his cell last night probably as the result of a myocardial infarction [heart attack]. In connection with your instructions that I maintain personal supervision of Walenberg, I request instructions as to who shall make the postmortem examination to establish the cause of death."

Following Smoltsov's signature and the date, there appeared a handwritten notation: "Have personally informed the minister. Order has been given to cremate the corpse without postmortem examination. July 17. Smoltsov."

The Gromyko statement added that no further document or information existed and that Smoltsov had died in 1953. The Russians blamed the years of deception on the former chief of their se-

curity service, Abakumov. He was no longer a problem.

"Abakumov," said the Soviet note, "who had carried on activities synonymous with crime according to Russian law and who had worked to cause the Soviet Union all kinds of injuries, was shot in accordance with the sentence of the Soviet Supreme Court. The Russian government expresses its sincere regrets for what has happened and its deep sympathy with the Swedish government and with Raoul Wallenberg's relatives."

Sweden had serious reason to disbelieve this "final" acount of Wallenberg's fate. The Swedish foreign ministry expressed its skepticism by publishing a "White Book" later in 1957. The White Book suggested that it seemed odd, if Wallenberg had died on July 17, 1947, for all his former cellmates to have been interrogated 10 days later, and for Vyshinsky to have denied any knowledge of him the following month. More to the point, by the time the Gromyko note arrived, Sweden had started to track Wallenberg, very much alive, into the 1950's.

The same techniques of searching out and interrogating former prisoners revealed that in 1947, after his supposed death of a heart attack, Wallenberg had been transferred to the prison in Vladimir, 120 miles northeast of Moscow. He had been detained in an area known as Corpus II, part of the time in an isolation ward for the sick.

A Swiss citizen who had been held in Soviet prisons from 1948-58, stated that he had communicated with Wallenberg while the latter was in Corpus II during the summer of 1954. A French officer who had been imprisoned in Vladimir informed the investigators that the Swiss informant, *while still in prison,* had talked to him about his contact with Wallenberg.

An Austrian told Swedish questioners that he shared a cell for a time with Wallenberg in Corpus II. Two former German prisoners swore in separate interviews that each had learned on different occasions from a Soviet co-prisoner about Wallenberg's presence in Corpus II.

This information was transmitted to the Soviet Union and met with the same denials that had characterized the earlier Swedish appeals. Then in 1961, when Raoul Wallenberg would have been almost 50, the mystery took one of its most dramatic turns.

The years of waiting for news had taken their toll in Sweden. Wallenberg's mother was under the care of a physician friend, Dr. Nana Svartz. In January 1961, Doctor Svartz, an internationally famous internist and researcher, was invited to a medical congress in Moscow. She determined to help her patient by making her own inquiries about Wallenberg. On January 27, during a recess in the medical meetings, she met with a distinguished Soviet scientist whom she had known for more than seven years. (His name is omitted from this account for reasons which will become apparent.)

Doctor Svartz and her Soviet colleague had always conversed in German and this discussion was no exception. After a lengthy talk about scientific matters during which Doctor Svartz later insisted *there was no misunderstanding regarding the use of the language,* she introduced the subject of Wallenberg and outlined the story.

"My informant then suddenly said that he surely knew about the case and that the person I was asking about was in very poor condition," Doctor Svartz reported. "Asked what I wanted, I replied that the main thing was that Wallenberg be brought home, no matter in what condition. My informant said in a very low voice that the person inquired about was in a mental hospital."

Sixteen years after Raoul Wallenberg's disappearance, Nana Svartz had located him alive. She tried to conceal her excitement as the Soviet doctor called

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"For 20 years my wife and I were happy—then we met!"

in a colleague. He happened to be a scientist Doctor Svartz had known for 25 years. He said he would do all in his power to help their effort on Wallenberg's behalf.

Doctor Svartz had met Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Semyonov when he had served in Stockholm. The Russian scientists now suggested that she contact Semyonov and ask permission for Wallenberg to be sent home for medical care.

Unable to reach Semyonov by phone, Doctor Svartz wrote him. Immediately upon her return to Stockholm, she disclosed her momentous discovery to Sweden's prime minister, Tage Erlander, and his Foreign Minister. The two officials decided any publicity might frustrate Wallenberg's release. The matter was discussed with no one else in Sweden, not even with the missing man's mother.

Erlander wrote to Premier Khrushchev, repeating what Doctor Svartz had learned and informing him who her sources had been. Khrushchev read the letter and denounced it. He called in the Swedish ambassador and asserted there had been no new developments since the report of Wallenberg's death in 1947.

Nana Svartz did not receive a reply to her letter to Semyonov. Two months after her visit to Moscow, she returned for a new conversation with her original Soviet contact. He now declared that the whole thing had been a misunderstanding caused by his poor knowledge of German. He had never heard of Wallenberg. He added significantly that he had been summoned before an infuriated Khrushchev after Erlander's letter had been received.

When Khrushchev was deposed in October, 1964, the Swedes, *still without making public the Vladimir documentation or the Nana Svartz revelation*, appealed to his successor, Aleksei Kosygin. Premier Kosygin said that a new investigation had uncovered no further information about Wallenberg. The Soviet government stood by the Gromyko note that the diplomat had died in 1947. But Kosygin did agree finally to permit another confrontation between Nana Svartz and her Soviet informant in the presence of Swedish and Soviet representatives.

On July 6, 1965, Doctor Svartz faced the Russian scientist in a three-hour meeting. The Soviet doctor, pale and tense, repeated that there had been a misunderstanding due to language difficulties. Doctor Svartz's reminder that they had discussed complex medical questions in German many times was ignored.

Now Sweden, which had withheld the new information from its citizens for 4½ years, reopened the case to the public. On September 16, 1965, the Vladimir and Nana Svartz revelations were released to the press, and the prime minister and Doctor Svartz outlined the new evidence on television.

Since then, conjecture about the reasons for Wallenberg's imprisonment and his ultimate fate has been endless. Clearly he had been accused of espionage. The utter incredulity to the Soviet mind of a non-Jewish Swede risking his life to save strangers added to this suspicion. Perhaps by the time the Soviets realized they had thrown a guiltless man in prison, they decided his condition would not permit his return without loss of Russian prestige. Possibly his knowledge of the looting by Soviet troops of cash and jewelry from a Budapest bank was another factor. The valuables belonged to Jews Wallenberg had rescued from the Nazis. Other Swedish officials believe the Soviet occupiers of Hungary feared that Wallenberg and his refugee organization, supported by American funds, migh have become a potential obstacle to the communization of that nation. Another theory links the case to the tense international relations of the Cold War. Many Swedes think the Russians tried to induce Wallenberg to become a Red agent, and his refusal cost him any chance for freedom. Some Swedish investigators place the blame for Wallenberg's endless sentence on the sinister NKVD, which, evidence showed, had snatched Wallenberg away from the Soviet military.

In any case, Wallenberg became the tragic victim of the fear and suspicion that pervaded Stalinist Russia. Who can guess his feelings as first he learned that custody meant imprisonment, and then that the Russians did not intend to let him go? Raoul Wallenberg's youth faded to middle age in the confinement of a series of cells—without trial, without sentence, without a semblance of justice.

The days of absolute power for the Soviet secret police have long passed, apparently to be replaced by a grim Russian determination to hide the truth. But the Swedish government refuses to close the Wallenberg case. New clues, rumors and speculations are constantly being sifted. A medal was awarded to Wallenberg in absentia—but not posthumously.

Vilmos Langfelder, Wallenberg's equally heroic Hungarian chauffeur, was removed from cell 105 at Lefortovskaya Prison in December, 1945. What happened to him after that is unknown. The Hungarian government has taken no great pains to find out. Sweden, however, is not a Red satellite. It refuses to forget one of its heroes.

Raoul Wallenberg's mother, who takes pride in her son's willingness to risk his life in Budapest, remains unshaken in her belief that today, at the age of 56, he is still alive. It is indisputable that he was among the living up to seven years ago.

Only the Russians can provide the final answer. In one brief moment of truth they can end more than two decades of agony for a family and a nation—and possibly for a man.

—Arthur D. Morse

THE RANGER

[*Continued from page* 55]

would have blundered into that isolated pasture, and anyway, we know the man who killed him stood and waited for him to come. That means he knew the old man's habit was to come there every afternoon. I believe the man who killed him lives right around here, maybe right in Laneville, and he's watching us, jumpy as hell and trying to hide it, and I think we're going to shake him out one of these days."

We rolled on down the road, out of Laneville in a moment, covert glances flashing at us. The people were edgy. Ten years ago a couple burned to death in their farmhouse in suspicious circumstances. The people here believe it was murder. They think the killer knew his victims, lived here and he's still here. And now Thompson, the same story.

Several miles down the highway we turned in at the Risinger Store, where Thompson had stopped on the last day of his life to buy a piece of penny candy and talk to Jim Risinger. It was a weatherworn old store, gloomy inside, cobwebs hanging, floor so dirty it looked at first like hard-packed soil. It was a country place, and its shelves were lined with cornmeal, baking powder, snuff, chewing tobacco. The justice of the peace, Mrs. Austin Chapman, was inside. She is a small, round woman and when she saw the Ranger a spasm of worry went over her pocked face. She beckoned him to a corner and they exchanged information in whispers. She looked grim and upset. When we left, Ray said, "She didn't know anything. Just worried. But I always check. You never know when you'll get a lead."

He ruminated, driving along the road where the grass was such a new green. "That's what really breaks cases, you know, when you get some information. I remember one time an old Ranger near here got a call from an officer in Dallas who said he had information that some thief planned to knock a safe in a big store in this area. The Dallas officer came on out and they figured it must be the Safeway store. So they staked it out that night, figured they'd wait and catch the burglar in the act.

"The Ranger was back of the store, where there was a field of Johnson grass high as your head, and pretty soon he heard this burglar coming. The man got up within about 20 feet of the Ranger and was going to walk right into him to get to the store. The Ranger had his old shotgun along, and as he started to get out of the burglar's path the shotgun hit the side of the building. There was a loud clatter and they both dropped in the Johnson grass, not knowing exactly what else to do. After a while the Ranger said, 'You stand up there or I'm going to mow down the grass with this shotgun just like a scythe and kill you.' In a minute the burglar said, 'Don't do that, don't shoot.' And the Ranger said, 'Well, get the hell up where I can see you and don't make a move.'

"The burglar stood up with his hands high and the Ranger said, 'You move over close to me and you keep your hands up because if you put them down I'm going to kill you.' It wouldn't have been the worst thing if he had killed him—that's a surefire warning to other burglars—but he just couldn't do it. So he said, 'You sonofabitch, you came here to burglarize this store and I know you did, and I'm telling you that you'd better go on and do just what you came here to do or I'm gonna kill you.' Well, the burglar found an air-conditioning duct and went right up it with his bundle of burglar tools swinging from a loop on his arm. The Ranger heard the skylight breaking, and knew the burglar had gone inside.

"The Ranger lay there hidden in the Johnson grass, and directly a Safeway truck that makes early deliveries drove up to the back. The driver, without ever seeing the Ranger, got out of the truck and unlocked the door. When he got it open, he saw this burglar knocking off the knob on the safe. He said, 'What are you doing?' And the burglar said, 'There's a Texas Ranger lying out there who says he's gonna shoot me if I don't open this safe.'

"The driver went back to his truck and left, scared as hell. But out front he saw a city policeman and told him. The policeman called up reinforcements, and in a minute here comes the police force. They popped open that door and discovered themselves a safe burglar and arrested him. The next day he told the district attorney that a Texas Ranger'd told him to commit that burglary. The D.A. said, 'You are a damned liar. That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of, and what chance do you think you have in front of a jury if you tell a stupid story like that?'

"The burglar got out on bond and went back to Dallas. From what the officers there learned, all his friends laughed like hell and nobody ever did believe a word he said. 'Course, the case wouldn't have held up in court and the Ranger'd never have let it get to court anyway. But a little while after that the burglar was convicted of a bunch of break-ins in Dallas and that was the end of it."

The killing of old man Thompson was different. No one was talking. There was no place to apply pressure. Several miles from the store, Ray turned off on a dirt road that led to Thompson's land. We were retracing the old man's last steps. We passed a deserted house and wound into the pasture; it was perfectly screened to sight and sound by the trees.

Ray stopped his car where it had been Thompson's habit to stop his, just past a rude shack perhaps 12 feet by 12, with a dirt floor. The cows had walked into the shed and their hooves had marked the dirt, but in one corner the dirt was smoothed down. A man had stood there for some time on that bloody day, watching the road into the pasture through a wide crack, waiting for Thompson to come. When the old black Ford had lurched into sight and passed the shack and stopped, the man had stepped out with a 16-gauge shotgun in his hands. He had come to kill—because he intended robbery and the old man knew him, or perhaps just for grudge. But he had come to kill.

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This is what Ray believes happened: Thompson was out of his car when the man appeared. Thompson turned and made back for the car and the man fired a charge of No. 4 shot that struck the old rancher from his beltline to his hat. Thompson staggered on, and the man ran closer and fired again, tearing a five-inch hole in Thompson's back. Thompson managed to get in the car, lock the door, start the engine and get the car moving before he fell over on the seat. The car rolled down into the river bottom and jounced to a stop. The killer followed, put a bar of some sort in the door handle and twisted so violently that the whole handle assembly came off. He opened the door and fired again. The charge missed Thompson completely and went through the right window.

The man pulled Thompson out onto the ground, his feet still in the car, and put the shotgun to his forehead and fired again. He blew the old man's head apart. Bits of Thompson's false teeth were found in the car and under it. The killer flipped the body over, the feet still in the car, and grabbed for Thompson's wallet so furiously he tore out the whole rear pocket. Then with the wallet, the shotgun, the shells it had ejected, the bar and even the door handle, he walked into the river bottom and vanished.

Ray looked around carefully, scuffing the ground thoughtfully with his shiny boots. He reconstructed the whole thing in his mind once more, moving as he thought the killer had moved, searching for new insights.

It was tantalizing there in the pasture where the murder had happened. Now it was more than merely a mysterious puzzle. Now it was real. The ground on which we stood had soaked up the old man's dying blood, and it had cushioned the footsteps of the man who had killed him. The wind stirred in the trees as it might have that day, and a bird cried. But the new insights did not come, and finally we drove back toward Laneville.

"There are lots of suspects," Ray mused, "lots of 'em. All sorts of people knew he had money and knew he went out to that pasture. And he wasn't the most popular man around." He sighed. "But I think we'll catch our man. We're going to keep asking and talking and waiting and putting on pressure and something is going to turn up. I can wait a long time on a murder, I'll tell you that.

"Fact is, I'm doing a little psychological warfare right now in a case several years old. There was a gal up here a ways married to a fellow a good bit older than she was. She milked him pretty hard and got his money and made him buy insurance, and all the time she was sleeping with a bunch of different men. Her main lover was a fellow from Dallas, a mailman, and he would drive up to see her. Well, her husband played poker every week regular as could be, and he always came home the same way. One night this mailman came up from Dallas and blocked a cattle guard near their home, and when her husband stopped, the mailman shot and killed him with a .38.

"I went to work on the case. I found her alibi was so pat I was pretty sure she was involved. I began running down the men she'd been sleeping with, and there were plenty of them, including a game warden. Well, I finally turned up this mailman. He had suddenly acquired a lot of money, bought his way into a gambling joint and was living high. So we brought her in and she denied everything. We put her on the polygraph, and she drove the needle right off the board whenever we asked about the killing. We brought in the mailman, and he like to have blown up the polygraph. But both of them denied the killing, and polygraph evidence is not admissible in court. Eventually they got married, maybe because husbands and wives can't testify against each other. We never could get any usable evidence and had to back off.

"That was some years ago, and not long gone she divorced the mailman and married someone else. So I got out all the old pictures we'd made of her husband's corpse still in the car with blood all over. I had a big batch printed up, and now I'm sending her one every week or so in an envelope with no return address. I'm going to shake her up a little bit, and see what'll happen."

It was nearly sundown when we got back into Laneville. We stopped for a soft drink, the Ranger unfolding himself from his car and stretching easily and all the time looking around in little cat glances. He opened the bottle and stood by the corner of the building in the soft fading light, and in a moment a little man hurried around the corner and almost ran into him. He was a tense, uneasy looking man, ulcerous perhaps, not yet 50 but graying. He leaped back, startled by the big Ranger, then recovered and thrust out his hand.

He asked, "Anything new on the case yet? Anything turn up?"

The Ranger eyed him gravely. The little man was one of the half-dozen leading suspects, and naturally he knew that. "Oh, there's some new things, but they haven't panned out yet, not quite."

"I guess there's lots of suspects, ain't there?"

"Sure, lots of them at first, you know—but the list, it sure as hell is narrowing down in a hurry now, down to just a few people."

The man gulped. His head bobbed in a nervous, nodding gesture. He was wearing low working boots, and he shifted from foot to foot.

"I hope it does," he said. "I'll be honest with you. I hope it does."

"Well, we're going to poke around and keep on poking until we turn up the man who did it."

"I hope you do," the little man said. "You know, Thompson was a good old buddy of mine."

The Ranger did not answer. A tall, stern, dangerous looking figure, he stood staring at the little man. The silence drew out, and the little man turned suddenly and hurried up the street, and the Ranger stood motionless, his face unchanged, watching him go. —**David Nevin**

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ESCAPE FROM ST. PIERRE

[*Continued from page* 57]

Semmes said, "Stand by to strike sail, Mister Kell. I'll go in on the engine."

"Aye, sir!"

After watching the sailors go aloft, Semmes sighted past the bow at Martha Point, a jut of land two miles ahead. Beyond the point was the long inward-curving sweep of St. Pierre Bay. As he studied his approach, gulls planed down into the wake, crying harshly.

Raphael Semmes was not a tall man, nor powerfully built; narrow shoulders, thin legs, the beginning of a paunch under his sword belt showed his 52 years. His jaw, despite the cover of a grizzled beard, had no strength to it. But he had a nose like a hawk. And glacial eyes, frosty gray, cold and hard.

Still staring forward, he said, "Have Freeman report aft."

"Aye, aye!"

Lieutenant Kell was standing at the amidships rail. When the bow moved past the southern point of the bay, Semmes motioned to him. The order was relayed; instantly the clew lines slacked and the sails came down, billowing and spilling wind.

As the canvas was being stowed, Miles Freeman, the engineer, came aft and stood in the waist.

Semmes looked down and said curtly, "Put your engine ahead. Half speed."

The vessel now had barely way enough to hold a course. Semmes waited for the propeller to turn and while he waited he focused the glass on the harbor.

St. Pierre Bay was in full view; it curved off to starboard like half a broad circle. The north and south capes were separated by five, perhaps six miles of Caribbean. It was a wide entrance and, Semmes reflected, it would be just as wide outward bound. Even before his ship was in, he was thinking of the way out.

The bay shore, at the inward side of the half circle, was flat and sandy. According to the chart, there was deep water to within 50 yards of it. The town itself, St. Pierre, was a cluster of white, light-pink, and light-blue buildings at the center of the curving shore. Beyond it, green hills and towering ridges. The highest point, Mont Pelée, dominated the northern heights. Between the mountains and the shore, the town nestled like a gull in a trough of the sea.

Two ships were anchored off the mercantile quay. Leveling the glass, Semmes observed them intently. They were French, a merchantman and a small packet which would ply between the islands carrying passengers and mail. The only other vessel in port was an American two-masted schooner anchored beyond the south end of the quay. He observed the schooner even more intently. Judging by the rig, she was a State-of-Mainer. She was the enemy. And if she had been overhauled in open waters she would surely burn!

Semmes lowered the telescope as he felt the first turn of the propeller vibrating in the shaftway directly beneath his feet. "Helm a' starboard," he said. The bow swung in toward the quay. "Ease her," he said, and shaped a course toward the man-of-war anchorage. He had located the area on the chart earlier that morning; it was a mile south of the quay.

"You may stand by your anchor, Mister Kell," Semmes said. As Kell started forward, Semmes nodded to his third lieutenant, Stribling. "Strike one." The young officer hit the gong, to stop the engine.

Semmes waited until the bow was within a hundred yards of the shore and then ordered the helm over. As the ship swung slowly to seaward, he raised his arm. The anchor rattled out over the cathead. Now Semmes turned to the quartermaster. "Raise the ensign!" he said. The flag lofted smartly, unfurling the stars and bars of the Confederate States of America.

Semmes ran under various colors at sea to come up on his victims unaware, but at this foreign anchorage he must identify his ship. It was the *C.S.S. Sumter*, the South's first and, thus far, only ship of war. In her log, Semmes entered the time, date, position, and purpose for being there.

COMING . . .

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it at home, why not here?"

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Even before the *Sumter's* anchor was down, a crowd had gathered along the quay. The war was less than a year old, but the *Sumter* already had gained fame throughout the islands as the ghost ship of the Confederacy. In a spectacular cruise from New Orleans to Cuba and then down through the Caribbean, she had captured and burned 14 Yankee merchantmen. The crews were taken off and landed, days later, at island ports. Within six months, the *Sumter* had driven northern commerce from the Caribbean.

When federal warships were dispatched to hunt down his ship, Semmes outmaneuvered them. While they searched the island passages for him, he was cruising south as far as Brazil, capturing and burning as he went. Coming north again early in September, he doubled back into the Caribbean and, finally, to Martinique. He needed coal, stores and water, and he must risk this island stop to get them. Then he planned to voyage easterly across the South Atlantic shipping lanes, burning and destroying federal shipping.

Raphael Semmes, Maryland born, had served in the U.S. Navy from the age of 17. He advanced from midshipman to lieutenant to commander. In early 1861 when the southern states seceded, he immediately resigned his commission and offered his services to Jefferson Davis.

Although he was made a commander in the Confederate States Navy, there was yet no southern man-of-war for Raphael Semmes to sail. He found in New Orleans a vessel that would serve for sea raiding—a British packet, a relatively small craft of 500 tons burden that had been laid up by the blockade. She was a three-masted schooner with a low-pressure steam engine set up to drive a brass propeller. Driving gangs of shipwrights and machinists day and night, he transformed her into his vision of a raider. He altered her rig to barkentine, strengthened deck timbers to support a battery of guns, partitioned the holds for extra stowage of coal, installed lockers and powder rooms, and built quarters for officers, crew and marines.

The armament consisted of one eight-inch shell gun and four 32-pounders—not a match for federal warships but adequate enough to force unarmed merchant craft to heave to. The ship's company, volunteers all, totaled 113. The line officers, petty officers, gunners and the chief of marines were southern patriots who, like Semmes, had been trained in the Old Navy. The sailors, powder-passers, and marines were American, British and French merchant seamen, able-bodied adventurers, who had been discharged from their vessels in New Orleans after they were idled by the blockade.

The stout little craft—renamed *Sumter* for the fort from which the war's first shot had been fired—was soon ready for action. After her formal commissioning, she steamed down the Mississippi where Semmes had his first test against the enemy. He outwitted and then outran the three warships blockading the wide river's mouth and put to sea under orders to "seek out the enemy's shipping and burn, sink and destroy."

Commander Semmes had done exactly that. He had become the South's first naval hero, and now he was pacing his quarterdeck at the anchorage in St. Pierre.

Within half an hour of the vessel's arrival she was boarded by the port officers. Semmes spent little time on amenities. He handed over a permit from Fort de France authorizing the *Sumter* to take a full load of coal.

"I will start loading immediately," he said.

Lieutenant Chapman, the officer of the watch, and the *Sumter's* paymaster went ashore with the customshouse men to arrange for the coal. They also bought 40 casks of fresh water, 50 pounds of sugar, 200 pounds of flour, some fresh fruit and vegetables and seven gallons of rum to be rationed out as medicinal grog.

At 10 a.m. the coal barges were alongside and before the afternoon was out 30 tons were aboard. There was still space in the bunkers for 30 more.

Semmes worked the loaders and his crew like slaves. He must clear the port and these islands. Coming in to St. Pierre had been a calculated risk. He knew there were federal warships in the area.

They were searching for him. And he knew that two of them, certainly three, could bottle him up and separate him from the war as long as it would last.

Coaling was halted at nightfall. The basket-toting natives were going ashore, their day's work ended.

It began again with the dawn. The baskets were swiftly loaded, handed up, and dumped into the open bunkers.

By noon there were only 10 tons to go. But at 2 p.m. Semmes sighted a heavy steam sloop, a first-class vessel of the U.S. Navy, coming down toward La Mare Point at the northwest arm of the bay.

He cursed, and studied the sloop through the glass. The Yankee was showing a red flag cut with a white cross—the colors of a Danish merchantman. Her booms were sloppily braced, her gear flying. A cluster of officers, gathered in the waist, were passing a telescope and pointing towards the *Sumter*.

Kell came striding aft. "She looks like the *Iroquois*, sir," he said. He had spent many years in the Old Navy too; he knew every ship of the line.

Yes, the enemy warship was the *Iroquois*, Capt. James S. Palmer commanding. She was a massive vessel, broad-bowed, much larger and better found than the *Sumter*. Her engines could turn up at least eight knots, three more than the *Sumter's* best engine speed, and she carried an 11-inch Dahlgren cannon in addition to port and starboard batteries of 32-pounders.

The *Sumter* could not fight her nor outrun her.

The *Iroquois* rounded La Mare Point. The moment the *Sumter* was identified, the Danish flag came down and the federal ensign replaced it. The vessel leaped ahead under full steam, racing into the bay. Then she swung hard over, steamed seaward and patrolled, at quarter speed, north and south across the six-mile mouth of the bay.

Semmes proceeded as though the *Iroquois* did not exist. When coaling was completed at dusk, he had the *Sumter* hosed down. Then he said, "Secure for the night."

At midnight, Lieutenant Stribling pounded on his door. "She's coming, sir!" he shouted. "Straight for us! With her guns run out!"

By the time Semmes reached the deck, the *Iroquois* was looming up on the starboard side, silvered in the early moonlight. She was at full engine speed and holding a head-on course. Semmes looked along the *Sumter's* gun deck and said, "Stand by to repel boarders!"

The *Iroquois* came on massively, her bow driving toward the *Sumter's* amidships rail. When she was a bare 150 feet off, two strokes were sounded on her gong. An instant later the federal ship sheered off and lay just beyond the *Sumter's* quarter. Her engines were stopped; she lay there like a big mast-spiked buzzard waiting for the move of its prey.

Semmes passed the word to his batteries: "Hold your fire." He could not believe Captain Palmer would violate French territorial waters.

Semmes was right. The *Iroquois'* captain made no move to use either his guns or his marines. He had tried to force the *Sumter* to fire first. This would have permitted the *Iroquois* to defend herself and, in the process, sink the Confederate.

But Semmes had not been drawn into the trap.

There was a single stroke on the *Iroquois'* gong. She moved away, gathering speed, and resumed her patrol across the mouth of the bay.

Semmes wrote a bitter protest to Governor Condé. He pointed out that the action of the *Iroquois* was contrary to international convention. He asked the governor to intern the federal ship or, at least, promise full protection for the *Sumter* as long as she remained in French waters.

The letter was dispatched, before dawn, to Fort de France by courier. At noon, the *Acheron*, His Imperial French Majesty's steamer-of-war, Capt. Louis Duchatel commanding, came north with the governor's reply.

The *Acheron* anchored nearby and a small boat brought Captain Duchatel to the *Sumter* with Conde's reply. There were many words, all of them diplomatic, but no assurances.

The conditions of conduct for combatants in territorial waters of another power were simple and explicit. If the *Iroquois* entered the harbor she must lie to anchor. If she did anchor she must, under the law, grant to the *Sumter* a 24-hour start if the *Sumter* chose to leave the roadstead.

Since he did not anchor, Captain Palmer was bound by a further convention. If the *Iroquois* intended to blockade the *Sumter*, she must remain offshore at a distance of at least one marine league—four and six-tenths nautical miles.

Commander Semmes observed that the *Iroquois* kept her distance the rest of the day. At night, though, she crept in to within a mile of the harbor entrance, and the following morning Captain Palmer summoned a pilot boat from shore and dispatched it with messages for the master of the State-of-Maine schooner which was anchored only a quarter of a mile from the *Sumter*.

Semmes was certain the *Iroquois* was using the schooner as a lookout and signal ship. On the fourth day of the blockade, he voiced his thoughts to Lieutenant Kell on the quarter-deck.

"The *Iroquois* is staying off the center of the bay," Semmes said. "She's not making a full north-south sweep."

"That I have seen, sir," Kell said.

"But why?" Semmes asked. He answered his own question. "It's because as long as she remains directly off the mouth of the bay she has the schooner always in sight."

"That's so, sir."

"If Palmer patrolled all the way north and south we might slip through while he was at the far end of the run and beyond view of us." Semmes paused a moment. "So he stays off the center of the bay, ready to move in either direction."

"As long as he can see us," Kell said. "But at night. . . ."

"The schooner," Semmes said. "She's been set to make signals. With lights." He paused. "That is how I'd arrange it."

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He paused again and frowned. "If I were in Captain Palmer's place."

After pacing the length of the deck, still frowning, Semmes went into the chart room to pen another protest to Governor Condé. "I am," he wrote, "receiving the protection a wolf would accord to the lamb." Then, less figuratively, he listed the violations committed by the *Iroquois*. She was moving inside the one-league limit under cover of darkness. She was in daily communication with the shore. She had established a signal and lookout post within the territorial waters.

Next day, a courier brought the governor's reply from Fort de France. Only one concession was made—the *Acheron* was ordered to move farther out into the bay to enforce the one-league rule.

Semmes realized that if he remained much longer at St. Pierre he would never escape. Captain Palmer, he was certain, had already sent for reinforcements. On the sixth day of the blockade—with time swiftly running out—Semmes drew up his plan.

First, he studied the phases of the moon and the time of its rise in his almanac. It was then just past the full. In the clear West Indian nights it would be bright for at least a week longer. Semmes could not wait for the dark phase. In that latitude, though, each night it rose some 39 minutes later. On the 23rd of November, which would be the tenth day of the blockade, it would rise at 10:07. That time, none earlier, would fit Semmes' strategy.

But could the *Sumter* remain that long at her anchor? Wouldn't the federal reinforcements arrive sooner than that? Semmes couldn't say. He had figured as closely as even Horatio Nelson could. Now he would have to depend on luck.

Three days passed and there was no change. The *Iroquois* continued her patrol, half a mile north and then half a mile south a scant league beyond the entrance to the bay. The *Acheron*, charged with watching her, was anchored just inside the southwest limit of the roadstead. The Maine schooner had completed the discharge of her cargo but she remained in port, still anchored in close range of the *Sumter*. And the *Sumter* stayed where she was. The watches changed according to the doubled strokes on her ship's bell. And every afternoon a liberty boat with 20 seamen went shoreward and returned by 8 p.m. when a curfew gun sounded on the quay.

Commander Semmes, straight-angled in back and shoulders, paced his quarterdeck. He looked seaward for the federal reinforcements he knew were on the way. No sign of them yet. Nor the next day.

The 23rd of November.

Semmes was on deck early, peering seaward. Only the *Iroquois* was in sight beyond the capes. He gauged the weather. A few clouds; a hint of rain. Good. But by noon the clouds had blown off. The early afternoon was beautifully bright and clear. The bay was smooth, a shimmering blue; the water outside the headlands, a deeper blue, showed only a few windy ripples. It was a fine day—exactly the opposite from the way Semmes wanted it to be.

As soon as the 2 p.m. liberty boat was away from the *Sumter's* side, Semmes called his officers into the chart room and outlined his plan. Then formally, precisely, he assigned each man to his task.

A full head of steam was ordered for 7:30 p.m. "But show no smoke," Semmes told the engineer sternly.

Lieutenant Chapman, next, was instructed to put the *Sumter* in her best trim. All canvas was to be "mended"—snugly furled so there would be least resistance to the wind.

Lieutenant Kell was charged with the handling of the anchor. By 7:30 it was to be "cat-hooked"—the tackle secured to the lower links of chain so that the anchor could be broken out and heaved up instantly. "And see to it," Semmes said to Kell, "that your best bosun's mate is standing aft with the ax."

Lieutenant Stribling had the simplest assignment—he was to stand lookout.

For the rest of the afternoon Semmes kept the quarterdeck alone. He paced and turned, glanced to seaward and turned and paced again. This was the balance point of his career. He would go free or he would lose his ship—and his life—in the attempt.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The ship's bell made eight tinkling strokes—4 p.m. By two bells—5 p.m.—Lieutenant Chapman and his men had completed their work aloft. Freeman went below to the engine room to light his fires.

At six bells—7 p.m.—the sun was going down in a bank of purple and russet clouds. Shadows were slanting over the island peaks.

Lieutenant Kell went forward with the anchor detail, a file of men moving silently along the darkening deck.

Looking toward the quay, Semmes could just make out the dim, unsteady forms of the liberty party—20 drunk and brawling men—waiting to be ferried back to their ship. No shoreside spy, no Yankee lookout on the Maine schooner, could guess there had been any change in the *Sumter's* routine. The seamen on liberty knew of none either. They took their places, as usual, in the *Sumter's* small boat and were rowed back to the ship. By the time they were aboard and stumbling toward the fo'c'sle it was 7:40.

At 7:45 the *Sumter* was quiet again; her decks were deserted. Observing her as he leaned against his amidships rail, the skipper of the Maine schooner might conclude—for the information of Captain Palmer on the *Iroquois*—that Raphael Semmes and the *Sumter* were securely anchored, and apparently even content to be, for the duration of the war.

At 7:55 the bay was still as a country pond; the night was dark as a cloudless tropical night ever can be. The surface of the harbor was slate-gray; the anchored ships—the Maine schooner, the French merchantmen near the quay, the farther-off *Acheron*—were in hazy silhouette with a few pinpoints of yellow light in portholes and open hatchways.

The *Iroquois* could not be seen; she was showing no lights.

No lights showed anywhere on the *Sumter*, either. The lantern in the chart room was lighted, but it had been fitted with a shield. In the binnacle the small wick had also been lighted; a hood enclosed it, leaving only a narrow slit through which the quartermaster—already standing behind the helm—could see a pale glow spilling over the face of the compass.

At exactly 8 p.m., the muzzle of the curfew gun on shore flashed a charge of black powder.

The sound bounced off the buildings set back from the quay and echoed out over the roadstead.

This was the evening gun, the signal that ended the island day. It was also the signal Semmes had chosen to alert his crew.

At the sound of the gun, these things happened.

Lieutenant Kell ordered his men to haul away on the cat, double time. The anchor broke out. In less than 30 seconds it came aweigh, dripping salt water and sand as it rose under the bow.

Astern, at the tafferel, a bosun's mate had been poised with an ax raised shoulder high. He brought the sharp edge down on the Manila rope leading out to the mooring buoy. The rope parted, the line slapped into the water.

Now the *Sumter* was free of both the buoy and the sandy bottom of the bay.

In the engine room there was a full head of steam. The valve on the boiler was popping. Miles Freeman pushed the starting lever and the gears engaged, the shaft turned, white water thrashed away from the propeller.

Within 60 seconds after the firing of the curfew gun, the *Sumter* was under way.

Semmes said to the helmsman: "Steer south! Due south!" He waited, tense and wary. Within the next few minutes he'd know if his plan would work or fail.

It came then, the cry he had been waiting for. From his lookout post aloft, Lieutenant Stribling cupped his hands around his mouth and called out: "I see them, sir. Two red lights at the masthead!"

Semmes looked toward the Maine schooner. High on her foremast were two red lights, one above the other, visible all around the horizon. This, Semmes reasoned, was the schooner's signal to the *Iroquois* that the *Sumter* had left her anchorage and was on a southerly course. The *Iroquois* would now go full speed

toward the south point of the bay. There, or in the area below the cape, Captain Palmer—according to *his* plan—would intercept the *Sumter*.

Semmes steered due south until he was beyond sighting range of the schooner.

To the helmsman: "Come around hard larboard! North!"

The *Sumter* heeled over as though under full sail and hit by a gale wind. Swinging left. Going in close to the shore. Then northerly, her heading altering with the uneven line of white beach. She moved through the stripe of shadow cast by the mountainous ridges. She was hidden in it. The smoke pouring from the stack was invisible too.

With his binoculars, Semmes scanned the southerly expanse of the bay. Faintly seen against the half-light of the sky was the darker mass of the *Iroquois*. She had left her station and was now two miles from the southern cape. Each propeller turn of *Iroquois* and *Sumter* drove the two vessels farther apart.

Everything was going according to Semmes' plan.

The *Sumter* came out of the shadow of the ridge. Still steering north. Steaming past the quay and, certainly, visible to the Maine schooner. Semmes had worked that into his plan too. The Yankee skipper would be able, sooner or later, to see that he had been tricked and that the *Sumter* had doubled back. But he couldn't alert Captain Palmer because the *Iroquois* had run beyond range of his signal lights.

The *Sumter* passed the quay. A course change to north and two points west. The vessel, once again, moving invisibly in the stripe of offshore shadow. She was going up on the last leg of the harbor run toward La Mare Point.

The vibrations of the propeller went rough, slackened, and then stopped.

Freeman came running aft from the engine hatch.

"What is it?" Semmes shouted.

"A bearing on the shaft," Freeman replied, whispering. "I had to stop her. The bearing must be cooled."

"Damn!" Semmes said. "How long?"

"Perhaps 10 minutes. Fifteen."

Semmes had already checked the wind. It wasn't favorable in either force or direction. He couldn't sail out of the harbor. He must have his engine. "Fast!" he said to Freeman. "Five minutes!"

Freeman sprinted back toward the engine hatch.

The *Sumter* lay still as a leaf in backwater. Dark and silent. The tide, at the ebb, nudged her gently from the shore. The moonrise was still an hour away. But Semmes needed at least that hour of darkness.

Every man on the *Sumter* remained at his station. No words passed among them. Semmes was at the forward rail of the quarterdeck; he was sweating in his frock coat. He wore his sword—since this was an encounter with the enemy—and the long blade of it lay in against his leg. He made no move at all. He dominated the silence, making it even more of a silence, an almost complete suspension of sound.

Five minutes passed.

Six.

Seven.

The *Sumter* drifted farther offshore.

Eight minutes.

The mechanical life suddenly came back into the *Sumter*. The shaft turned and vibrated, the propeller thrashed white water.

"Helm a' starboard!" Semmes said. "Easy!"

The *Sumter* was under way. A north-northwest course. The headland at La Mare Point loomed above the bow.

Semmes went in close to the cape and rounded it. He was clear of the bay. He steered northerly for seven miles, came abeam of the farthest shore of the island, and altered course to the eastward.

The *Sumter* was away! She was making the broad channel between Martinique and, to the north, Dominica.

Semmes ordered all sail, and the vessel bounded ahead under both steam and canvas. He estimated she was making 11 knots. A good speed. He hauled her in closer to the Dominican coast. This was the last West Indian isle he would see for many a voyaging month. Ahead of the *Sumter's* bow there was nothing except the sea; it stretched out, in a long heave and roll, as far as the shores of Spain. The moon came up, as bright as day, and too late to be of any service to Captain Palmer of the Old Navy.

Raphael Semmes had resumed his voyaging. He would sail the South Atlantic shipping lanes, destroying Union merchant craft. Distantly sighted and pursued by a squadron of federal men-of-war, he would go all the way east, escaping, to the blue harbor of Cadiz. His mission would lead him farther than that. It would take him past Trafalgar—the graveyard waters of Admiral Nelson—and, finally, north to the English Channel where he would pick up a bigger and faster raider. Before the federal navy would finally sink this ship under him, Semmes would have captured and burned almost 60 Yankee vessels.

At this time, though, Semmes was still not far from St. Pierre. If he chose to turn, he could still see the high shoulders of Martinique beyond the starboard quarter. He did not turn and look; but he was thinking back to St. Pierre and to the *Iroquois*.

After Lieutenant Kell had secured the guns, he came aft to the quarterdeck. Semmes said to him: "Poor Palmer." Semmes would learn, in dispatches delivered to him at Gibraltar, that another federal warship, the *Dacotah*, arrived at St. Pierre only 14 hours after the *Sumter* escaped. Semmes would learn also, and as he could have predicted, that Captain Palmer had been relieved of his command.

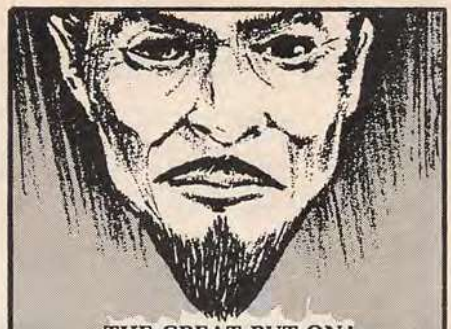
Kell said: "Yes, sir. Poor Palmer."

By that time, Semmes had moved away from St. Pierre. He was thinking ahead to the South Atlantic. "Hold her easterly," he said. "I am going below."

"Very well, sir. Are there further orders?"

"Soon enough," Semmes replied. "Soon enough." He held his sword clear as he went down the companionway.

—Robert Travers



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man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

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Everyone should know it when the father of three daughters had a change of luck.

Advertising messages in the sky, once aviation's most exciting spectacle, are seldom seen these days. Reader Wallace Banks of Camden, New Jersey, writes to ask:

What happened to skywriting?

The ill winds of declining business and bad weather have swept much of it away. What's left is the reduced output of a few old-time skywriters. They are sole custodians of an art that can still beguile the uninitiated—countless youngsters today have never watched a skywriter at work—with some of the magic it possessed almost half a century ago.

In 1922 Maj. John Savage of England invented—and shrewdly patented—a method for writing with smoke produced by piping paraffin-spiked light oil through the hot engine exhaust of an airplane. He first displayed it to Derby Day racegoers at Epsom Downs with enthralling effect. A hundred thousand people watched in awe as a swooping aircraft wrote in the sky above them the world's first sky advertisement: *THE DAILY MAIL.*

Later that year Savage shipped planes and pilots to New York. There they wrote *HELLO USA—CALL VA 7200,* halting pedestrian traffic and causing an hour-long switchboard tie-up as viewers dutifully phoned the Manhattan office. Newspapers said skywriting shouldn't be allowed for anything less than summoning the nation to arms against invasion.

Advertising men disagreed; they loaded Savage's U.S. licensee, New York-based Skywriting Corporation of America, for 10 years with contracts to write ads all over the country at $1,000 apiece for cigarettes, soap, automobiles and other merchandise. The Depression slowed business and World War II stopped it, but in 1946 Pepsi-Cola launched a five-year, one-million-dollar skywriting campaign that saturated the air with 18,000 messages above 5,000 communities in 48 states.

By then, skywriting was so familiar that people hardly looked. A new medium, TV, absorbed the money of many big advertisers, while small firms that bought an occasional single flight found that their chosen day often came up frustratingly cloudy. (Only blue sky will do; smoke is useless against a gray background.) As a result, skywriting dwindled to its present dole of infrequent one-shots.

Two methods exist today for forming smoke messages. The first is the old-fashioned way, open to any airman since the Savage patents expired. It relies on fine acrobatic flying by a single pilot and such tricks of the trade as writing into the wind and right to left—because the message faces downward—and placing each letter 100 feet higher so prop wash won't smear the preceding letter.

The second method, ideally utilizing seven planes, "prints" a message in the air. The pilots simply fly straight; everything else is automatic. The planes fly line-abreast, each carrying electronic gadgetry that releases a smoke dot at programmed intervals; together, the planes deposit dot-traced letters. This technique, called "Skytyping," was devised by Sidney Pike, veteran aviator and Skywriting Corporation president from 1935 until his death early this year.

Hand-wrought writing takes 45 minutes to shape 30 letters in a flight that will cost from $300 to $500. The automated method can print a 20-letter message in 3½ minutes and repeat it 40 times above 250 miles of territory—a massive advertising attack. But the minimum fee, even with planes cut from seven to five, is $3,500.

Just one big spender who will get "Skytyping" off the ground might restore the vogue of air advertising. Until then, smoke writing remains a sight to behold only rarely.

Q: There has been a great deal of controversy lately over whether Americans of African descent prefer to be called Negroes or not. Can you clear this up for me? *Arthur Sutton, Brownsville, Texas.*

A: According to a recent readership poll by the magazine *Jet,* most prefer to be called Afro-Americans. Black, Negro, African-American and colored as preferred racial designations follow in that order.

Q: How does one get to become a Kentucky colonel and how many are there now? *Thomas W. Palmer, D.D.S., Tuckahoe, N. Y.*

A: The title is purely an honorary one and is generally bestowed at the governor's discretion to friends, visiting celebrities, high-ranking officials and successful businessmen. It is part of a time-honored tradition whereby state governors, as commanders of the state militia, appoint a staff of pseudo-military aides-de-camp. At present there are approximately 85,000 Kentucky Colonels.

Q: How many seas are there throughout the world? *Rowe M. Lyon, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

A: The 1967 *World Almanac,* which seems to be the most comprehensive source of this information, lists 21 seas and four major oceans.

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Q: November 5th is honored with fireworks and bonfires as "Guy Fawkes Day" throughout the British Commonwealth. Who was Guy Fawkes, and why is such a holiday celebrated? ***Norman Phillip Hendricks, Boston, Mass.***

A: Guy Fawkes was a key figure in the "Gunpowder Plot," organized by a group of Catholic fanatics after James I had announced his intention of enforcing the penal laws against Catholics. Fawkes was recruited by one of the original conspirators, Thomas Winter, and became the chief instrument in the plot aimed at blowing up Parliament and the king on November 5, 1605. Fawkes mined the coal cellar under the House of Lords with 36 barrels of gunpowder. He was discovered in the still dark hours of November 5th morning, however, arrested and later executed with three fellow conspirators. On January 21, the next year, Parliament declared November 5th as day of public thanksgiving—Guy Fawkes Day.

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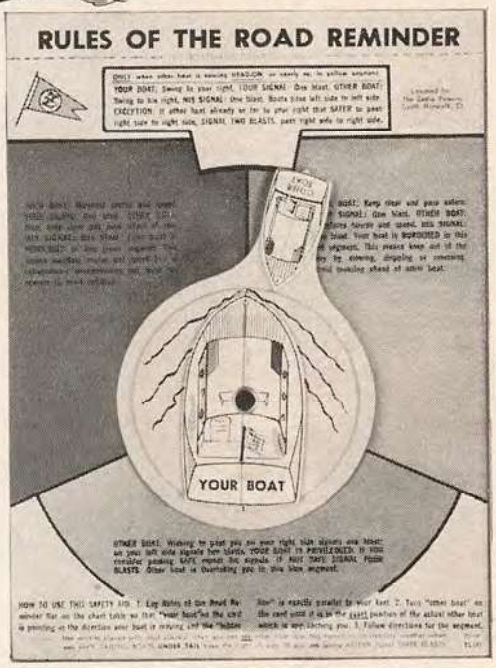

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THE MAN WHO FIRED THE SHOT THAT OUTRAGED THE WORLD

[*Continued from page* 51]

namese willing to talk about their experiences with Loan—provided their names are not mentioned. During last year's Buddhist protests, newsmen, including the present writer, had ample opportunity to become acquainted with General Loan while he sat outside the Presidential Palace drinking beer and keeping a watchful eye on the anti-government monk, Thich Tri Quang, who was conducting a hunger strike in a park across the street.

Loan was born in 1931 in Hanoi, now the capital of North Viet Nam. While he was still a youngster, his family moved to the former imperial city of Hue, where his father had landed a job as railroad stationmaster. Young Loan was an impetuous youth and not a good student.

When he was 20 years old, Loan enrolled in the Student Reserve Officers Training School at Tu Duoc near Saigon. France was fighting the Viet Minh with both her own and Vietnamese troops, and officers were needed. On completion of his course, he was sent by the French to the Marrakech Aviation School in Morocco, along with young Nguyen Cao Ky. The two pilots, who shared a liking for gambling, flying and attractive women, soon became friends.

In 1954, as a pilot, Loan returned to Viet Nam. The French were then pulling out of Southeast Asia after their disastrous defeat at Dien Bien Phu. When the Americans moved in to fill the vacuum, Loan flew for the U.S.-supported government of Ngo Dinh Diem. As the American commitment grew, Loan's rise to power began.

An excellent pilot, he was particularly fond of the two-engine Skyraider used by Vietnamese pilots for bombing and strafing runs. Even today, he occasionally takes time off from police duties to fly a bombing sortie.

As the years passed, Nguyen Cao Ky and Nguyen Ngoc Loan found themselves helping each other's career. After a series of government turnovers, Ky emerged in 1965 as premier of Viet Nam, while Loan advanced to Air Force chief of staff.

Now the number one man in the country, Ky found he needed a strong man to crush a rebellion of Viet Nam's militant Buddhists. In the northern I Corps area, huge crowds were openly defying the government, and three of Ky's generals refused to move against the religious leaders.

Loan's position as head of the Air Force didn't give him the powers needed to act as Ky's right arm. Consequently he first was appointed chief of the Military Security Service, an organization roughly comparable to the CIA, and then was told to get the Buddhists in line.

Loan wasted no time. He is said to have pointed his pistol at the head of Gen. Ton That Dinh, commander of I Corps, and demanded immediate action.

It was quickly forthcoming. At the Quoc Dong pagoda in Danang, long a center of disturbance, Vietnamese troops opened fire with 90mm. cannon. Then several tanks rolled up to the gates and soldiers poured into the religious compound, clubbing the shaven skulls of the monks and dragging screaming nuns into waiting police vans. Meanwhile, Skyraiders strafed another pagoda and killed several monks. The Buddhists surrendered, physically if not in principle. In the end, a compromise was reached, and the Buddhists gave up their opposition in return for the promise of elections.

Having proved his worth to Ky, Loan then moved to consolidate his own position. He was given the additional title of director general of the National Police, the job he now holds. A good administrator with a talent for creating a loyal following, Loan transformed the nation's ineffective police into a fighting unit.

"Too many people talk about Loan's brutality or his heavy drinking, and they forget that he created the first effective police force this country ever had," one of his admirers comments.

With the help of American advisors, Loan has increased the efficiency of the force by streamlining the command structure and delegating more authority to provincial officers. He won the gratitude of his 75,000 men by getting them a 10 percent pay increase. Since a police officer may receive as little as $35 to $40 a month, the pay jump was a valuable morale booster.

As important to better morale has been Loan's willingness to conduct personally attacks against Viet Cong. During *Tet*, the general was constantly racing through Saigon streets in his jeep to take command of combat operations; he's now recovering from wounds received battling Viet Cong who attacked Saigon in early May.

Despite improvement as a fighting force, the National Police are far from being a model organization. Corruption is rampant from top to bottom. Cops on the beat demand protection money from prostitutes, black-market vendors and even legitimate businesses. Recruiting officers charge candidates as much as $500 to join the organization, a sum the inductees can expect to make back in graft —while avoiding military duty. Loan himself is in on one of the biggest takes in Viet Nam—the opium business.

Officials of the U.S. Embassy have protested Loan's air shipments of the drug from Laos to Viet Nam. Last year the matter came to a head when Viet Nam sent to Laos a new ambassador who refused to cooperate with the opium running. Loan had the ambassador fired. The U.S. Embassy, outraged at this outright power play, then demanded Loan's dismissal as Military Security Service chief. The general was duly relieved of this job, but he retained his position as National Police director, and still runs a profitable narcotics trade.

Among the stories abounding in Saigon about Loan's opium deals, one concerns the day a plane of his arrived from Laos and customs men discovered the load of

"According to him, it was meaningful dialogue, but when you boil it right down, it was just another proposition."

narcotics. An official, perhaps wanting to embarrass Loan, told reporters about the shipment. He also announced that General Loan had confiscated the goods himself and was making the investigation.

Despite his duty activities, Nguyen Ngoc Loan finds time for a swinging night life. His favorite haunt is Maxim's, an excellent source of women and entertainment, again in business after a three-month post-*Tet* shutdown of all Saigon nightclubs. Located on the famous, bar-studded Tu Do Street in Central Saigon, Maxim's is the most expensive and lavish nightclub in the country. About 35 beautiful girls dressed in high-priced *Ao Dais* (the sexy split skirts and long pants worn by Vietnamese women) work as hostesses. The drinks start at $3.50 each, and the girls wouldn't consider going out with a customer for anything under $50. Few GI's patronize the place, preferring the cheaper bars nearby.

On frequent evenings the Director appears at his corner table, to be surrounded by his cronies and his girls. One particularly beautiful hostess often joins the table. She spoke of her experience once to this writer. "When Loan comes in, the head hostess sends me over. Sometimes I go home with one of his friends if they want. It's part of the job. Some nights we are sent to his parties, but they get too wild and I try to avoid them."

For his parties, General Loan has an apartment on the second floor of a building in downtown Saigon that has been soundproofed, and the general supplies liquor, women and jokes for the guests.

Loan's love of beer is probably his best-known characteristic; he is rarely seen without a glass of it. Even in the midst of battle, he directs his men with beer in hand—taken from the refrigerator with which his jeep is equipped.

Although Loan's penchant for night life is well-known in Saigon, he is careful to maintain strong family ties, which are important to his position. Married and the father of one boy and three girls, he has in-laws who are prominent in the Vietnamese power structure.

It is not Loan's connections, however, or the power they represent, which has instilled fear in the Vietnamese people; it is the tales of horror trickling back from the prisons in which his enemies inevitably land. General Loan's powers to arrest and torture anyone in Viet Nam without benefit of trial have caused him to be referred to as the "Papa Doc" of Viet Nam, after the nickname of the infamous dictator of Haiti, Doctor Duvalier.

A Vietnamese senator who knows Loan well recently said of him, "He is not a man to trifle with. His methods are harsh."

The senator told of the fate of a high-ranking Viet Cong officer who had been captured. The officer refused to be interrogated by anyone of inferior rank, and he was finally taken to Loan himself. The general asked, "Am I important enough to interrogate you?" The prisoner nodded, whereupon Loan pulled out his pistol and killed the officer on the spot.

Just after the *Tet* offensive, Loan ordered 30 well-known politicians arrested,

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including the man, Truong Dinh Dzu, who ran second in last year's presidential race. Most of them were strong anti-communists, but Loan was suspicious that they might also be neutralists. For months their whereabouts remained unknown, and they had no opportunity for a trial.

The treatment of prisoners in Viet Nam has long been characterized by excessive cruelty. Some of the country's most prominent political figures spent years in solitary confinement enduring torture under the U.S.-backed regime of Ngo Dinh Diem, who was finally overthrown in 1963. At that time, it was estimated that approximately 200,000 political prisoners were being held.

The number of people in General Loan's jails is not known. Last fall, the government announced that 6,270 prisoners had been freed as part of the National Day declared to celebrate the installing of President Thieu and Vice-President Ky in their positions. A high-ranking official said at the time, "It can be guessed that only a tiny fraction of the total was released."

Important prisoners seized at Loan's orders are usually brought to the National Police headquarters at Cong Hoa and Vo Tan streets in Saigon. There they are dealt with by the "Special Branch," a 7,500-man secret force which specializes in securing information. Advised by the CIA, the Special Branch is noted for its ability to make prisoners talk. Electrically charged devices for attachment to the genitals, pliers for removing fingernails and other standard methods of modern torture are all part of the equipment used in the "Room of Spontaneous Confession."

One of the most infamous tortures used by the Special Branch is the "submarine trip." Here is how one woman described the torture after her release: "They undressed me and tied me to a bench, face up. A towel was put over my face to cover my nose and mouth. A rubber tube attached to a water jug was placed above, and the water began dripping, drop by drop, on the towel. To breathe, I had to inhale water through my nose and mouth. I soon 'drowned' and fainted.

"When I awoke, two policemen jumped up and down on my chest and my stomach, which was bloated from the water. I vomited blood and water. The torture was repeated several times."

Another prisoner—called here "Thanh" for his safety—who was recently released, told of his experiences during a two-year confinement in which he saw no visitors, was allowed no lawyer and had no trial. Thanh, now 22 and a student, was arrested in 1966 at the time of the Buddhist crisis, when General Loan was first becoming known.

After a week at the Saigon police station, Thanh was taken to the National Police headquarters.

"As we walked through a hall, I saw one room where several prisoners were lying on the floor. The guards explained that the prisoners were suspected Viet Cong who wouldn't talk. They had then been beaten around the head until they were paralyzed. Other prisoners had to feed them.

"I was taken to an interrogation room, where an officer with dark sunglasses began to question me about my activities with the Buddhist movement. From the next room I could hear the screams of a man being tortured, and I was very frightened. After several hours of questioning, it was apparently decided that I possessed no important information. I was taken to a cell and a month later transferred to another prison, where I was kept for two years."

When questioned about the torturing under his subordinates, General Loan becomes philosophical.

"You know, with children you sometimes have to apply a stick. It is the same with some prisoners," he says.

Several members of the Vietnamese congress have courageously criticized the treatment of political prisoners, and their complaints—and those of others—may constitute a threat to the career of General Loan. The American Embassy finds his presence as a ranking official of Viet Nam a continual embarrassment. But more important than either objection to the man is the fact that President Nguyen Van Thieu would like to see him ousted. Thieu and Vice-President Ky have had a long-standing struggle for power, and it can never be settled in favor of the president so long as Loan runs the police.

"One of these days there's going to be a showdown," a Vietnamese official said not long ago. "Either Loan is going to go, which means Ky will go, or Thieu is going to lose out."

General Loan admits this situation, but figures his side holds the best cards in the struggle. "I will stay here as police chief as long as Ky remains in power, and Ky will remain in power as long as I stay here," he says.

In the present order of things in Saigon he might be right. But the present order is inevitably changing, and Loan may be going either up or down. There are those who claim he has already become the most powerful figure in Viet Nam. "Loan can run mental circles around Thieu and Ky," an American major confided to a newsman after the *Tet* offensive, which Loan used to bolster his own position by arresting hundreds of his enemies on suspicion of being Viet Cong.

Nevertheless, the increasing pressure for reform which the United States is demanding may well be the hurdle which eventually trips the confident director general of the National Police.

"With Loan racing around drinking beer and shooting and torturing prisoners, we can never sell the Saigon government to the people of this country," an American Embassy officer claims. "If we can't sell the government, we can't win the war or come out ahead in negotiations. People everywhere will realize we're supporting little more than a police state in Viet Nam."

To Loan, this kind of criticism merits only a shrug. "Hell," he says, "I'm not the Resurrection." **—Karl H. Purnell**

HUMAN DECOYS

[*Continued from page* 29]

dimension to law enforcement. In the past, police concentrated either on preventing a crime or finding the culprit. Now they're getting results from a third technique—active apprehension.

Once catching a crook in the act was mainly a matter of luck. If authorities were tipped off by an informer, a store robbery could be broken up. Or if a prowl car happened on the scene of a street assault, a capture was made. Now the police are making deliberate interceptions. They anticipate where crimes of violence are likely to take place, and station the decoys in these target zones. There they wait for the mugger, the strong-arm robber, the rapist to strike.

Decoy squads, of course, are not without their critics. To many people, a decoy is only a shade removed from the kind of questionable trap that catches a homosexual or a streetwalker. But there seems to be no argument from civil-rights advocates if the decoy police officer doesn't provoke the crime. If he is, instead, just a substitute for the victim, there's no suggestion of improper tactics. Paul Chevigny of the New York Civil Liberties Union has commented, "If a masquerade is straightforward and doesn't lure a person into committing a crime, then there's no legal problem."

The trick is for the police officer to take the role of an ordinary citizen. When this happens, the potential law breaker also follows his normal pattern.

Just how efficient the decoy system can be was demonstrated by a team of undercover men working in Chicago. John F. Mulchrone, their task-force commander, has as many as 400 patrolmen broken up into 11-man teams. At least one team is assigned to each of the city's 21 police districts.

On one typical night, Patrolman Arthur McCauslin was working in the near North Side, pretending to be a drunk. Instead of being tagged by just one strong-arm artist, however, the policeman was hit by three. Two men, later identified as Robert Laird and Adolph Bludnik, had spotted him weaving along. When the two were joined by a teenager, they all jumped the decoy.

Laird grabbed Patrolman McCauslin around the neck and banged his head against a brick wall while Bludnik held him. Then their 16-year-old accomplice went through the victim's pockets. He had pulled out $21 while the two muggers were still working the policeman over when McCauslin's cover man, Patrolman William Struke, came charging in to capture all three.

If decoy work doesn't sound scientific or intellectually challenging, it gets results. Playing decoy also brings its share of headaches. "It takes guts to go out, night after night, and walk along, waiting to hear those footsteps behind," says Commander Mulchrone.

Nonetheless, police officials across the nation report no lack of volunteers for decoy duty. The men readily admit they are aware that the personal danger is greater for undercover police than for those in uniform.

"I don't like getting hit," says Patrolman Richard Patten of San Francisco's S Squad. "Neither does anyone else on the squad." Yet he feels the decoy lawman develops a sixth sense for trouble—a combination of natural apprehension, alertness and some idea of the assault expected.

Although an attacker must make the first move, he really isn't striking with complete surprise. After all a decoy is positioned where and when trouble is most likely to take place. Furthermore, every decoy has at least one protecting cover man, ready to move in the instant there's a strike. Both the decoy and his cover are trained to take care of themselves in close-in fighting.

Being alert and trained, however, isn't always enough to avoid getting hurt. Sergeant Beech of the St. Louis police department warns, "Sometimes you're clobbered before you even have a chance to push down the 'talk' button on your radio to bring help."

Chicago police argue that good advance planning greatly cuts down the risk to the decoy. Planning also lessens the chance that the attacker will have to be shot.

Within one 12-month period, Officers Dan Scanlan and Arthur McCauslin teamed up to make nearly 500 arrests, with a conviction rate that was nearly 100 percent. Officer Scanlan, however, was repeatedly "rapped" and was hospitalized three times. Yet he claims to prefer decoy duty to being on regular uniformed patrol. "It's more of a challenge," he says, "and provides more satisfaction."

Policemen ordered to don wigs and girls' clothes for a job admit feeling strange the first time they move outside the station house. But Chief Inspector Robert Selfridge of the Philadelphia force suspects there's "enough ham" even in veteran policemen to give them some enjoyment at work in such disguises.

The concept of an elite corps of plainclothesmen takes a variety of forms around the country. All police departments, however, agree their special squads are most effective if their power can be concentrated. The trick is to focus full attention, either on a specific area where a particular type of crime is on the rise, or in a campaign against an underworld gang—or even one suspect.

New York City police have divided their sprawling town into 79 units. Detectives in the Special Operations Division at headquarters watch for the building of a pattern anywhere in the city. A series of burglaries may turn up, for example, in the same kind of businesses. Or holdups may appear to be the work of one gang.

As soon as the pattern develops, the chief of detectives is alerted and a plan of counterattack is drawn up. The method to be used varies, but in every case the tactic is the same: blanketing police attention on the particular area of crime.

"Our goal is to break into the criminal's pattern," says New York's Commissioner Howard Leary. But he adds, "It's a hazardous understaking that almost always ends in violence."

Sometimes a case requires weeks of tedious watching and waiting. Yet it took only 20 minutes last spring, after elaborate preparation, for a team of New York police to capture a prowler who had been terrorizing women on Manhattan's West Side.

Earlier, from statements by a half-dozen victims, Commissioner Leary's deputies had spotted a pattern. In each attack, a woman was alone in her apartment in the early evening. Almost always, the assailant entered through a window. But how would the police find one man in a neighborhood populated by thousands? Pick up every suspicious-looking loiterer?

Even if a victim did identify a suspect as her attacker, the charge would be almost impossible to sustain through a trial.

The ideal solution was to apprehend the man during an actual assault. Chief of Detectives Fred Lussen believed that a trap, properly baited, could do the job.

The police set out carefully to duplicate the conditions the mystery man seemed to favor. An apartment at 315 West 57th Street, in the same general neighborhood where the other attacks had taken place, was selected. The apartment opened on an enclosed patio over a one-story garage. The patio would be the obvious entrance for anyone trying to slip in.

The decoy was to be Margaret Maloney, a 25-year-old policewoman ordinarily assigned to the detective division. She was briefed in detail about what she would have to do—and warned of the risk she would be taking. One evening, a little after 6 p.m., detectives began moving unobtrusively into position.

Two detectives, Ed Lehane and John Coyne, hid on the garage roof, with a full view of the patio. Two others, John Stein and Frank Morris, hid in the apartment.

It was curtain time for the dangerous drama. The young policewoman sauntered casually out onto the apartment's enclosed patio, snapped on the television set, curled up on the couch. The odds against anything happening were astronomical. Then the two detectives outside saw a man ease himself up onto the garage roof. The figure moved over to the wire fence protecting the patio and shinnied over it.

Only a few feet now separated the burly intruder from the girl inside the apartment. It was time for the police to close in—but too soon to make an arrest. Over their walkie-talkie, the rooftop team alerted fellow officers on the street below.

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Policewoman Maloney heard the soft rustle behind her. She didn't move, but pretended to be absorbed in the TV. The team of detectives hiding in the adjoining room also knew someone else was in the flat. They, too, remained in place. The figure now stood just a few feet from the girl.

The police made no attempt yet to grab him. If they had, he could have been charged with nothing more than breaking and entering. The prowler had to be taken in the actual act of attacking the girl to convince a jury.

The intruder had a towel tied around his face as a rough mask. He stepped softly toward the girl, a pair of scissors in his hand. Suddenly she rose from the couch. At the abrupt move, the intruder lunged and grabbed her around the neck.

The two detectives now rushed out of their hiding place and jumped the attacker. But he was a big man and fought back desperately still clutching the girl's throat and waving the scissors.

Although this close-in fighting was no place for gunplay, Stein saw the scissors flashing at Miss Maloney's face. He had to drop the attacker at once, and he fired. The assailant choked hoarsely and fell. But as Stein had feared, his bullet passed through the man's body and hit Detective Morris as well.

The two were rushed to Roosevelt Hospital in serious condition. Both men, however, recovered from their wounds. Morris was returned to regular duty by early summer. The attacker stood trial and was convicted.

New York police have also had impressive success with their "ghost" taxicab fleet. These are 17 ordinary commercial cabs, loaned by local taxi companies. They cruise mainly through the city's high-risk areas, where gunmen most frequently stick up drivers and passengers.

Before the fleet was operating, there had been a serious increase in the number of such robberies. Often the victims were shot in the process. Finally the police decided to put the ghost cabs on the street as decoys, manned with armed police officers dressed as regular drivers and passengers and alert for trouble.

They found it often enough. Late one warm spring night, Detective Adam Nichols was at the wheel of one decoy cab with his partner, Joel Wasser, lounging in the back seat posing as a customer.

They had pulled over to the curb out in the rough Bedford-Stuyvesant district of Brooklyn, and they were playing out the normal situation of a customer paying his fare. Without warning, a young tough stuck a gun through the open cab window and ordered, "Stick up your hands."

Wasser, however, pushed the rear door open. "We're police," he snapped. "Drop your gun!" Clearly baffled the assailant spun his gun from the driver toward Wasser. The detective was in no position to wait and he fired twice. The would-be robber was dead.

Word of the gun-toting cabbies apparently spread. Within the first six months after the ghost fleet hit the streets, cab holdups dropped by about 40 percent.

Police around the country report that businessmen are more than willing to back decoy programs with equipment and locations for undercover operations. Just as New York City companies loan their cabs, St. Louis businessmen loan delivery trucks and repair vans to their department. Such trucks are inconspicuous, permitting policemen to work effectively in areas like warehouses or railroad yards.

At times, however, the St. Louis department finds a decoy has to be the real thing. Such is the case when a woman is needed to walk alone down a dark street at night. "Men don't make very good-looking girls," admits Capt. Edward Bolden.

Not all cities will assign a policewoman to the dangerous job of baiting a molester. Even a male officer dressed in woman's clothes can get hurt. Detective Kenneth Krassner of the Nassau County, New York, police department, is a good example.

Krassner was part of a 36-man task force set up after six rapes were committed within a three-week period. All the men in the detail were volunteers, outfitted in clothes borrowed from wives and girl friends. Wearing wigs and skirts or slacks, the men paired off into 18 teams. They worked primarily in the areas where the attacks had taken place.

Krassner went out as a redhead on his first night, dressed in slacks and a three-quarter-length coat. Under the coat he had a snub-nosed .38, but it wasn't easy to draw fast and the young detective knew it.

He set out down his assigned street, with his partner following in an unmarked car a half block behind. The plan called for the partner to keep Krassner in sight and to move in if he was hit. As often happens on such a hunt, things didn't happen as planned.

Krassner was passing a darkened doorway when he was grabbed from behind by a pair of huge hands. Unable to resist, the detective was dragged into an alley and smashed over the head with a rock. His partner saw him ahead in the gloom one instant, then he was gone. In those few seconds Krassner was fighting for his life. He was on the ground, stunned but aware of one thought: get that gun out.

Reeling from repeated blows on the head, the officer clawed at his coat. His attacker paid no attention to the motion. That was his mistake. Krassner finally managed to get his gun free. He fired twice.

The thug, Willie Clarence Carlisle, recovered from the wounds and was subsequently indicted for first-degree assault. Krassner was hospitalized with a possible skull fracture, concussion and cuts, but in time he returned to duty. Had the attack been made on a woman that night, the ending would have been different.

There has been some spin-off of the decoy-squad idea to private-business situations. Starting last fall, New York policemen were given permission to work as cab drivers on their off-duty time. A decrease in cab holdups has resulted, because would-be robbers realize the driver they try to stick up just might be an armed cop.

In San Francisco last year, the Bank of America began hiring off-duty policemen as part-time tellers. Within the first six weeks of the experiment, a half-dozen attempts to commit holdups or pass bad checks were foiled by the armed tellers. Off-duty police and sheriff's deputies are being similarly employed in a number of banks in Salt Lake City.

For all the success of the decoy tactic, even the most enthusiastic proponent doesn't claim it works every time in every situation. "The masquerade isn't the final answer to apprehending criminals in the act," says San Francisco's Deputy Chief Nelder. "It's just another weapon in our fight against crime."

But American police need every trick allowed to do the job society has given them. If that means a law officer must dress up in a red wig and girl's clothes or pretend to be a drunk out on the town, it's part of the job.

—Norman Sklarewitz

TRUE

"Defective powder, sir. They're bursting in air again."

[*Continued from page* 47]

my back. But this powerful, flowerlike girl could also be tender. Her fingers plucked at nerve ends as at the strings of a harp and slid like cool serpents along the runnels of the body.

"Turn over prease," she said, bowing as deeply as her supple backbone would permit. What exquisite courtesy!

Courteously, I complied.

Now that we were old friends, Akiko's homelike services knew no bounds. Her reading had evidently included familiarity with that ancient Chinese classic, the *Ching P'ing Mei:*

> Would'st fetter thy love with art? Consent
> To make the flute thy favorite instrument
> And play it to his heart's content.

For my part, I was concentrating on the basic rhythms of the multiplication table, always a diverting exercise. Four times one is four, I recited silently, four times two is eight, but I was back in the tub by 96.

After which Akiko toweled me dry, applied tonic to my steaming locks, and proceeded not only to comb my hair but to groom me elsewhere with many a wanton giggle. The 75-minute hour, I presumed was drawing to a close. But I had underestimated Akiko's versatility and her infinite capacity for hospitality, not to mention the inexhaustible rapacity of the female predator for her prey. She pushed me gently down on the table, slipped out of her sharkskin uniform with an exquisite Japanese gesture more stimulating than the orange elixir, and literally pinned me down.

Here at last modesty must draw a veil, for who wants to read about the rape of a defenseless man? When it was over, as they said in Victorian novels, I was bathed once more, and finally dragged, half-waterlogged, from the tub.

As Akiko dried and dressed me, I asked her if she were married.

"No," she said, extending a ringless finger.

"No buss," she continued, looking down at her bosom—the house rules were in effect again, she was back in uniform—"No buss, no boyfriend.

"Someday I get operated," she added.

"Don't," I counseled. "They're nice as they are."

"Sank you belly much," she said.

"It's true," I added, and wondered how much Japanese women had been driven to inflationary surgery by our Western mammary mummery.

"How much do I owe you for all the homelike service?"

To my surprise, Akiko blushed. Sex was nothing to be embarrassed about, but money was another thing. She crossed her hands modestly over her bosom like a Japanese version of "September Morn." She bowed, looked down, shook her head.

"Nussing," she said.

I slipped 2,000 yen—about $6.00—into her hand. I had been told that a thousand would be ample, but after all I had had a manicure *and* a pedicure.

Akiko was so delighted she kissed me on both lapels. She slipped her arm under mine and piloted me down the corridor to the bar, where I had a drink on the house. We stood there like two topers, throwing all restraint to the winds, wantonly sharing a bottle of Bireley's Orange Drink.

After which she bowed me out of the establishment into the snappy winter air of the Ginza.

"You come back? See Akiko again?" she said, as I left.

Who can foresee the future? At the moment I felt strangely attracted by the idea of taking monastic vows.

For better—or for worse, if you prefer it that way—sex is without shame in the largest city of the world. An unattached male, prowling the Ginza or Asakusa at night, will receive all sorts of shameless proposals. There are no less than five major entertainment areas in Tokyo (recent developments in American semantics preclude the use of once wholesome but now ambiguous references to "gay quarters"). The principal pleasure zones are the Ginza, in the center of town, catering to both foreigners and Japanese; Asakusa, about 20 minutes by subway to the north, more plebeian, and more colorful; Shibuya, which is apt to be hopping illegally long after the relatively law-abiding Ginza has calmed down; Shinjuka, long famous for its red-light district and still active in that department, since the closing of the houses only served to stimulate illegal activity on the curb exchange; Roppongi, which is the Tokyo equivalent of Soho or the Village; and Akasaka (not to be confused with Asukasa, to which it bears no resemblance), the center of the most expensive and elegant cabarets catering to businessmen, both Japanese and foreign, operating on expense accounts.

It is hard for a native New Yorker to admit that most of these areas, especially the Ginza and Asukasa, make Times Square look like provincial Main Street in the throes of a brownout. And the night spots of the East 50's seem like so many parish bingo basements compared to the 30,000 clubs and bars of Tokyo.

They range from big brassy cabarets to small, dimly lighted coffeehouses with a few "romantic booths," from which, in the smoky penumbra of the early hours, one sometimes sees only a pair of legs protruding in acrobatic disarray.

Under the sparkling cloak of a Tokyo night every taste is thoughtfully provided for. The ladies at Ladies Town in the Ginza are dressed as brides in white satin gowns and veils of lace, perhaps to suggest the pure joy of a wedding night. The

Aho Club dresses its girls in starched nurses' uniforms and caps. They begin their ministrations by feeling your pulse, which may be quickened by the chaste apparition of Florence Nightingale with almond eyes. I haven't fully analyzed the special charms and provocations of this particular idiot's delight. *Aho,* by the way, is the Japanese word for idiot.

There are also theater-restaurants like the Mikado in the Akasaka district. The floor show here is incredibly lavish. It has the mammary magnificence of the Folies-Bergère, the discipline routine of the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes and the lush vulgarity of Las Vegas. There are a few made-in-Japan touches added for good measure. Costumes range from a single feather to a plethora of plumes, and you are apt to see deeply moving sights, like Madam Butterfly in traditional kimono warbling a few measures of Puccini before sinking through a trapdoor to her death. Do not despair. In a moment she reappears, apotheosized and stark naked on a rising hydraulic elevator from which she pelts the startled diners with paper roses and balloons while male acrobats swing by on trapezes and German water fountains outgush those of Versailles.

What most of Tokyo's night spots have in common is hostesses, well-dressed in kimonos or equally expensive Western evening gowns. Their on-duty companionship varies in price from 500 yen for the evening to 1,000 yen an hour, and their basic function is to get you to buy as many drinks for them and for yourself as you can take at 300 yen and up. At about a dollar a shot, this can lead to an expensive evening. At the Mikado, the drink tabs are collected every 40 minutes and the hostesses' contribution to the take of the house carefully computed, probably on an abacus. I am told that Yoshiaki Konami, who owns this fantastic place, rewards his most productive girls with Volkswagens, Toyopet sedans, and other incentive baubles, and that he fires the girls with slim receipts. Only girls from 18 to 28 are hired as hostesses, and since a good hostess can net $12,000 a year in salary and tips, the temptation to moonlight is not overwhelming. This accounts for a certain hard-to-get attitude on the hostesses' part and adds that will-she-won't-she zest to the eternal pursuit.

Many of the hostesses are physically beautiful, personally charming, and professionally available after working hours, usually at rather high prices in the form of preliminary gifts; a sealed envelope, incidentally, has the magic faculty of "decrassifying" the money inside; white is the color of a true love's fare. Favors are often bestowed only after a long and sometimes tiring chase, or the illusion thereof. For, if the truth be told, even in this professional milieu, the first and the ultimate choice is with the female, not the male. And the basic decision as to whether your relationship with a Tokyo hostess will flower into something beyond her lighting your cigarette and cutting up your steak will be made by her as soon as she has sized you up from the points of view of sex appeal and solvency.

A hostess, unlike a prostitute, bestows her favors if and when she feels like it. In Japan, where sex has nothing to do with sin, hostesses are as respectable as movie actresses in the West. Some of them have flown rather high; one became one of the wives of the president of Indonesia. Another captured no less a personage than the son-in-law of Emperor Hirohito. He was already married to Princess Kazuko, the emperor's third child. This extracurricular alliance ended tragically on January 29, 1966, when the hostess and her highly connected paramour were found gassed in their nightclothes in the woman's apartment. Tokyo police refused to say whether they regarded the deaths as double suicide. Bachelors, in any event, should check the gas jets before retiring to strange bedrooms.

In spite of such a dire example and of my own warnings, I was hooked by a hostess on my very first night in Tokyo. Do as I say, gentle reader, not as I did.

It happened in a Ginza cabaret called the Queen Bee, which bills itself as "the crossroads of the world" and promises "georgeous atmosphere and generous services while you are having a good time with English-speaking hostesses who are laying in waiting for you."

The Queen Bee was already buzzing when I arrived at 7 p.m. (Due to the government-imposed closing hours of 11:30, these places start jumping at 6.) The place was full of Queen B-girls eager for honey, and assorted drones whose function seemed to be to provide it. The girls, some in Paris gowns, some in Japanese dress, were lovely. A number of them were deployed as on a receiving line, at the head of which a darling, amber-colored specimen in a lustrous, flowered kimono of ivory satin greeted me with a beguiling smile whose unmistakable message was that I was the man she had been waiting for all her life. She stood there smiling with the most charming combination of poise and diffidence I have ever seen. It was devastating.

"Well, good evening," I said.

"Good evening, sir," she replied. "If you rike I will join you to a table."

She had soft-brown eyes whose upper lids suggested the contours of cupid's bow, a pretty mouth that did the same, a ski-jump nose, most unusual in Japan, a sinuous and supple neck, and a well-trimmed thatch of glossy black hair, the kind you like to run your fingers through.

Join me to a table? I was already so entranced by her appearance I would probably have assented to a ball and chain.

"Prease to forrow me," she said.

I did so, admiring the silken grace of her walk and her sloping shoulders. The ivory satin collar of the kimono, slightly stiff, stood back, revealing the nape of her neck beneath the black triangle of her shingled hair. There was something almost irresistibly tactile about her.

We sat side by side in a booth, and I admired the double-breasted drape of her kimono, held in graceful folds by the stiff golden brocade of her *obi.*

"My name Sakura," she said. "In Engliss, Miss Cherry Brossom. What is your name?"

"Roger," I replied.

"Rajah," she repeated. "Like Indian prince, yes? How old you?"

"Thirty-three," I replied.

I was so enthralled I would have told her state secrets.

She counted on her fingers.

"Born nineteen sirty-sree?" she asked.

On top of everything else, this ravishing creature was good at math.

"Yes," I said.

"*Tori* year," she said. "Year of cock. Is very good year. *Very* lucky."

This astrological accident must have appealed to her, for she got very close to me and ruffled my hair with her hand.

"Your cock comb sign of civirization," she said, "and you have strong feet like rooster showing miritary courage."

This fascinating information was punctuated by a slight pressure of her sandaled foot on my strong military instep.

"Like every cock you are facefoo," she said.

"Facefoo?"

"Yes. Remain facefoo till dawn."

"And then?"

"Crow and frap wings," she said, pantomiming this action with her pretty neck and her kimono sleeves.

"And then?"

"Fry away. No more cock. Butterfry. Rike all men. Reave poor ritto Sakura arone."

I hadn't had a drop to drink, but was already besotted. This endearing little cherry blossom was expecting me to stay with her till dawn!

"You married?" she asked.

"No."

"For why not? Good-rooking man rike you."

How discerning she was!

"Tell me about yourself," I said. "How old are you?"

"In olen days," she parried, "Japanese giru rook wise as an owru, answer every question. All change now."

"How so?"

"Now since femaru privirege, giru not oblige to answer every questions."

"No fair," I expostulated. "I told you my age."

"Sakura born in year of you," she said.

"What? Same year as me? Impossible!"

Despite the well-known Japanese proclivity for looking younger than they are, this girl couldn't have been more than 25.

"No," she said, "not you. You!"

Oriental ambiguity, I thought. It was cleared up with pencil and paper. She was born in the year of U.

"U is year of rabbit," she explained. "Is why Sakura so very sigh. Just rike rabbit."

So saying, she snuggled up to me just as shy as shy could be.

"Cock must be thirsty," she said. "Would you like something to wash down your throat?"

"Whisky," I said.

She signaled to a waiter. Two glasses appeared in a trice.

"And why aren't *you* married?" I asked, keeping up this highly intellectual banter.

She looked at me through the thick veil of her dark lashes.

"America did bressings on Japanese woman," she said. "But even wiz femaru privirege, Japanese still prace wife under husban."

"That's the classic position," I said boldly, and was rewarded with a giggle and the momentary pressure of her soft cheek on my shoulder.

"Would you rike to order dinner?" she said.

"You order."

"Steak awright?" she said. "When a foreigner try Japanese food its taste unparatabu is appear to your tongue sooner if I do. Isn't it so? What do you sink?"

I could hardly think at all. There was a floor show with lots of noise and legs and feathers, but I am myopic and, vain as a weathercock, would not put on my glasses for fear of spoiling my good rooks. Besides, I was now convinced that no female on earth could compete with my little *lapin,* so we sat there drinking whisky; at least I drank whisky until, the glasses having got mixed up, I had an inadvertent slug of cold tea.

"I don't rike taste of whisky," Sakura explained with a grimace. "Too strong."

"Beside," she added, "a *giru* can have good time all same no drinks."

If it occurred to me to wonder if I was paying whisky prices for her tea, all such crass misgivings were dispelled by the gracious way in which she cut up my steak and put each morsel daintily into my mouth.

The dance band played music that sounded like a mixture of Guy Lombardo with Tijuana Brass, just right for one born in the Year of the Cock, and my little Cherry Blossom danced on her rabbit *tabi* feet as though she had not feet at all. It was like dancing with a cloud. I felt like Arthur Murray.

Back in the booth I was treated to a massage of back and shoulders to demonstrate how Japanese farmers massage the cattle that produces that marvelous marbled beef. I had now consumed about 10 whiskies, including those normally designed for Sakura—I had put a stop to the tea bit—and I was as happy and just about as brainy as a bull in clover, when Sakura asked a sobering scientific question totally overlooked in the ladies' guidebooks:

"Is it true Japanese men rack genitaru distinction?"

I wasn't sure at first what she meant, or even if I had heard right.

"What did you say?"

"Is it true rike peepu say Japanese men have very ritto genitaru organ. Do you know is it so?"

"How would I know?" I said. "I should think you would be more apt to know."

"Me?" she said. "Why?"

"Well . . . you live here," I said. "I'm just a visitor. You must have some Japanese friends," I added.

"No boyfriends," said Sakura. "Onry *giru* friends."

I was rather befuddled by the turn the conversation had taken. Genital distinction—what a phrase!

"Sakura sock you?" she asked.

"I'm not shocked," I said. "Just curious. Don't you go out with Japanese men?"

"Hah," she said. "I scorn at Japanese men. Aways talk so big. Big talk! Big shot!"

She stuck her thumbs under her armpits, stuck out her chest and chin, and gave a most uncomplimentary imitation of the arrogant Japanese male.

"Brag. Brag. Brag," she said. "So how come rost war?

"No," she added, calming down, "Sakura prefer nice, good-rooking American or German. Big-nose foreigner. Big, strong, nice to radies. Rike you," she added endearingly, and she linked her arm in mine and snuggled up on the banquette as close as she could get without actually sitting in my lap.

Precisely at this cozy moment we were interrupted by a blonde head that reared up behind the booth partition like the *deus ex machina* in a Punch and Judy show. It was Miss Diana Wainwright, the Englishwoman who also had been on my flight to Tokyo.

Sakura, giggling behind her palms, now excused herself and glided gracefully off to the bar where I saw her turning on the charm for the benefit of some guy who looked like a Milwaukee beer baron. I was so annoyed that I asked Diana to dance.

To my surprise she was very good, but stiff as a broom and brittle as an uncooked noodle.

"You certainly are a fast worker," she said.

"Nonsense," I replied. "She's just a hostess."

"Oh, how exciting! Please tell me everything she does . . ." she added.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I promised.

"Spoilsport," said Diana gaily. "But what on earth was the girl laughing at?"

"Beats the hell out of me," I said.

I found out later. After Diana and the Bright Lights tour she was on had departed, I sat alone in the booth, in a brown study, as they used to say. In a few minutes Sakura came back.

"You suppose to be cock facefoo to dawn," she said, pointing at me, "but you Mr. Butterfry. Fry from brossom to brossom. Forget Sakura."

"That's not so," I said. "You left me to see a fat man at the bar. Who was he?"

"Who was big tore *giru?*" she replied. "You rike big tore bronde, you no rike smawru Sakura."

She pretended to pout.

I said, "Shall we dance?"

The band had swung into "Begin the Beguine," a piece that has always given me the delusion that I am Fred Astaire. This hallucination was now sharpened by the effects of alcohol, not to mention Miss Cherry Blossom, who seemed to be melting in my arms.

Back in the booth she was all sentiment and philosophy, utterly adorable.

"Peepu who need peepu," she said, "are ruckiest peepu in za world. Do you berieve it?" she asked.

"Fervently."

"Many stray hours have I pondered it," she said. "Sometimes after work I cannot sreep. Too tired. Too much humdrum outside apato window.

"In such much moments," she went on, "Sakura just jump in bassu helter-skelter and start to hum, 'Peepu who need peepu.' Do you feel same need sometime?"

"Yes," I said.

She was sitting very close to me again, and I was feeling a great need of something.

"Would you rike to see my apato?" she whispered.

Her lips brushed my ear and set it tingling.

"I have very nice apato," she said. "If you would rike to join me to it."

"Yes," I panted. "That would be nice."

Like any other normally curious traveler, I am always interested in how the natives of a country live.

"I draw mappu," she said. "How to find apato."

"Put the address," I suggested.

"No address," she said. "House have no number. Street have no name."

I have heard this about Tokyo, but didn't really believe it until now.

"Where you stay?" she said.

"Okura Hotel."

"Ah so."

I watched in fascination as she drew a most artistic map, embellished with Japanese characters. She was very meticulous, and the process took quite a long time. When she had finished, she handed me the map. It looked like one of the scrolls you see in museums.

"Show to taxi driver," she said. "I am on Shibuya side. Take half owah from Hotel Okura to apato."

She explained each ideograph of her map. One of them meant Toyko Depato, she said. In front of the department store I would see a statue of Chuken Hachiko.

"You know who is Chuken Hachiko?" Sakura asked me.

"No."

"A facefoo dog," she said. "His master went to war and never came back. Chuken Hachiko wait in same spot every day till one day he died."

She was visibly affected by this tale, and wiped her eyes with her kimono sleeve.

"Is what Sakura will do if you don't come," she said.

I gave vehement assurances, and she continued her explanation of the map, carefully translating each character.

"Stop right," she said. "Trorry car track. Here is Torii Gate. Now comes Buddhist cemetery. Now here is nunnery.

"Now getting hotter," she went on, "getting very hot."

She indicated a character near the bottom of the page.

"Is gingko tree," she said. "Yerrow reaves fawring down. Here road turns to dirt not yet pave. And here is stone rantern. Turn reft. Now get very hot, boiring. Come to bamboo fence and two pine trees. Behind is apato. Ring gong sree times. Maid ret you in. Sakura will be waiting," she concluded tenderly.

"Look," I said. "Wouldn't it be easier if I just took you home. You can tell the cab. . . ."

I stopped short. Her eyes were wide with alarm.

"Tonight?" she said.

"Of course."

"No," she protested. "Not tonight."

"What?"

I felt like a punctured balloon.

"More better tomorrow," she said. "Tomorrow come. Two o'crock."

A matinee. What a droll idea! But it was too far off.

"Tonight," I insisted, "after work."

"No," she said.

She laid a hand on my thigh in what was meant to be a soothing gesture.

"Dayright more better," she said. "You see garden."

See the garden! The very essence of Japanese art and life. I could hardly wait.

"Very pretty," she added nervously. "Two o'crock is best time."

The band was playing "Good Night Ladies," "Good Night Sweetheart," and other Japanese gems that indicated closing time.

"Tomorrow," Sakura whispered. Her lips brushed my ear again. "Do not get afraid," she said, "I be waiting for you."

And she slipped out of the booth and was gone in a rustle of ivory silk.

A waiter presented the bill: 1,000 yen for the hostess charge, 1,500 for dinner, plus 14 whiskies at 300 yen a shot. I paid the bill, picked up my map, and left The Queen Bee feeling like a frustrated drone.

In the frosty vapor of midnight, the neon signs of the Ginza glowed like phosphorus. The big cabarets had disgorged their patrons. It was the hour of more intimate pleasure: the little restaurant with the darkened back room, the discothèque, hotel rooms rented by the hour, the coffee shop, the small bar where wilting B-girls waited to be revived with colored water. The hydra-headed crowd still prowled the side streets of the Ginza, its gregarious appetite whetted by every jostling contact, its seal-brown eyes fixed on signs promising coffee, beer and girls.

Then I hailed a cab and went back to the Okura, feeling like a perfect square.

In bed I found myself thinking of Sakura. I imagined her jumping "helter-skelter" into her bath with me helter-skelter after her. I finally fell asleep, and had a terrible nightmare: I had lost the map to Sakura's "apato."

The phone rang at daybreak.

"Mr. O'Toole? I say, are you there?"

It was Miss Wainwright, her voice as fresh as the morning dew in a Devonshire meadow.

"God told me to call you," she went on cheerily, "and *Her Majesty* (the monthly magazine Miss Wainwright publishes in England) invites you to a matinee."

God and the Queen at 7 a.m.! Someone should have told them I was sleeping.

"It's the Kabuki," Miss Wainwright said, giving the second syllable a tonic British accent. "It's *The Forty-Seven Ronin*. Oh, I *do* hope you can go. I've two comps from *Her Majesty*."

"Awfully sorry," I said. "I'm already booked for a matinee."

"Oh dash," she said. "Which one? When? Where?"

"It's a sort of folklore piece," I replied. "The Cherry Blossom of Shibuya. It's at 2 o'clock."

"My matinee begins at 10:30," she said.

"This morning?"

"Yes. Oh do come," she urged, "at least for the first part. It only lasts two and a half hours," she added.

"The first part?"

"Yes, and they say it's the best. It has a famous hara-kiri scene."

"All right," I said, "as long as I can leave by 1."

"Right you are," she said briskly. "Meet me at 10:25 in front of the Kabukiza Theatre."

When I arrived she was waiting, tall and blonde, with her periwinkle eyes shining through bright lenses. She wore a coat of pale-green wool. Her tawny hair glistened. She looked like an English daffodil among the irises.

We had excellent seats, left center orchestra, right next to the *hanamichi*, that long ramp that extends from the stage right through the theater to the lobby, giving the Kabuki an intimacy and flexibility beyond the confines of the conventional picture-frame stage.

The drama, *Kanadehon Chusingura (The Forty-seven Faithful Retainers)*, is the most popular in Japan. A kind of national epic, it celebrates the vendetta of 47 samurai against the villain who caused the death of their feudal lord. The play is based on a historic event which took place in 1702. The 47 *ronin* are actually buried at the Sengakuji Temple in Tokyo. On December 14, the anniversary of the vendetta, people flock to the graves and burn incense in honor of the souls of these heroes who became a symbol of popular resentment against the tyranny of the Tokugawa Shogunate, of whose cruelty they were the victims. For in a peculiarly Japanese conclusion, all 47 of the ronin were required to commit suicide after killing their persecutor.

As we waited for the play to begin, Diana read me the outline of the plot. Never have I heard such hot-blooded events recited so coolly. She had a beautiful voice, very British, very R.U. R.U. means raised uvula. It is the levitation of this lobe that gives British speech its fluty upper-class trill. Diana kept her cool throughout all the gory details of the most intricate intrigue I ever heard of, a saga of violated protocol, ritual suicide, traumatic loss of face, unresolvable dilemmas of etiquette, conflicts between feudal honor, and the tyrannical exigencies of the military dictatorship of the *shogun*.

I cannot record the details of this demented plot here; no one would believe them, but I can attest to the visual splendor of the Kabuki Theatre and the operatic dynamics of its *mise en scène*. The acting, recorded in the apoplectic prints of Sharaku, is an astonishing mèlange of stiff formal behavior and the most violent naturalism. It is as though one had mixed Corneille with Gerhardt Hauptmann or combined the ritual of high mass with the exaggerated motion of the silent films. In short, the plot was preposterous, the histrionics hysterical, the action absurd, but as a spectacle it was all sublime.

Diana Wainwright and I sat spellbound as the great actor Baiko, as Lord Enya, goaded beyond endurance by the insults of Morono, drew his sword and nicked his tormentor. Ah, fateful transgression of etiquette, for they are in the shogun's palace, where the baring of a blade is punishable by death and confiscation of property. I will not soon forget the spectacle of Baiko, quivering with rage as his retainers rushed down the hanamichi and engulfed him like the waves of the sea to restrain him from killing the odious Morono.

Alas, the fatal gesture has been made, and in the next act Lord Enya must perform *seppuku*, or hari-kiri, in expiation of his heretical social behavior. Such is the inexorable order of the shogun. Etiquette is more ponderous than a mountain, says an old Japanese proverb, but death is as light as a feather.

With the seppuku scene coming up, the Japanese spectators who had been wandering about, noisily munching on rice cakes, dried plums and other delicacies, resumed their seats and suddenly became very quiet and tense.

"What is the dramatics here," Diana read, "aside from the actual seppuku? Enya just cannot bring himself to plunge the dagger into his abdomen until his chief retainer, Yuranosuke,

arrives. The dagger plunged. Even in agony, Baiko's face as the character Enya reflects consummate beauty. Just as he is about to die, Yuranosuke rushes in. There is the last understanding, almost wordless between them, then Enya expires."

The actual scene far surpassed this purple publicity. As enacted by Baiko it is one of the greatest things I have ever seen on the stage. In the midst of it, the Japanese spectators, in whom the inhibition of overt emotion is alleged to be a national trait, began to weep audibly. They snuffled and sobbed and bawled. Old ladies wiped their eyes on their kimono sleeves. Old men blew their noses. Children wailed and hid their faces in their parents' laps.

Kneeling on a platform in the center of the stage, Baiko, in snow-white silk, looked out pathetically into the weeping audience, his eyes searching the long path of the hanamichi for the absent Yuranosuke. Meanwhile the other retainers, all in black, prostrated themselves, and the representatives of the shogun sat before a golden screen, inexorable figures of retribution. As Baiko-Enya drove the dagger into his bowels, Yuranosuke appeared on the hanamichi, aghast at the proceedings. He staggered to Baiko's side. There was a final colloquy. The sword changed hands, and Yuranosuke swore to avenge his dying master.

The ensuing funeral scene was unforgettable. Incense filled the theater as the retainers, one by one, kowtowed before the black lacquer palanquin hearse of their dead lord. This was followed by the stunning entrance of his widow, the Lady Kaoyo, and her ladies, all played by men in ivory satin robes tinged with palest green. *Pallida mortis.* Off came these outer garments, disclosing pure white silk kimonos underneath, white as their dead white faces, masks of grief punctuated by black hair, the black slits of eyes, mouths, and brows. Thirty-three people stood immobilized by the static ritual of death against a background of blue and silver screens. Then the funeral procession moved solemnly forward down the hanamichi, and one more touch of color was disclosed: the red eyeballs inflamed by weeping.

The black-clad retainers followed the white-clad women in what must be the greatest exit scene in the history of the theater. The hanamichi seemed like an endless road, a highway of death. They kept pausing, looking back at the doomed house of Enya, which, as disinherited samurai, they had been forced to evacuate. The house, with its long, low roof and sentinel pine trees, receded before our eyes, a reminder of the technical resources of the Japanese, who invented the revolving stage two centuries ago.

Leader of the lordless ronin, Yuranosuke now stood alone on the hanamichi. He took one last longing look at the familiar mansion, and swore eternal vengeance on the bloody sword of Enya. As the house slid back still farther, Yuranosuke, played by the actor Uzaemon, was seized by a convulsion of grief. A protracted shudder shook his entire frame. Trembled every muscle, shivered every nerve. As he stood there quaking, the *samisen* matched every tremor of his body. Amidst the throbbing wail of this instrument, he staggered through the sobbing audience, which now burst out in a tempest of applause for the virtuosity of a great performance. The lights went up in the theater. No eye was dry. The saga of the 47 ronin had begun.

As in the Grand Guignol, the pathos of this scene was now relieved by a humorous dance interlude in which the astonishing Baiko, so recently disemboweled, appeared as a woman, Okaru, the sweetheart of one of the ronin, destined to be sold into a Kyoto geisha house in order to advance the vendetta. The audience had now dried its eyes and greeted Baiko's dance with many a bawdy remark from the gallery.

With this dance, Part I of *The Forty-seven Ronin* ended. Part II would go on at 4:30. It was time for lunch and another matinee for me. I bought a box lunch of *sushi* for Miss Wainwright and myself, and we gobbled away at rice, seaweed and other goodies.

"I do wish you could stay for Part II," said Diana. "There's another stabbing scene. Another suicide, too," she added. "And then there's a beheading scene. . . ."

In spite of these inducements, I had to be on my way.

"I'll tell you how things come out," Miss Wainwright promised. "And you must tell me all about your matinee too," she said.

That, I thought to myself, will be a cold Sunday in July.

Back at the Okura, I brushed my teeth and my hair. Then, promptly at 1:30, I presented Sakura's map to a taxi driver in front of the hotel. Bland as Buddha in Nirvana, he perused it for several moments in silence.

Then he said, "Ah so."

This was reassuring.

"Ah so," he repeated, "ah so, ah so, ah so."

He stuck the map to the windshield with two rubber suction cups (clever, these Japanese), leaving a narrow strip of space between the map and the roof so that, by dint of sitting up straight, he could still see to drive. Off we lurched down a narrow street between the American Embassy Residence and a house labeled SHINREK, A PLACE OF MIRACLES SURPASSING LOURDES. If anyone can do it, I'm sure it's the Japanese.

Tokyo was wrapped in a romantic winter mist, perfect weather for a matinee, as we sped along past the pine trees of the Togu Palace Park. The driver was very obliging about pointing out the sights en route, but since each announcement involved his turning completely around to face me as we continued to hurtle forward, I was not exactly relaxed. Tokyo traffic at best has been likened to 10,000 canoes shooting the rapids at the same time, and a great deal can go wrong, for example, in the seconds of inattention required to point out that the Prince Chichibu Memorial Football Field was a gift to the people of Tokyo from the Imperial Family in honor of the late Prince Chichibu.

"Hai hai," I kept saying breathlessly, trying by a supreme effort of will to force that revolving Buddha head to face forward. Thanks to Sakura's map blocking the major part of the windshield, he had only the narrowest strip of visibility.

After about 20 minutes of Tokyo roulette, he pointed out the huge bulk of the Tokyo Depato. I also saw the statue of the faithful dog Chuken Hackiko, and my own doglike instincts were aroused by the knowledge that we were now on the actual terrain of Sakura's map. I began to feel like a kid on a treasure hunt. We came to the stoplight, the trolley tracks, the vermilion Torii gate, wading knee-deep in the fog, and my driver was prowling through alleys and lanes with all the busy confidence of a well-trained bloodhound.

It was now exactly 2 o'clock—"Now getting hotter," Sakura had said, "getting very hot"—and we were in one of those rural pockets of Tokyo, a charming neighborhood of rustic lanes lined by bamboo fences, behind which gray-tiled roofs and dark juniper trees floated in the mist. In such a lane my driver deposited me, accepted 30 yen (84 cents for a half hour's taxi ride!), handed me Sakura's map, and drove off through the fog, leaving me alone on the threshold of adventure, before a house without a number on a street without a name. All the visceral sensations of boyhood transgressions were smoldering in my bowels as I opened the strange gate and approached the unknown house, holding my breath like a pearl diver in the aqueous mist that wrapped the place in a shawl of silence, muffled, as still as Sleeping Beauty's castle. A gray-stone walk, braided with green moss, led through a tiny garden, just large enough to accommodate its two dwarf pine trees, to a house of well-weathered dark-brown wood, whose lines, long and low, recalled the lost residence of Enya on the Kabuki stage. On the deep-eaved veranda was a gong, bluish green with verdigris, mottled with the accretions of age. I picked up the phallus-shaped baton that lay beneath it, and struck the gong once, twice, thrice in accordance with Sakura's instructions. The deep bronze vibrations lingered almost palpably in the semitransparency of the air, reverberating briefly until the gray damp silence muffled them. It was one of the most romantic moments of my travels. But nobody opened the door.

I banged on the gong again, boing boing boing. This time, as the echoes died, I heard the shuffle of padded feet inside the house. The door slid open, disclosing an emaciated female whose shaven head looked like a tennis ball. She wore a somber brown kimono and bowed as low as the human backbone would permit.

"Sakura-san?" I said hopefully, presuming that this was Sakura's maid.

"I-i-ye," she replied.

"Do you speak English?" I asked.

"I-i-ye."

With each negative response, the tennis ball head wagged

vigorously from side to side, then came forward and almost bounced on the floor as the woman bowed.

I showed her Sakura's map. She looked at it with lackluster eyes as uncomprehending as two raisins, and the awful truth swept over me: this fuzz-headed female was a nun, and this house was the Buddhist nunnery on Sakura's map. A nun! The perfect guide for an amorous rendezvous.

She studied the map with an air of utter bewilderment. Sakura's elegant characters kindled no spark in those dried currant eyes. The tennis ball swiveled from side to side. She handed me the map and bowed to the floor.

"Go-ki gen-you," she muttered ("Fare thee well"), and slid the door closed like an elevator girl bound for the higher reaches.

My task was now childishly simple. In a fog-wrapped corner of Tokyo, without a living soul in sight, I had only to find a ginkgo tree, my only clue to whose identity being that its leaves were "fawring down," a deciduous situation that presumably applied to every ginkgo tree in Japan. After that I must look for a crooked telephone pole. There were several of them, I noticed, looming up through the fog, and not a single one was straight. Then I must find a stone lantern, hardly a rare item in this well-stocked country, and just a few hundred yards from that, there would be another bamboo fence and two pine trees. At which point I would presumably be getting very hot, "boiring," Sakura had said. But the fog was laden with the chill of winter, and I was getting colder with each passing moment.

In a country notorious for its population density per square inch, I seemed to have discovered a little corner of *ultima Thule*. The largest city on earth was suddenly empty. I wandered around in the mist for about half an hour, alone and looking for a ginkgo tree, and with only the foggiest notion of what a ginkgo tree should look like. The district was completely residential. There was no sign of a store, a bar, a café, just the silent houses, each one hidden in its two-pine-tree garden behind a bamboo fence. I began to get delirious, imagining that I could see the silhouette of Sakura, a beckoning shadow behind the *shoji* doors. But by 3:30 all amorous anticipation had faded, replaced by the desperate hope of survival.

Was it my destiny to expire in a silent suburb of Tokyo? Somewhere there must be human life, human warmth, human laughter. An uncanny silence mocked this hope, and I was on the verge of lying down and wrapping myself in that blanket of fog when familiar sounds of mechanized civilization assailed my grateful ears: the grinding of gears, the racing and revving up of motors, the screeching of brakes. In my wanderings through those narrow lanes I had come to a crossroads. Through the fog I saw the silhouettes of three taxi cabs. They had converged from three directions and had slammed on their brakes just in time to avoid a triple collision. As shadowy figures emerged from the three cars, I heard the heartwarming sound of my native language.

"Where the hell are we?"

"Beats the hell out of me."

"Christ, what a godforsaken place!"

"Where's the map card?"

"Francine said her house was less than three miles from Club Bohemian. We've gone at least six."

"Ten would be more like it."

"She said if we got lost to call from the police station. She lives one and a half kilometers west of there."

"Kilometers. Whatsamatter, can't she count in miles?"

"She said she'd tack up arrows on the phone poles. I haven't seen a single goddam arrow."

By this time I had caught up with my lost compatriots.

"Are you going to Francine Merriwether's cocktail party?" I was asked.

"No, I'm just looking for a ginkgo tree," I said.

"Oh, a nature nut, eh?" said one of the men.

"Look, Harold," one of the women screamed. "An arrow!"

"Where?"

"Over there on that telephone pole."

They all rushed over. A cheer went up.

"Hurrah. We're on the trail."

"Good old Francine!"

"In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia," one of them sang.

They all ran to their respective cab drivers, dragged them out of the cars, triumphantly showed them the arrow.

"Ah so. Ah so!" the driver said. I noticed they were all equipped with cards on which Francine, presumably, had mapped the trail to her house.

"Now we go slow," one of the men said to the driver who was pointed in the same direction as the arrow. "Slow, slow, slow. You follow arrow."

They all piled back into the cabs. In desperation I ran up and yanked open the front door of the nearest car.

"You wanna join the party?" said the man in the back seat.

"Sure, come on," said his female companion. "Francine can always use an extra man."

"You can say that again," said the man. "Hot pants Francine."

"Howard!" his wife remonstrated.

I waved Sakura's map at the impassive driver.

"Afterwards take me here," I said.

"Okay," he said.

"I told you he understood English," said the woman. "That just goes to prove my point. Never trust the yellow man."

We lurched forward. The lead car had moved off through the fog. After a right turn that almost capsized us, we followed. The third cab brought up the rear.

"Where you from?" said the woman behind me.

"New York."

"Then you must know Francine Merriweather," she said.

"Sorry, I don't."

"Everybody knows Francine," she insisted.

"What does she do?" I asked as the cab slammed to a stop, then plunged forward again. Hot on the trail, we had passed another arrow.

"Works for the State Department," the woman said. "Cultural affairs."

"Commercial," her husband corrected.

"Cultural affairs," the woman said.

"Commercial!"

"Cultural!!"

"She can sure throw a party," the woman said. "Why'nt you come?"

"I wasn't invited."

"Make any difference," she said. "PX whisky and taxpayers' money. She's got it made."

"You can say that again," said her husband resentfully. I had the impression he was going to drink himself blind to get a tax refund.

"It's real crazy," he said, "us spending money on cultural affairs"—his wife had won the argument!—when these Japs got more culture than we'll ever have."

"So why don't you write to Congressman Rooney?" said his wife. "Hey, this must be it."

We had stopped. The lane was choked with cars, most of them racing their motors and honking. The smog smelled of exhaust and burning rubber. There was a big house. A sign in the yard said, MERRIWEATHER: END OF THE TRAIL.

My rescuers got out. The man paid the driver.

"Sorry you won't join us," said the woman. "Francine would like you."

"Like I said," said the man. "Anything with pants on."

"Howard, please!" said his wife.

"Thanks for your help," I said. "I'll keep the cab."

I looked at my watch: 4:00. I unrolled Sakura's map. The driver studied it intently for a few moments.

"Ah so," he said.

"Must be very near here," I ventured hopefully.

Without replying he made a U-turn, extricating himself from the Merriwether traffic with impressive skill. I sat back in confident relaxation. Despite the fog, he obviously knew the area perfectly. Without any further consultation of the map, he took off and sped forward, never hesitating, never slackening his pace. A right turn here, a left turn there; we were ripping along hell bent for leather, and in less than half an hour we drove up smartly in front of the Okura Hotel.

"So," he said, perusing the map. "Now I take you Shibuya side."

With this announcement, he threw the car into gear and started roaring down the ramp.

"Stoppu," I yelled.

He jammed on the brake, and looked at me in surprise.

"You no want Shibuya side?" he said. "No more forrow mappu?"

"Please let me out," I said weakly.

As I paid this literal-minded Kit Carson, he regarded me with a mystified air. I could see that my inconsistent behavior had baffled him completely. After all, he was merely following Sakura's map, but from the beginning.

As I staggered toward the hotel entrance, a chauffeur-driven *rimujin* purred up, replete with the little white tidies and tie-back, tasseled curtains that give these deluxe Japanese cars the incongruous look of a Dutch colonial kitchen on wheels. There was nothing Dutch colonial looking about the occupant of the limousine, however. Out stepped a stunning Japanese girl swathed in several thousand dollars worth of mutation mink, bred to the same platinum and amber shade as her flawless skin.

"Rajah!" she said.

I did a double take. It was Sakura. I hadn't recognized her in Western dress, and she was at least two inches taller in high heels. She had legs like an American girl's, long and sleek, and she walked like a princess.

"Long time Sakura wait," she said, linking her arm in mine. "You got rost? I stop by oteru to inquire."

She paused for a moment to give Japanese orders to the chauffeur. After which she propelled me into and through the Okura lobby to the elevators. There was no hesitation, no Japanese diffidence at this point; it was perfectly clear that she was taking me to my room.

I looked nervously at the bellhops, hopping around in their powder-blue uniforms and pillbox hats, and I was grateful in my early American way that the elevator was empty; no operator, no other passengers, just me and this azure-lidded, mink-draped, amber-skinned, amber-pelted girl, alone, together, in a box on a string. She had a kind of relaxed but resolute frankness about her, as though all this was foreordained, inevitable, a part of nature's plan.

She embraced me in the elevator. Her lips touched my jaw, her lashes brushed my cheek.

"Is butterfry kiss," she whispered. "Sakura got very ronery waiting for Rajah."

She was wearing some kind of Paris perfume; her dark hair was like a cloud of musk, heavy but elusive, the heady aphrodisiac scent of black narcissus, invading the nostrils, making the senses reel, and, by some inscrutable alchemy, kindling lambent tongues of flame in the inmost reaches of the body. By the time we reached the ninth floor I was hopelessly infatuated.

Sakura explored every corner of my room with the excitement of a child. When I hung her mink coat in the closet, she noticed that a light went on automatically every time the sliding door was opened. She spent several minutes opening and closing it. The bathroom was also a source of great delight.

"Very modan," she opined. "And bassu big enough for two."

In spite of her excitement over every detail, I have never seen a girl so completely at home in a strange hotel room. She admired the view, drew the curtains, ran a bath, took off her dress (a beautiful short evening gown of blue-beaded velveteen), hung it in the closet, turned down the bed, smoothed the sheets, puffed the pillows. In short she was the perfect *menagère*.

"Bassu ready," she announced, and began to undress me. This would seem to be a Japanese specialty; it is stimulating, to put it mildly. So are the amenities of communal bathing *à deux*. I do not know whether the architects of the Okura Hotel had this in mind when they designed the bathtubs, but they are extravagantly ample.

Having suggested with many a coy glance that I had that distinction which Japanese men are alleged to lack, Sakura left me to dry myself. When I had done so she was in bed.

"Hai," she said, throwing back the covers.

In Japanese this friendly greeting means, "I am ready."

As for me, I was never readier. I dropped my towel, and the phone rang.

A moment of pure surrealism. Few things are more incongruous than primeval nudity and neoteric telephones.

But there it was. It rang again. I sat down on the edge of the bed and picked up the receiver with a hand less steady than the phone. I felt guilty, defensive, belligerent, the more so when a very polite and sibilant voice hissed,

"Meester O'Toole if you please. Thees is manager's office calling."

The manager! I was furious. How dare they accuse me of having a woman in my room?

I looked at Sakura. She was the picture of imperturbability. Her sole reaction to this outrageous interruption was to run her finger down my spine, giggling at every vertebra.

"Shhh!" I said nervously.

"Are you beezy?" said the voice.

"Damn right."

"So sorry. Excuse preeze. Mr. Shigematsu, our pubric rerations dye-rector will now speak you preeze."

Why him? I thought. I certainly wasn't having any relations in public.

"Mr. O'Toole? Shigematsu here."

Very brisk and businesslike. I waited for the blow. A detective had doubtless been dispatched already to my room.

"Can you be my guest for dinner tonight?" said Mr. Shigematsu.

"I'd be delighted," I said.

In fact I was quite overwhelmed.

"Seven o'clock," he said. "Come to my office. We will have cocktails and dinner in our Continental Room. There you will have all Tokyo at your feet. Our chef is from Hotel George V in Paris."

"Thank you," I said. "See you at 7."

I hung up. I climbed in. The phone rang again.

"Mr. O'Toole? Are you there?"

It was that indefatigable girl reporter, Miss Diana Wainwright.

"Yes, I'm here," I averred.

"Oh you missed it," she said. "The stabbing scene. It was positively ripping.

"How was *your* matinee?" she asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact it's still going on. Or was. . . ."

"Really? Whatever do you mean?"

"Look, Diana, I'll explain later. I can't talk now."

"Very well," she said. "Cherrio," and she rang off.

"Di-ana," shrieked Sakura haughtily.

She turned her back on me and pretended to sulk. I cajoled her. Her skin was like warm satin. She rolled over and faced me with the innocent, smiling eyes of a fawn. She held out her arms.

"Hai," she said again.

There was a knock on the door.

I froze for an instant, then staggered up and went toward the door. To my horror I heard a key in the lock, and the door opened. There stood the maid. When she saw me standing there stark naked, she buried her face in her hands, and, peeking between the fingers, made a loud hissing sound.

"I turn down bed?" she said.

"Thank you. That's already done."

I ushered her out fast, and hung the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the outside knob. After which, nature, at last, was permitted to follow its course. Sakura was an expert at the subtle, paradoxical Japanese formulas of active passivity, aggressive submissiveness, and we made love as though we were discovering all its possibilities step by step. How avid she was, and how gracious!

The only awkward factor was financial. Sakura was fully clothed and ready to go to work, and I was fumbling around in my dressing gown, pondering the oldest and crassest of commercial questions. How much? I took a white envelope from the desk drawer, and thought of the weekly Sunday school envelopes of my childhood and the pious adjuration of the pastor: from each according to his ability. But almost anything seemed inadequate for this rare cherry blossom who had given according to her ability with so much frankness and grace. Then there was her obvious standard of living to consider: the Paris perfume, the mink wrap, the chauffeured limousine.

She put her hand on my arm.

"Don't spoire it," she said tenderly. "Come to Queen Bee Cabaret tonight ereven-sirty," she said. "You can bring present Sakura rike very much."

"What can I bring you?" I asked eagerly.

Her answer was immediate and specific:

"One Handy Dandy Rady Bountifooru Automatic Home Hair Dryer," she said.

"With stretchaboru extension hose," she added, "for dry finger nayru and removeru cap for dry nyrons."

"Let me write that down," I said.

She ran her finger nayrus along the nape of my neck as I did so.

"I hope you have PX privirege," she said. "Onrey $39.95 at PX with own prastic carrying case. . . . Ventirated," she added. "Orso stainproof from hair dye."

It was my turn to run fingers through her raven curls.

"You don't dye your hair," I said.

"No," she answered, "but when Sakura grow old, maybe dye. Handy Dandy Rady Bountifooru covered awready wiz stain, no stain more.

"Now Sakura muss go work," she said. "You bring present to Queen Bee. After we go my apato in rimujin."

This was where I came in. The matinee was over. But she pressed against me—how that girl loved contact!—and gave me one of her long-lashed butterfry kisses. It was almost enough to get me back into bed.

I helped her into that gorgeous mink wrap. Who gave her that? I wondered. It wasn't a $39.95 item, that was clear.

"See you rater, arrigater," she said gaily, and left in a lingering cloud of perfume.

As soon as she had gone I telephoned Pan American World Airways.

"Nils Yamato, please."

"Look, Nils," I said when he came on, "this is urgent. I need something from the PX."

"What?"

"A Handy Dandy Lady Bountiful Fully Automatic Home Hair Dryer with stretchable extension hose for drying the fingernails, and removable cap for drying nylons."

"Why don't you just go to the beauty parlor?" said Nils Yamato."

"It's for a woman," I said.

"That's a relief," said Nils.

"It's $39.95 at the PX," I said. "It has its own ventilated plastic stainproof carrying case."

"Are you selling it or buying it?" said Nils.

"I want to buy one."

"When?"

"Today," I pleaded. "I need it by 11:30 tonight."

"Would you mind repeating the name of the product?" Nils said.

"Handy Dandy Lady Bountiful Fully Automatic Home Hair Dryer."

"Well, I know a Japanese girl works there," said Nils. "Will see what can be done."

"Nils, if you can get this for me by tonight, I'll. . . ."

"Don't make any rash promises," he said. "You be in your room?"

"Till 7. Then I have a dinner date in the Continental Room here at the Okura. After that I have a date at the Queen Bee. 11:30."

"So that's it," said Nils. "You gonna giver a shampoo?"

"I hadn't thought of that," I said.

"Use your imagination, boy. You're in Tokyo. Why you could make a big thing of this. Roger of the Ritz. Hair done in your own home. You can count me in on the profits. I'll try to get it for you," he added, and rang off.

I took another bath, practically floating in the tub. It was almost too big for a single person. Give her a shampoo? Why not?

While I was having dinner that night with public-relations man Shigematsu in the Continental Room, Nils Yamato appeared, bearing what looked like a large valise. It was obviously my present for Sakura. Happily clutching my Lady Bountiful Hair Dryer, I took off for the Queen Bee.

Sakura, for all her mink coat and rimujin elegance, was refreshingly unspoiled. She literally squealed with joy when she saw me carrying the stainproof, self-ventilating case of the fully automatic hair dryer. When the chauffeur offered to put it in the trunk, she insisted on having it next to her on the back seat of the car. She kept patting it with her left hand as though it were a pet. I was getting similiar treatment with the right hand. I had saved Sakura's map and had intended to follow our course to her apato to see where my driver of the afternoon had gone astray, but the lace curtains of the rimujin were drawn against the technicolor jungle of the night, and this cozy rolling boudoir was not especially conducive to map reading.

By the time we got to her apartment I was in a highly stimulated state, which was not exactly tranquilized when my hostess changed to a simple cotton kimono ("more freedomry," she said) and then proceeded to undress me and help me into a similar garment. Undressed and dressed by Sakura with the tender attention a child might show to a favorite doll, I was more than ready for bed. But there was a smiling, bowing, kimono-clad maid in attendance, even at this late hour—it was after midnight—and Sakura was eager to show me the apato.

Occupying the ground floor of one wing of a new building, it was a luxurious amalgam of East and West, combining the traditional Japanese interplay of woods and planes with such occidental contributions as picture windows and "centuro heating." The "riving room," furnished with good pieces of Scandinavian "modan" or a Japanese imitation thereof, overlooked a private garden, replete with moss, a small fishpond, a stone bridge, dwarf pines, and a clump of bamboo. All this was proudly illuminated by the lovely Sakura at the touch of a switch.

There were two bedrooms, "Westahn styroo and Japanese styroo," both of which gave me the same idea, especially with mine hostess trailing around in that loosely flowing kimono. Her feet encased in white *tabi*, she seemed to be skating over the lacquer floors. She really was an adorable creature. I could hardly contain myself.

But the maid was preparing green tea and kept up a running conversation with Sakura, in which the word *imori* kept recurring, and it must have been very funny, for both mistress and maid were shrieking with laughter as it progressed.

"Emiko wants to know," Sakura said, "if she should look for imori in the garden."

This set them off into fresh fits of mirth.

"What's imori?" I wanted to know.

"Saramandah," Sakuri said, and they both whooped.

"A salamander. What's so hysterical about that?"

"We were wondering," Sakura said, "if you would taste it in your tea."

The two girls were almost rolling on the floor at this point.

"Put one in and see," I challenged.

"This suggestion convulsed them both. Between gasps and giggles they rippled on in Japanese.

"Emiko says it won't do any good unless imori is burn. Onrey ashes work," Sakura said.

Ash of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog.

They were talking about an aphrodisiac, these wanton females!

I needed not the ashes of a newt. I was already making a conscious effort, big-nose barbarian that I am, to accommodate primitive impulse to a polite Japanese rhythm. First Sakura had to show her Lady Bountiful Hair Dryer to Emiko. The two of them examined it with all the excitement of children on Christmas morning. They tried the casque on their heads, fondled the stretchable extension hose, and babbled on in Japanese with many a squeak of pleasure before the dryer was finally put back in its case and stashed away. Then Sakura wanted me to inspect the kitchen; a model of mechanized convenience, it looked like an ad in *Sunset Magazine's* department of better western living. Sakura was especially proud of the dishwasher, which, she explained, had an automaric douberoo detergent dispenser and a feature which she called "rince grow to make grassware grow and sparkoo rike diamonds." I looked upon this machine with awe, and would hardly have been surprised if it had gone and spewed forth all the jewels of Ali Baba's cave.

Emiko, who addressed Sakura with loving respect, said something to her in Japanese—I detected that old Nipponese word, bassu—and was then dismissed. Now we were alone. Bedtime at last.

But no. First we must have "bassu to rerax," Sakura said. Such ablutions spur and sanctify the pleasures of the bed. When I awoke in the Western bedroom with this tender and compliant blossom furled against my thorax, I had a new romantic insight into why 60,000 GI's had married Japanese girls. As for Sakura, I'm afraid she was the wanton type, for in the midst of braiding the hair on my chest (she was very clever with her

fingers), she asked me if I would like to try "Japanese styro bed." Feeling that every traveler to Japan should have this experience, I allowed myself to be ushered, by the dawn's early light, into an almost bare room where I inserted myself like a half-mailed letter into the silken folds of a *futon* on the tatami-covered floor. Sakura promptly lay down with her head at my feet. I was anticipating some Oriental version on a basic theme, but Sakura told me to reorient myself; I was lying with my head to the north, the way dead bodies are laid out in Japan. This, she explained, was very "bad ruck," so I promptly turned around and headed south.

North or south, east or west, futons were not designed for anybody six feet tall. If I pulled the quilt up to my neck, I uncovered my legs from the knees down. If I covered my feet, my shivering torso lay exposed from the navel up. Much amused by my predicament, Sakura solved it by producing a second futon. But even with this double luxury and the sweet-smelling charm of the grass mats, a floor is still a floor, and I must affirm that I prefer the decadent give-and-take of occidental springs to the spartan immobility of a Japanese "bed." As I lay there on the hard floor, wrapped in silk and Sakura, I learned to my astonishment that Sakura ascribed all her prosperity and good luck to "my rerigion." Later, over delicious coffee and perfectly poached eggs on toast, I learned about Sakura's religion and what it meant in her life. She was a member of Soka Gakkai, the Value Creation Society. It was the only true faith, she said (that had a familiar ring!), and its aim was to achieve eternal peace through spreading the gospel of *chikyu minzoku shugi*.

And what did that mean?

"One nation on earth," she replied, and I pricked up my ears at this persistent echo of an ancient dream of unity.

Before Soka Gakkai and its creation of new values, Sakura went on, the daily life of Japan was governed by fear of *kami*, the unseen.

"Anything we couldn't change we bramed on kami," she said, "bad marriage, war, poverty, defeat—brame on unseen force."

Soka Gakkai had changed all that. It worked with visible, material things. It made things better in this life. All the money Sakura made as a hostess at the Queen Bee went to Soka Gakkai, she said.

I was very impressed by the general healthy-mindedness of Sakura's outlook on life, and I wanted to hear more about Soka Gakkai.

Its founder was a 13th-century Buddhist monk, she told me, who protested against the ascetic, life-denying side of Buddhism. The monk's name was Nichiren. He was disgusted with all the "thou shalt nots" of the various Buddhist sects, and he felt that Buddhism had become so intellectualized that the common people could no longer understand it.

Sakura said that conventional Buddhism restrained man's natural desires for sex, food, wealth, and fame, but that Soka Gakkai promised to fulfill them.

I must say she was doing her bit!

"Some monks," she said, "go stand under waterfall in ice-cold weather chanting *sutras*. We scorn at them."

"More better the Gohonzon prayer," she said. "It says 'I am supreme power.' Just one short prayer morning and night brings materiyou benefit and happiness."

Material benefit. I looked about me at the visible evidence: the sumptuous apartment, the private garden, the faithful maid, and I savored the steaming coffee and eggs. Then there was the mink coat, the rimujin, the chauffeur.

"Do you owe all your material benefits to Soka Gakkai?" I asked.

"Absorutery," she replied with fervent conviction. "My ruck change the minute I converted.

"Four years ago," she went on, "I was housemaid rike Emiko. Friend convert me. She roan me dressu and recruit me for hostess in Queen Bee. 'In new Japan,' she said, 'wasetime to be afraid. Face rife,' she said, 'make most of here and now. No more be poor in spirit. You are a princess. Say it every morning and night with Gohonzon prayer, "I am supreme power. I am a princess." '

"I did," said Sakura smiling.

"And you are," I said.

"And you are a prince," she said.

Her eyes were shining.

"Oh Rajah," she pleaded, "join us and rearize true happiness, the rear varyous of rife."

The real values of life. I was almost carried away.

"Never forget to worship as you never forget to breeze," she said. "Morning and night."

"But Sakura," I said, injecting a crass note into this ecstatic morning sermon, "who is the prince, the real prince?"

She looked puzzled.

"The one who pays the rent," I said, with a gesture that encompassed all the material panoply of her life.

"Mine heart," she said.

"Your *heart?*"

"*Mine* heart."

It turned out to be Meinhard, and he was indeed a prince—of German industry. Sakura had met him on the very first night she worked at the Queen Bee in her borrowed dress, and she apparently never doubted that he was the immediate and direct reward of her conversion to Soka Gakkai.

She produced his photograph, expensively framed in tooled pigskin. It was inscribed, *"An meine kleine Kirschblüte"* (To my little Cherry Blossom) from Meinhard.

I studied this picture of my unseen host. He was a good-looking executive type in his 40's with that strange expression of computerized sentimentality that seems to stamp so many businessmen, regardless of nation. He was one of the biggest clothing manufacturers of West Germany, Sakura told me, and provided her with all her Western-style coats and dresses. He had textile mills and workrooms in Japan, and spent four months a year in Tokyo.

"Very nice man," Sakura said, looking affectionately at the photo. "Awrso big shot in Soka Gakkai. Prayer very good for business."

I wondered if this prosperous revival of the Berlin-Tokyo axis was the first step in one nation on earth.

"Meinhard doesn't mind," I said, "if you have other . . . friends?"

"No," she replied, "Meinhard is very modan. He rikes Yankees. Rike I," she added with a peal of laughter.

"He likes Americans?" I said, glad to know we still had some friends in the world.

"Yes," she answered. "Meinhard very gratefoo for your country finance his business in Germany and Japan."

Vae victis! If you want Uncle Sam to help, you have only to attack him.

"When is Meinhard coming back?'" I asked.

"In three months," she said. "He comes when cherry brossoms broom.

"You could stay here until then if you rike."

After which invitation, speak to me not about southern hospitality.

"Not to worry," Sakura added. "Meinhard teregraph arrivo date. Verry considerate man."

She could say that again.

"I would like to stay," I said, "but my boss at home has other ideas. Before going," I added, "I would like to make a contribution to Soka Gakkai."

Never had I been so conscious of the convenience of religion. It would even be tax deductible. But Sakura would not hear of such extravagance. I had, she reminded me, already contributed the Handy Dandy Lady Bountiful Hair Dryer.

"But that was a personal gift for you," I protested.

"Oh no," she said. "My hair is done at hairdresser. Handy dandy dryer is for Emiko. Wash and dry her friends' hair and give money to Soka Gakkai."

Emiko, gliding discreetly about the apartment, confirmed this arrangement with a grateful smile. With her looks and grace and the power of positive thinking of Soka Gakkai, there was no doubt in my mind that Emiko would soon be creating some values of her own.

I was really sorry to say good-by to beguiling Sakura. She told me, in her picturesque way, that I had given her an "injection of happiness," and she made a final plea for enlistment in Soka Gakkai.

"It is the rerigion of righteousness," she said, "and friendry intercourse."

Friendly intercourse. That, as the French say, is *le mot juste*.

—Roger Saint Martin O'Toole

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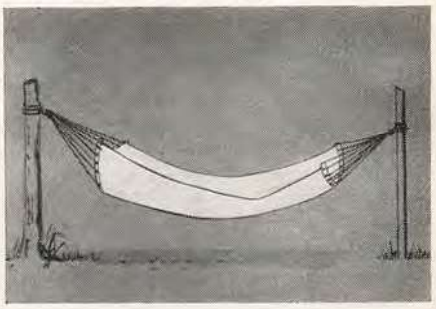

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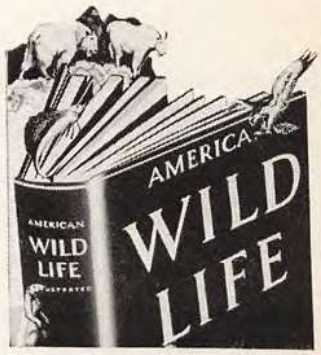

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BY JOHN DuBARRY

strange but true

Three cruisers of the British Navy—*Aboukir, Hogue* and *Cressy*—steamed line-abreast through the North Sea on September 22, 1914, early in World War I. On board *Aboukir,* Ship's Carpenter McWhirter and 700 shipmates were jolted at 6:30 a.m. by a torpedo from the German submarine U-9. McWhirter walked down the side of the rapidly heeling ship into the water, where he was picked up by one of the boats from *Hogue,* which stopped to take on survivors. Hardly had he reached her deck, when she lifted and heeled from the smash of two more U-9 torpedoes. Again McWhirter went into the water, this time to be rescued by a boat from the third cruiser *Cressy,* which had also stopped. *Cressy* had only minutes to live when McWhirter boarded her; two torpedoes struck her, and she sank at 7:32 a.m. The U-9 had performed the astonishing feat of bagging three cruisers in quick succession. Once again McWhirter went into the water, this time to be picked up, in bad shape, by a fishing trawler which had reached the scene. Almost 1,300 men were lost in the triple disaster. McWhirter lived to attain the distinction of being the only man in history to survive three torpedoings on three different ships in an hour. The distinction is certain to remain his forever, for Britain decreed that thereafter no naval vessel would stop to rescue survivors during a battle—a rule still in effect in all the world's navies today.

The "topless" fad brought out two important points about women . . . which, in ancient times, they sometimes gilded and nowadays decorate with glittering pasties. Incredibly a similar idea of personal adornment was once practiced in America by men. When a Spanish explorer in 1525 came to the coast of what is today Texas, he found tall, well-built, naked Indians grotesquely bedecked. On the manly bosoms of these pre-Texans, one or both nipples had been pierced from side to side, and through the holes were thrust inch-thick pieces of cane more than a foot long.

Centipedes and millipedes don't measure up to their names. On the average, centipedes—"hundred-leggers"—possess a mere 40 legs, and "thousand-legger" millipedes a trifling hundred or two. Though far below quota, each type manages to get along fine. Modern motion photography reveals that millipedes' little mincing steps develop bulldozer strength for earth-burrowing when whole platoons of legs push together. Centipedes, on the other hand, are high-steppers; when running in hot pursuit of insect prey, they carry themselves on just two or three legs of the 20 on each side. Their paradoxical speed principle is: the fewer feet hitting the ground at one time, the faster they travel.

Crocodiles swallow stones to correct an error that nature made in designing the big lizards. They're unstable in the water without artificial ballast. Every one of some 100 African crocodiles recently dissected by a scientist had rocks in the belly—a phenomenon never adequately explained until the scientist completed careful measurements and weighings. The stone loads range from one or two pounds in juveniles to seven pounds in 15-foot-long oldsters. These weights, lying low in the forward-placed stomach, nicely counterbalance tail heaviness and rolling—two defects seen in infant crocs, which have to hang in the water at a slant and make limb movements to keep from turning over. Properly stoned, the maturing croc can glide level and steady at the surface with only nostrils, eyes and a few back scales showing. A ballasted crocodile is perhaps the only creature, except man, that artificially alters its design to fit its environment.

The solitary drinker has no place in north Burma society, such as it is. In that Asiatic backcountry of poor hill dwellers, liquor is not only hard to come by, but when available it's used for a uniquely public function. This is the yearly village drinking festival. The drink is rice wine, fermented from what surplus can be spared from the rice harvest. One enormous wide-mouthed pot, set in the center of the village, holds the common supply. The entire adult population assembles to drink from it through straws and reeds. Then they dance, staggering back to the pot from time to time to draw up more wine. This goes on—described by a European guest at one festival as the biggest drunk he had ever attended—until, hours later, the pot is empty and the last dancer lurches home. The yearly bash of the north Burmese probably qualifies as the most sociable of all social drinking.

Not all Indians of America scalped people; some, instead, scalped birds. California tribes used bows and arrows, and later, guns, to bring down the big pileated or crested woodpecker of western woods. From its head they cut a circular patch of skin bearing the bird's bright-red feather crest. These bird scalps, kept in fur purses, served as money, and in the Indians' economy were worth about $1 each.

JULY '68—TRUE

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What a sensational gift offer! You get 12 records now for only $3.98 *and* this 6-transistor radio as an extra free gift around Christmas! And what a handsome radio it is — rich black color, shining chrome front — complete with earphone, battery and carrying case. So small it fits in the palm of your hand — yet its dynamic speaker enables you to hear your favorite programs with amazing clarity! Remember, as a member in good standing, you will receive it as *our* Christmas gift to *you!*

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana

Please enroll me as a member of the Club. I've indicated at the right the twelve stereo records I wish to receive for only $3.98, plus postage and handling. I agree to purchase a record a month during the coming ten months...and I may cancel my membership at any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan. Furthermore, as a member in good standing, I will receive the 6-transistor radio as a gift at Christmas-time.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only):

- ☐ Listening & Dancing
- ☐ Teen Hits
- ☐ Classical
- ☐ Broadway & Hollywood
- ☐ Country & Western
- ☐ Jazz

Name.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip Code.....

Do You Have a Telephone? (Check One) ☐ **YES**.....☐ **NO**

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

SEND ME THESE 12 RECORDS FOR ONLY $3.98 (fill in numbers)

238-1/N2

Only COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB offers you:

1. IMMEDIATE SAVINGS! When you join the Club, you will receive TWELVE RECORDS FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE!

2. CREDIT! When you become a member, the Club opens a charge account for you. You pay only after you have received your records.

3. CONVENIENCE! You shop at home, with no traffic or crowds to fight, no parking problems, no packages to carry. Your records are delivered to your door!

4. FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN! After fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will receive ONE RECORD FREE FOR EVERY ONE YOU BUY! And since you pay only a small postage and handling charge on each record, you will be getting the records you want at practically a 50% discount off Club prices!

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Give yourself a break. Discover 86 proof straight Bourbon whiskey as only Hiram Walker can make it. Sip it slow. Easy. Note its welcome price. You'll take Ten again and again!

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We'd like to put in a plug for Budweiser, the only beer in America that's Beechwood Aged. That won't make the fish bite better, but it sure makes a difference in the beer you take along.

Incidentally, if you'd like to get your hooks on this Budweiser "Growler" lure (catches fish . . . opens bottles and cans), send $1 and your name, address and zip code to: Fishing Spoon, Dept. AT, Box 359, St. Louis, Mo. 63166. Offer void in states where prohibited by law.